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James Lenox
310

THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

HIMSELF AND OTHERS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A NEW LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AN ESTIMATE OF HIS

POETICAL CHARACTER AND WRITINGS,

AND OCCASIONAL REMARKS,

BY

WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. IX.

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LETTERS

TO AND FROM

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

No part of Pope's correspondence has hitherto appeared in a more deranged and imperfect state than that with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. In the edition of Dr. Warburton this correspondence occupies no distinct title, and all that we find of it is included under the head of "Letters to several Ladies," amongst which, the letters numbered X. XX. XXI. and XXII. (all without either date or address) are to Lady Mary.

In the edition of Dr. Warton thirteen letters are given from Pope to Lady Mary, with the ensuing preliminary note.

> "The following unpublished letters of Mr. Pope to the Right Honourable Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, are faithfully copied from the originals, communicated to the editor by the Lord Bishop of St. Davids."*

Of these the letter No. V. is the same (with some variations in the reading) as the No. X. of Warburton, although both are given in Warton without any reference to each other. The remainder appear to have been for the first time introduced by Warton into the works of Pope, but in a most careless and irregular manner. It is true, they are, for the most part, without date, but this can scarcely justify the editor in beginning the correspondence with a letter written to Lady Mary on her *return* from her journey to Constantinople, ending it with one written to her *on her departure*, and intermixing the rest without any attention whatever to time, place, or circumstance; an irregularity which has been precisely followed in the subsequent edition of Mr. Bowles.

It is perhaps still more remarkable, that no attempt has yet been made to complete the correspondence of Pope and Lady Mary by the addition of her ladyship's letters. These letters had, in the year 1761, the year before her death, been presented by her to the Rev. Benjamin Sowden, minister at Rotterdam, and were published in 1763, in 3 vols. 12mo. by Becket and De Hondt, with a preface, purporting to have been written in 1724; (not in 1728, as stated by Mr. Dallaway) by a lady of quality,

* Dr. Stuart, grandson of Lady Mary, bishop of St. David's, and afterwards Primate of Ireland.

and signed M. A. How necessary these letters are to elucidate many passages in those of Pope, and to exhibit the nature of their acquaintance in its true light, the slightest consideration will shew. They are therefore now, for the first time, united with the letters of Pope, with as much attention to order as the frequent want of date, and the great distance at which the correspondence was carried on, would allow.

Since the before-mentioned publication of the *letters* of Lady Mary, her *works* have been edited by Mr. Dallaway, in 5 vols. 8vo. (Lond. 1803,) but with few additions of any importance to this correspondence. A single letter addressed to Pope from Vienna, and a few notes from him to Lady Mary after her return to England, are all that occur to our notice that have not before been printed.

After what has been stated, it is scarcely necessary to observe, that the letters from Pope to Lady Mary, as hitherto published, have been obtained from two different sources. 1. The original draughts or sketches as retained by Pope, and published by Warburton; and 2. The letters as actually written and sent to Lady Mary, as published by Warton; in consequence of which it has happened, that in the editions of Warton and Bowles, the same letters have, with some variations, been twice inserted, without reference from one to the other. The same circumstance has misled Mr. Bowles in the attacks he has made on the character of Pope, on the ground that he had written to Lady Mary in unbecoming terms, and had actually corrected his own letters for the surreptitious edition of Curll; charges which have been already adverted to in the life of Pope, prefixed to this edition, chap. iv., page 198, *(note)* and on which some further remarks will occur in the course of the ensuing correspondence.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

LETTER I.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.*

MADAM, *Tuesday Morning.*

So natural as I find it is to me to neglect every body else in your company, I am sensible I ought to do any thing that might please you; and I fancied upon recollection, our writing the letter you proposed was of that nature. I therefore sate down to my part of it last night, when I should have gone out of town. Whether or no you will order me, in recompence, to see you again, I leave to you; for indeed I find I begin to behave my-

* Eldest daughter of Evelyn, Duke of Kingston, born about 1690, and married in 1712, to Edward Wortley Montagu, cousin of Lord Halifax. He was appointed ambassador to the Porte in June, 1716, and began his journey to Constantinople in August, in the same year, accompanied by Lady Mary. His recal took place in Oct. 1717; but he did not commence his journey homewards till June, 1718, and arrived in England at the end of October in the same year. It is necessary to state these periods to elucidate the following letters, several of which are without date; a neglect of which Pope in one instance accuses Lady Mary, but of which he appears to have been himself at least equally guilty.

self worse to you than to any other woman, as I value you more; and yet, if I thought I should not see you again, I would say some things here, which I could not to your person. For I would not have you die deceived in me; that is, go to Constantinople without knowing that I am to some degree of extravagance, as well as with the utmost reason, Madam, Your, &c.

LETTER II.*

TO A LADY.†

[Written on one column of a letter, while Lady M. wrote to the Lady's Husband on the other.]

The wits would say, that this must needs be a dull letter, because it is a married one. I am afraid indeed you will find what spirit there is must be on the side of the wife, and the husband's part, as usual, will prove the dullest. What an unequal

* This is probably the letter that Pope refers to in the preceding.

† Lady Rich, wife of Sir Robert Rich. She was a daughter of Col. Griffin, and had an appointment about the person of the Princess of Wales. She is celebrated by Fenton, in his Epistle to Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, in the following lines:

"And like seraphic Rich, with zeal serene,
In sweet assemblage all their graces join'd
To language, mode, and manners more refin'd.
That angel form, with chaste attraction gay,
Mild as the dove-eyed morn awakes the May,
Of noblest youths will reign the public care,
Their joy, their wish, their wonder, and despair."

pair are put together in this sheet? in which, though we sin, it is you must do penance. When you look on both sides of this paper, you may fancy that our words (according to a Scripture expression) are as a two-edged sword, whereof Lady M. is the shining blade, and I only the handle. But I cannot proceed without so far mortifying Sir Robert as to tell him, that she writes this purely in obedience to me, and that it is but one of those honours a husband receives for the sake of his wife.

It is making court but ill to one fine woman to shew her the regard we have for another; and yet I must own there is not a period of this epistle but squints towards another over-against it. It will be in vain to dissemble: your penetrating eyes cannot but discover, how all the letters that compose these words lean forward after Lady M.'s letters, which seem to bend as much from mine, and fly from them as fast as they are able. Ungrateful letters that they are! which give themselves to another man, in the very presence of him who will yield to no mortal, in knowing how to value them.

You will think I forgot myself, and am not writing to you; but, let me tell you, it is you forget yourself in that thought, for you are almost the only woman to whom one can safely address the praises of another. Besides, can you imagine a man of my importance so stupid, as to say fine things to you before your husband? Let us see how far Lady M. herself dares do any thing like it,

with all the wit and address she is mistress of. If Sir Robert can be so ignorant (now he is left to himself in the country,) to imagine any such matter, let him know from me, that here in town, every thing that lady says is taken for satire. For my part, every body knows it is my constant practice to speak truth, and I never do it more than when I call myself Your, &c.

LETTER III.*

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[As published in her Works.]

MADAM, *Twickenham, Aug.* 12, 1716.

I CAN say little to recommend the letters I am beginning to write to you, but that they will be the most impartial representations of a free heart, and the truest copies you ever saw, though of a very mean original. Not a feature will be softened, or any advantageous light employed to

* Of this letter two copies have been published with variations in the reading, viz. one by the Editors of Pope from the original draught retained by him, and the other by Mr. Dallaway, from the copy sent to Lady Mary and preserved amongst her papers. It is on the variations between these copies, that attempts have been made to prove, that Pope, in his printed letters, suppressed the gross or indecent passages which appear in those actually sent; and that he was privy to the publication of his letters by Curll, and even corrected them for the press; on which account it has been thought expedient to give also the original draught as retained by Pope, that the reader may be enabled to judge how far such charges are well founded.

make the ugly thing a little less hideous, but you shall find it in all respects most horribly like. You will do me an injustice if you look upon any thing I shall say from this instant, as a compliment either to you or to myself: whatever I write will be the real thought of that hour, and I know you will no more expect it of me to persevere till death, in every sentiment or notion I now set down, than you would imagine a man's face should never change after his picture was once drawn.

The freedom I shall use in this manner of thinking aloud (as somebody calls it), or talking upon paper, may indeed prove me a fool, but it will prove me one of the best sort of fools, the honest ones. And since what folly we have will infallibly buoy up at one time or other in spite of all our art to keep it down, it is almost foolish to take any pains to conceal it at all, and almost knavish to do it from those that are our friends. If Momus's project had taken, of having windows in our breasts, I should be for carrying it further, and making those windows casements: that while a man shewed his heart to all the world, he might do something more for his friends, e'en take it out, and trust it to their handling. I think I love you as well as king Herod could Herodias (though I never had so much as one dance with you), and would as freely give you my heart in a dish as he did another's head. But since Jupiter will not have it so, I must be content to shew my taste in life, as I do my taste in painting, by loving to have

as little drapery as possible, because it is good to use people to what they must be acquainted with; and there will certainly come some day of judgment to uncover every soul of us. We shall then see how the prudes of this world owed all their fine figure only to their being a little straiter laced, and that they were naturally as arrant squabs as those that went more loose, nay, as those that never girded their loins at all.

But a particular reason to engage you to write your thoughts the more freely to me, is, that I am confident no one knows you better. For I find, when others express their opinion of you, it falls very short of mine, and I am sure, at the same time, theirs is such as you would think sufficiently in your favour.

You may easily imagine how desirous I must be of a correspondence with a person who had taught me long ago, that it was as possible to esteem at first sight, as to love: and who has since ruined me for all the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the other. I am but too sensible, through your means, that the company of men wants a certain softness to recommend it, and that of women wants every thing else. How often have I been quietly going to take possession of that tranquillity and indolence I had so long found in the country, when one evening of your conversation has spoiled me for a *solitaire* too? Books have lost their effect upon me; and I was convinced since I saw you, that there is something

more powerful than philosophy, and, since I heard you, that there is one alive wiser than all the sages. A plague of female wisdom! it makes a man ten times more uneasy than his own! What is very strange, Virtue herself, when you have the dressing her, is too amiable for one's repose. What a world of good might you have done in your time, if you had allowed half the fine gentlemen who have seen you to have but conversed with you? They would have been strangely caught, while they thought only to fall in love with a fair face, and you had bewitched them with reason and virtue; two beauties that the very fops pretend to have no acquaintance with.

The unhappy distance at which we correspond,*

* Lady Montagu was at this time at Constantinople. Pope has *here* suppressed part of the Letter, which may be seen in Dallaway's edition. The grossness of it will sufficiently explain Pope's meaning; and I have little doubt, but that the Lady, disdaining the stiff and formal mode of female manners at that time prevalent, made the Lover believe he might proceed a *step* farther than decorum would allow. As the passage alluded to may be *seen*, the reader will perceive that *here* Pope has certainly exhibited, without disguise, (as he says in the beginning of the Letters,) the "impartial representation of a *free* heart." His pictures were indeed *so free*, that he must have a strange opinion of her, if he could suppose she would not resent it. *Bowles.*

On the above note it must be observed that Lady Mary was *not* at Constantinople when this letter was written. She had only just left England, and this was the first letter addressed to her by Pope after her departure.

Pope has not suppressed *any thing in this passage*, as may be seen by comparing the two letters now given. What could be the motive of Mr. Bowles for making so unfounded an assertion, it is for him to explain.

This

removes a great many of those punctilious restrictions and decorums that oftentimes in nearer conversation prejudice truth to save good breeding. I may now hear of my faults, and you of your good qualities, without a blush on either side. We converse upon such unfortunate generous terms as exclude the regards of fear, shame, or design in either of us. And methinks it would be as ungenerous a part to impose even in a single thought upon each other, in this state of separation, as for spirits of a different sphere, who have so little intercourse with us, to employ that little (as some would make us think they do), in putting tricks and delusions upon poor mortals.

Let me begin, then, madam, by asking you a question, which may enable me to judge better of my own conduct than most instances of my life. In what manner did I behave the last hour I saw you? What degree of concern did I discover when I felt a misfortune, which I hope you never will feel, that of parting from what one most esteems? For if my parting looked but like that of your common acquaintance, I am the greatest of all the hypocrites that ever decency made.

I never since pass by the house but with the

This comparison will also show that there are *no passages* in the letter, as published by Mr. Dallaway, more *gross* than those in the other copy; whence it appears that Pope did *not* "proceed a step further than decorum would allow," and consequently that the gross imputation thrown out by Mr. Bowles on Lady Mary, that she had made *the lover believe he might do so*, is as unfounded as it is injurious.

same sort of melancholy that we feel upon seeing the tomb of a friend, which only serves to put us in mind of what we have lost. I reflect upon the circumstances of your departure, your behaviour in what I may call your last moments, and I indulge a gloomy kind of satisfaction in thinking you gave some of those last moments to me. I would fain imagine this was not accidental, but proceeded from a penetration which I know you have in finding out the truth of people's sentiments, and that you were not unwilling the last man that would have parted with you should be the last that did. I really looked upon you then, as the friends of Curtius might have done upon that hero in the instant he was devoting himself to glory, and running to be lost, out of generosity. I was obliged to admire your resolution in as great a degree as I deplored it; and could only wish that Heaven would reward so much merit as was to be taken from us, with all the felicity it could enjoy elsewhere. May that person for whom you have left all the world, be so just as to prefer you to all the world. I believe his good understanding has engaged him to do so hitherto, and I think his gratitude must for the future. May you continue to think him worthy of whatever you have done; may you ever look upon him with the eyes of a first lover, nay, if possible, with all the unreasonable happy fondness of an unexperienced one, surrounded with all the enchantments and ideas of romance and poetry. In a word, may you receive

from him as many pleasures and gratifications as even I think you can give. I wish this from my heart, and while I examine what passes there in regard to you, I cannot but glory in my own heart that it is capable of so much generosity. I am, with all unalterable esteem and sincerity, Madam,

Your most faithful obedient humble servant,

A. POPE.

Original Sketch of the preceding Letter, as published in Bowles's Edition of the Works of Pope.

I CAN say little to recommend the letters I shall write to you, but that they will be the most *impartial* representations of a *free* heart, and the truest copies you ever saw, though of a very mean original. Not a feature will be softened, or any advantageous light employed to make the ugly thing a little less hideous; but you shall find it, in all respects, most horribly like. You will do me an injustice if you look upon any thing I shall say from this instant, as a compliment either to you or to myself: whatever I write will be the real thought of that hour; and I know you will no more expect it of me to persevere till death, in every sentiment or notion I now set down, than you would imagine a man's face should never change when once his picture was drawn.

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I find, when others express their thoughts of you, they fall very short of mine, and, I know, at the same time, theirs are such as you would think sufficiently in your favour.

You may easily imagine how desirous I must be of a correspondence with a person, who had taught me long ago that it was as possible to esteem at first sight, as to love: and who has since ruined me for all the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the other. I am but too sensible, through your means, that the company of men wants a certain softness to recommend it, and that of women wants every thing else. How often have I been quietly going to take possession of that tranquillity and indolence I had so long found in the country; when one evening of your conversation has spoiled me for a solitaire! Books have lost their effect upon me, and I was convinced since I saw you, that there is one alive wiser than all the sages. A plague of female wisdom! it makes a man ten times more uneasy than his own. What is very strange, Virtue herself (when you have the dressing her) is too amiable for one's repose. You might have done a world of good in your time, if you had allowed half the fine gentlemen who have seen you, to have conversed with you; they would have been strangely bit, while they thought only to fall in love with a fair lady, and you had bewitched them with reason and virtue; two beauties that the very fops pretend to no acquaintance with.

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I never since pass by your house but with the same sort of melancholy that we feel upon seeing the tomb of a friend, which only serves to put us in mind of what we have lost. I reflect upon the circumstances of your departure, which I was there a witness of, (your behaviour in what I may call

your last moments,) and I indulge a gloomy kind of pleasure in thinking that those last moments were given to me. I would fain imagine that this was not accidental, but proceeded from a penetration, which I know you have, in finding out the truth of people's sentiments; and that you are willing, the last man that *would have* parted from you, should be the last that *did*. I really looked upon you just as the friends of Curtius might have done upon that hero, at the instant when he was devoting himself to glory, and running to be lost out of generosity: I was obliged to admire your resolution, in as great a degree as I deplored it: and had only to wish, that Heaven would reward so much virtue as was to be taken from us, with all the felicities it could enjoy elsewhere!

I am, &c.

LETTER IV.

FROM LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Vienna, Sept. 14, 1716.

PERHAPS you will laugh at me, for thanking you very gravely for all the obliging concern you express for me. It is certain that I may, if I please, take the fine things you say to me for wit and raillery, and, it may be, it would be taking them right. But I never, in my life, was half so well disposed to believe you in earnest, as I am at present, and that distance which makes the continua-

tion of your friendship improbable, has very much increased my faith in it. I find that I have (as well as the rest of my sex) whatever face I set on it, a strong disposition to believe in miracles. Do not fancy, however, that I am infected by the air of these popish countries; I have, indeed, so far wandered from the discipline of the church of England, as to have been last Sunday at the opera, which was performed in the garden of the *Favorita*, and I was so much pleased with it, I have not yet repented my seeing it. Nothing of that kind ever was more magnificent; and I can easily believe, what I am told, that the decorations and habits cost the emperor thirty thousand pounds sterling. The stage was built over a very large canal, and at the beginning of the second act, divided into two parts, discovering the water, on which there immediately came, from different parts, two fleets of little gilded vessels, that gave the representation of a naval fight. It is not easy to imagine the beauty of this scene, which I took particular notice of. But all the rest were perfectly fine in their kind. The story of the opera is the enchantment of *Alcina*, which gives opportunities for a great variety of machines and changes of the scenes, which are performed with a surprizing swiftness. The theatre is so large, that it is hard to carry the eye to the end of it, and the habits in the utmost magnificence, to the number of one hundred and eight. No house could hold such large decorations; but the ladies all sitting in the open air, ex-

poses them to great inconveniences; for there is but one canopy for the imperial family; and the first night it was represented, a shower of rain happening, the opera was broken off, and the company crowded away in such confusion, that I was almost squeezed to death. But if their operas are thus delightful, their comedies are, in as high a degree, ridiculous. They have but one playhouse, where I had the curiosity to go to a German comedy, and was very glad it happened to be the story of Amphitryon. As that subject has been already handled by a Latin, French, and English poet, I was curious to see what an Austrian author would make of it. I understand enough of that language to comprehend the greatest part of it, and besides I took with me a lady who had the goodness to explain to me every word. The way is to take a box which holds four, for yourself and company. The fixed price is a gold ducat. I thought the house very low and dark; but I confess the comedy admirably recompensed that defect. I never laughed so much in my life. It began with Jupiter's falling in love out of a peephole in the clouds, and ended with the birth of Hercules. But what was most pleasant was the use Jupiter made of his metamorphosis, for you no sooner saw him under the figure of Amphitryon, but instead of flying to Alcmena, with the raptures Mr. Dryden puts into his mouth, he sends for Amphitryon's tailor, and cheats him of a laced coat, and his banker of a bag of money, a Jew of a

diamond ring, and bespeaks a great supper in his name; and the greatest part of the comedy turns upon poor Amphitryon's being tormented by these people for their debts. Mercury uses Sosia in the same manner. But I could not easily pardon the liberty the poet has taken of larding his play with not only indecent expressions, but such gross words as I do not think our mob would suffer from a mountebank. Besides, the two Sosias very fairly let down their breeches in the direct view of the boxes, which were full of people of the first rank, that seemed very well pleased with their entertainment, and assured me this was a celebrated piece. I shall conclude my letter with this remarkable relation, very well worthy the serious consideration of Mr. Collier. I will not trouble you with farewell compliments, which I think generally as impertinent as courtesies at leaving the room when the visit had been too long already.

LETTER V.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

You will find me more troublesome than ever Brutus did his evil Genius; I shall meet you in more places than one, and often refresh your memory before you arrive at your Philippi. These shadows of me (my letters) will be haunting you from time to time, and putting you in mind of the man who has really suffered very much from you,

and whom you have robbed of the most valuable of his enjoyments, your conversation. The advantage of hearing your sentiments by discovering mine, was what I always thought a great one, and even worth the risque I generally run of manifesting my own indiscretion. You then rewarded my trust in you the moment it was given, for you pleased and informed me the minute you answered. I must now be contented with more slow returns. However, it is some pleasure, that your thoughts upon paper will be a more lasting possession to me, and that I shall no longer have cause to complain of a loss I have so often regretted, that of any thing you said, which I happened to forget. In earnest, Madam, if I were to write to you as often as I think of you, it must be every day of my life. I attend you in spirit through all your ways, I follow you through every stage in books of travels, and fear for you through whole folios; you make me shrink at the past dangers of dead travellers; and if I read of a delightful prospect, or agreeable place, I hope it yet subsists to please you. I inquire the roads, the amusements, the company, of every town and country through which you pass, with as much diligence, as if I were to set out next week to overtake you. In a word, no one can have you more constantly in mind, not even your guardian-angel (if you have one); and I am willing to indulge so much popery as to fancy some Being takes care of you, who knows your value better than you do yourself: I

am willing to think that Heaven never gave so much self-neglect and resolution to a woman, to occasion her calamity; but am pious enough to believe those qualities must be intended to conduce to her benefit and her glory.

Your first short letter* only serves to show me you are alive: it puts me in mind of the first dove that returned to Noah, and just made him know it had found no rest abroad.

There is nothing in it that pleases me, but when you tell me you had no sea-sickness. I beg your next may give me all the pleasure it can, that is, tell me any that you receive. You can make no discoveries that will be half so valuable to me as those of your own mind. Nothing that regards the states or kingdoms you pass through, will engage so much of my curiosity or concern, as what relates to yourself: your welfare, to say truth, is more at my heart than that of Christendom.

I am sure I may defend the truth, though perhaps not the virtue, of this declaration. One is ignorant, or doubtful at best, of the merits of differing religions and governments: but private virtues one can be sure of. I therefore know what particular person has desert enough to merit being happier than others, but not what nation deserves to conquer or oppress another. You will say, I am not *public-spirited;* let it be so, I may have too many tendernesses, particular regards, or narrow views; but at the same time I am certain

* From Dort. This letter is wanting.

that whoever wants these, can never have a public spirit; for (as a friend of mine says) how is it possible for that man to love twenty thousand people, who never loved one?

I communicated your letter to Mr. Congreve; he thinks of you and talks of you as he ought, I mean as I do, and one always thinks that to be just as it ought. His health and mine are now so good, that we wish with all our souls you were a witness of it. We never meet but we lament over you: we pay a kind of weekly rites to your memory, where we strow flowers of rhetoric, and offer such libations to your name as it would be profane to call toasting. The Duke of Buckingham is sometimes the high-priest of your praises; and upon the whole, I believe there are as few men that are not sorry at your departure, as women that are; for, you know, most of your sex want good sense, and therefore must want generosity: you have so much of both, that, I am sure, you pardon them; for one cannot but forgive whatever one despises. For my part, I hate a great many women for your sake, and undervalue all the rest. It is you are to blame, and may God revenge it upon you, with all those blessings and earthly prosperities, which, the divines tell us, are the cause of our perdition; for if he makes you happy in this world, I dare trust your own virtue to do it in the other. I am your, &c.

LETTER VI.*

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

MADAM,

I no more think I can have too many of your letters, than that I could have too many writings to entitle me to the greatest estate in the world; which I think so valuable a friendship as yours is equal to. I am angry at every scrap of paper lost, as at something that interrupts the history of my title; and though it is but an odd compliment to compare a fine lady to a Sybil, your leaves, methinks, like hers, are too good to be committed to the winds; though I have no other way of receiving them but by those unfaithful messengers. I have had but three, and I reckon in that short one from Dort, which was rather a dying ejaculation than a letter. But I have so great an opinion of your goodness, that had I received none, I should not

* This and the following letter are here given from the copies as sent by Pope to Lady Mary, and first published by Dr. Warton; but they appear to have been formed from a draught or sketch intended by Pope for a single letter, which was afterwards divided into two, and sent, with some alterations and additions in each. This draught having been preserved by Pope, has been published by his editors, as the letter sent to Lady Mary, and is printed by Warburton amongst "*Letters to several Ladies*," No. XXI. As a comparison of this with the letters into which it was divided, will serve still further to shew the reason of the variations that appear in the different copies of Pope's letters, and is in itself curious and interesting, it will be found subjoined to the letters as actually sent.

have accused you of neglect or insensibility. I am not so wrong-headed as to quarrel with my friends the minute they do not write; I would as soon quarrel at the sun the minute he did not shine, which he is hindered from by accidental causes, and is in reality all that time performing the same course, and doing the same good offices as ever.

You have contrived to say in your last, the two most pleasing things to me in nature; the first is, that whatever be the fate of your letters, you will continue to write in the discharge of your conscience. This is generous to the last degree, and a virtue you ought to enjoy. Be assured in return, my heart shall be as ready to think you have done every good thing, as yours can be to do it; so that you shall never be able to favour your absent friend, before he has thought himself obliged to you for the very favour you are then conferring.

The other is, the justice you do me in taking what I writ to you in the serious manner it was meant: it is the point upon which I can bear no suspicion, and in which, above all, I desire to be thought serious: it would be the most vexatious of all tyranny, if you should pretend to take for raillery, what is the mere disguise of a discontented heart, that is unwilling to make you as melancholy as itself; and for wit, what is really only the natural overflowing and warmth of the same heart, as it is improved and awakened by an esteem for you: but since you tell me you believe me, I fancy my expressions have not at least been

entirely unfaithful to those thoughts, to which I am sure they can never be equal. May God increase your faith in all truths that are as great as this; and depend upon it, to whatever degree your belief may extend, you can never be a bigot.

If you could see the heart I talk of, you would really think it a foolish good kind of thing, with some qualities as well deserving to be half laughed at, and half esteemed, as any in the world: its grand foible, in regard to you, is the most like reason of any foible in nature. Upon my faith, this heart is not, like a great warehouse, stored only with my own goods, with vast empty spaces to be supplied as fast as interest or ambition can fill them up; but it is every inch of it let out into lodgings for its friends, and shall never want a corner at your service; where I dare affirm, Madam, your idea lies as warm and as close as any idea in Christendom.

If I do not take care, I shall write myself all out to you; and if this correspondence continues on both sides at the free rate I would have it, we shall have very little curiosity to encourage our meeting at the day of judgment. I foresee that the further you go from me, the more freely I shall write; and if (as I earnestly wish) you would do the same, I cannot guess where it will end: let us be like modest people, who, when they are close together, keep all decorums; but if they step a little aside, or get to the other end of a room, can untie garters or take off shifts without scruple.

If this distance (as you are so kind as to say) enlarges your belief of my friendship, I assure you it has so extended my notion of your value, that I begin to be impious on your account, and to wish that even slaughter, ruin, and desolation, might interpose between you and Turkey; I wish you restored to us at the expense of a whole people: I barely hope you will forgive me for saying this, but I fear God will scarce forgive me for desiring it.

Make me less wicked then. Is there no other expedient to return you and your infant in peace to the bosom of your country? I hear you are going to Hanover; can there be no favourable planet at this conjuncture, or do you only come back so far to die twice? Is Eurydice once more snatched to the shades? If ever mortal had reason to hate the king, it is I; for it is my particular misfortune to be almost the only innocent man whom he has made to suffer, both by his government at home, and his negociations abroad.

LETTER VII.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[On her journey to Constantinople.]

If you must go from us, I wish at least you might pass to your banishment by the most pleasant way! Might all your road be roses and myrtles,

and a thousand objects rise round you, agreeable enough to make England less desirable to you! I am glad, Madam, your native country uses you so well as to justify your regret for it. It is not for me to talk of it with tears in my eyes. I can never think that place my country, where I cannot call a foot of paternal earth my own. Indeed it may seem some alleviation, that when the wisest thing I can do is to leave my country, that which was most agreeable in it should be taken from thence beforehand. I could overtake you with pleasure in Italy, (if you took that way,) and make that tour in your company. Every reasonable entertainment and beautiful view would be doubly instructive when you talked of it. I should at least attend you to the sea-coast, and cast a last look after the sails that transported you, if I liked Italy enough to reside in it. But I believe, I should be as uneasy in a country where I saw others persecuted by the rogues of my own religion, as where I was so myself by those of yours. And it is not impossible but I might run into Turkey in search of liberty; for who would not rather live a free man among a nation of slaves, than a slave among a nation of free men?

In good earnest, if I knew your motions towards Italy (on the supposition you go that course) and your exact time, I verily think I should be once more happy in a sight of you, next spring. I will conclude with a wish, God send you with us, or me with you.

By what I have seen of Mons. Rousseau's works, I should envy you his conversation. But I am sure I envy him yours.

Mr. Addison* has not had one Epithalamium that I can hear of, and must even be reduced, like a poorer and a better poet, Spenser, to make his own.

Mr. Congreve is entirely yours, and has writ twice to you; he is not in town, but well; I am in great health, and sit up all night; a just reward for a fever I just come out of, that kept me in bed seven days.

How may I send a large bundle to you?

I beg you will put dates to your letters; they are not long enough.

Original Sketch of the two preceding Letters, as published by Warburton.

I CAN never have too many of your letters. I am angry at every scrap of paper lost, and though it is but an odd compliment to compare a fine lady to a Sybil, your leaves methinks, like hers, are too good to be committed to the winds; though I have no other way of receiving them but by those unfaithful messengers. I have had but three, and I reckon that short one from Dort, which was rather a dying ejaculation than a letter.

* Addison was married this year to the Countess of Warwick.

You have contrived to say in your last the two things most pleasing to me; the first, that whatever the fate of your letters, you will continue to write, in the discharge of your conscience; the other is, the justice you do me, in taking what I write to you in the serious manner it was meant. It is the point upon which I can bear no suspicion, and in which, above all, I desire to be thought serious. It would be vexatious indeed if you should pretend to take that for wit, which is no more than the natural overflowing of a heart improved by an esteem for you; but since you tell me you believe me, I fancy my expressions have not been entirely unfaithful to my thoughts.

May your faith be increased in all truths, that are as great as this; and depend upon it, to whatever degree it may extend, you never can be a bigot.

If you could see the heart I talk of, you would readily think it a foolish good kind of thing, with some qualities as well deserving to be half-laughed at, and half-esteemed, as most hearts in the world.

Its grand *foible* in regard to you, is the most like reason of any *foible* in nature. Upon my word, this heart is not like a great warehouse, stored only with my own goods, or with empty spaces to be supplied as fast as interest or ambition can fill them; but is every inch of it let out into lodgings for its friends, and shall never want

a corner where your idea will always lie as warm, and as close, as any idea in Christendom.

If this distance (as you are so kind as to say) enlarges your belief of my friendship, I assure you, it has so extended my notion of your value, that I begin to be impious upon that account, and to wish that even slaughter, ruin, and desolation may interpose between you and the place you design for; and that you were restored to us at the expense of a whole people.

Is there no expedient to return you in peace to the bosom of your country? I hear you are come as far as ——: do you only look back to die twice? Is Eurydice once more snatched to the shades? If ever mortal had reason to hate the king, it is I, whose particular misfortune it is, to be almost the only innocent person he has made to suffer; both by his government at home, and his negociations abroad.*

If you must go from us, I wish at least you might pass to your banishment by the most pleasant way; that all the road might be roses and myrtles, and a thousand objects rise round you, agreeable enough to make England less desirable to you. It is not now my interest to wish England agreeable: it is highly probable it may use me ill enough to drive me from it. Can I think that place my country, where I cannot now call a foot of paternal

* Alluding to the circumstance of her husband being sent to Constantinople as a negociator, and the double taxes he himself paid as a Catholic, *Bowles.*

earth my own? Yet it may seem some alleviation, that when the wisest thing I can do is to leave my country, what was most agreeable in it should first be snatched away from it.

I could overtake you with pleasure in Italy, and make that tour in your company. Every reasonable entertainment and beautiful view would be doubly engaging when you partook of it. I should at least attend you to the sea-coasts, and cast a last look after the sails that transported you. But perhaps I might care as little to stay behind you; and be full as uneasy to live in a country where I saw others persecuted by the rogues of my own religion, as where I was persecuted myself by the rogues of yours. And it is not impossible I might run into Asia in search of liberty; for who would not rather live a freeman among a nation of slaves, than a slave among a nation of freemen?

In good earnest, if I knew your motions, and your exact time, I verily think I should be once more happy in a sight of you next spring.

I will conclude with a wish, God send you with us, or me with you.

LETTER VIII.*

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

THE more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myself. Methinks it is a noble

* In the editions of Dr. Warton and Mr. Bowles this letter is

spirit of contradiction to fate and fortune, not to give up those that are snatched from us, but follow them with warmer zeal, the farther they are removed from the sense of it. Sure flattery never travelled so far as three thousand miles; it is now only for truth, which overtakes all things, to reach you at this distance. It is a generous piece of popery that pursues even those who are to be eternally absent, into another world; let it be right or wrong, the very extravagance is a sort of piety. I cannot be satisfied with strewing flowers over you, and barely honouring you as a thing lost; but must consider you as a glorious, though remote being, and be sending addresses and prayers after you. You have carried away so much of my esteem, that what remains of it is daily languishing and dying over my acquaintance here; and, I believe, in three or four months more, I shall think Aurat-bassar as good a place as Covent-garden. You may imagine this but raillery, but I am really so far gone as to take pleasure in reveries of this kind. Let them say I am romantic; so is every one said to be that either admires a fine thing, or praises one: it is no wonder such people are thought mad, for they are as much out

given twice, without any reference from one to the other, viz. 1, under the head of "Letters to Lady M. W. Montagu," No. V. and 2, under that of "Letters to several Ladies," No. X. There are, however, considerable variations in the copies, the former having been published by Dr. Warton from the copy as actually sent to Lady Mary, the latter being printed from the original draught as retained by Pope, on which account it is here subjoined.

of the way of common understanding as if they were mad, because they are in the right. On my conscience, as the world goes, it is never worth any body's while to do a noble thing for the honour of it; glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other just debts are; and neither Mrs. Macfarland for immolating her lover, nor Lady Mary for sacrificing herself, must hope to be ever compared with Lucretia or Portia.

I write this in some anger; for, having frequented those people most, since you went, who seemed most in your favour, I heard nothing that concerned you talked of so often, as that you went away in a black full-bottom; which I did but assert to be a bob, and was answered,—love is blind. I am persuaded your wig had never suffered this criticism, but on the score of your head, and the two fine eyes that are in it.

For God's sake, Madam, when you write to me, talk of yourself; there is nothing I so much desire to hear of: talk a great deal of yourself, that she who I always thought talked best, may speak upon the best subject. The shrines and reliques you tell me of, no way engage my curiosity; I had ten times rather go on pilgrimage to see your face, than St. John Baptist's head. I wish you had not only all those fine statues you talk of, but even the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar set up, provided you were to travel no further than you could carry it.

The court of Vienna is really very edifying:

the ladies, with respect to their husbands, seem to understand that text very literally, that commands us to *bear one another's burthens:* but I fancy many a man there is, like Issachar, *an ass between two burthens.* I shall look upon you no longer as a Christian, when you pass from that charitable court to the land of jealousy, where the unhappy women converse with none but eunuchs, and where the very cucumbers are brought to them cut. I expect to hear an exact account how, and at what places, you leave one article of faith after another, as you approach nearer to Turkey. Pray, how far are you gone already? Amidst the charms of high-mass, and the ravishing trills of a Sunday-opera, what think you of the doctrine and discipline of the church of England? Have you from your heart a reverence for Sternhold and Hopkins? How do your Christian virtues hold out in so long a voyage? You have already (without passing the bounds of Christendom) out-travelled the sin of fornication, and are happily arrived at the free region of adultery: in a little time you will look upon some other sins with more impartiality than the ladies here are capable of. I reckon you will time it so well as to make your faith serve out just to the last verge of Christendom; that you may discharge your chaplain (as humanity requires) in a place where he may find some business, and not be out of the way of all trade.

I doubt not but I shall be told (when I come to

follow you through those countries) in how pretty a manner you accommodated yourself to the customs of the true believers. At this town, they will say, she practised to sit on the sofa; at that village she learned to fold the turban; here she was bathed and anointed; and there she parted with her black full-bottom: at every Christian virtue you lost, and at every Christian habit you quitted, it will be decent for me to fetch a holy sigh; but still I shall proceed to follow you. How happy will it be, for a gay young woman, to live in a country where it is a part of religious worship to be giddy-headed. I shall hear at Belgrade, how the good Basha received the fair convert with tears of joy; how he was charmed with her pretty manner of pronouncing the words Allah and Muhammed; and how earnestly you joined with him in exhorting Mr. Wortley to be circumcised; but he satisfies you, by demonstrating, how, in that condition, he could not properly represent his Britannic Majesty. Lastly, I shall hear, how, the very first night you lay at Pera, you had a vision of Mahomet's paradise, and happily awaked without a soul; from which blessed instant, the beautiful body was left to perform all the agreeable functions it was made for. But if my fate be such, that this body of mine (which is as ill matched to my mind as any wife to her husband) be left behind in the journey, let the epitaph of Tibullus be set over it:

Hic jacet immiti consumptus morte Tibullus,
Messalam, terrâ, dum sequiturque mari.

Here, stopped by hasty death, Alexis lies,
Who crossed half Europe, led by Wortley's eyes.

I shall at least be sure to meet you in the next world, if there be any truth in our new doctrine of the day of judgment. Since your body is so full of fire, and capable of such solar motions as your letter describes, your soul can never be long going to the fixed stars, where I intend to settle; or else you may find me in the milky way; because Fontenelle assures us, the stars are so crowded there, that a man may stand upon one and talk to his friend on another. From thence, with a good telescope, what do you think one should take such a place as this world for? I fancy, for the devil's rookery, where the inhabitants are ready to deafen and destroy one another with eternal noise and hunger.

I see I have done in this letter, as I have often done in your conversation, talked myself into a good humour, though I begun in an ill one: the mere pleasure of addressing you makes me run on, and it is in your own power to shorten this letter by giving over where you please, so I will make it no longer by apologies.

The rapidity of your journeys is what I have been imitating, though in a less sphere. I have been at York and at Bath in less than a fortnight; all that time, your letter (for which you have a thousand thanks from me) lay in London; I had

just before sent one by Mr. Stanyan, giving another for lost that went by Lord James Hay to Leghorn, where you was then expected. Mr. Congreve had written some time before, as I acquainted you in that, who, I assure you, no way deserves to be thought forgetful of you. I obey your orders, in sending inclosed two little pieces; the printed one has made much noise, and done some good at court: I am wrongfully suspected to be the author of it. They talk of some alterations there, which affect a man who never asked for any thing but your pastorals. Lady Rich is brought to bed. I can only add my desire of being always thought yours, and of being told I am thought so by yourself, whenever you would make me as happy as I can be at this distance. Your, &c.

Mr. Craggs is very much yours.

I am just now told you are to go by way of Italy: I hope to God this is true, and that you will stay this winter, to refresh yourself for new travels, at Vienna. The seas will shew no respect to merit or beauty in the winter season. To give you a convincing proof how romantic I am, if you pass through Italy next spring, and will give me timely notice and direction, it is very possible I may meet you there, and attend you till you take sea again for Constantinople.

* The more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myself. Methinks it is a noble spirit of contradiction to Fate and Fortune, not to give up those that are snatched from us; but to follow them the more, the farther they are removed from the sense of it. Sure, flattery never travelled so far as three thousand miles; it is now only for Truth, which overtakes all things, to reach you at this distance. It is a generous piece of popery, that pursues even those who are to be eternally absent into another world; whether you think it right or wrong, you will own the very extravagance a sort of piety. I cannot be satisfied with strowing flowers over you, and barely honouring you as a thing lost: but must consider you as a glorious, though remote being, and be sending addresses after you. You have carried away so much of

* To Lady M. W. Montagu, at Constantinople. Some very exceptionable passages Pope has left out, as he has in his letter to the Miss Blounts. *Bowles.*

Mr. Bowles has asserted in the above note that Pope has left out some very exceptionable passages; by which we are to understand that he corrected it for publication; but the fact is, that any passages (exceptionable or not, on which different opinions may be entertained,) which appear in the copy as sent, and not in the sketch retained, were *added* by Pope in copying it, and considerable additions made to the letter, as may appear by comparing them together. This comparison will further shew that the theories which Mr. Bowles has attempted to raise on the variations of these letters, both as to Pope's having suppressed the exceptionable passages, and his having participated with Curll in the surreptitious edition of his works, and even corrected his letters for him, are equally void of foundation.

me, that what remains is daily languishing and dying over my acquaintance here, and, I believe, in three or four months more I shall think *Aurat-bazar* as good a place as *Covent Garden*. You may imagine this is raillery, but I am really so far gone as to take pleasure in reveries of this kind. Let them say I am romantic, so is every one said to be, that either admires a fine thing or does one. On my conscience, as the world goes, it is hardly worth any body's while to do one for the honour of it. Glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other just debts; and neither Mrs. Macfarland for immolating her lover, nor you, for constancy to your lord, must ever hope to be compared to Lucretia or Portia.

I write this in some anger: for having, since you went, frequented those people most, who seemed most in your favour, I heard nothing that concerned you talked of so often, as that you went away in a black full-bottomed wig; which I did but assert to be a bob, and was answered,—*Love is blind*. I am persuaded your wig had never suffered this criticism, but on the score of your head, and the two eyes that are in it.

Pray, when you write to me, talk of yourself; there is nothing I so much desire to hear of; talk a great deal of yourself; that she who I always thought talked best, may speak upon the best subject. The shrines and reliques you tell me of no way engage my curiosity; I had ten times rather go on pilgrimage to see one such face as yours,

than both St. John Baptist's heads. I wish (since you are grown so covetous of golden things) you had not only all the fine statues you talk of, but even the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar set up, provided you were to travel no farther than you could carry it.

The court of Vienna is very edifying. The ladies, with respect to their husbands, seem to understand that text literally, that commands to *bear one another's burthens:* but, I fancy, many a man there is like *Issachar,* an *ass* between *two burthens.* I shall look upon you no more as a Christian, when you pass from that charitable court to the land of jealousy. I expect to hear an exact account how, and at what places, you leave one of the thirty-nine articles after another, as you approach to the lands of infidelity. Pray, how far are you got already? Amidst the pomp of a high mass and the ravishing trills of a Sunday opera, what did you think of the doctrine and discipline of the church of England? Had you from your heart a reverence for Sternhold and Hopkins? How did your Christian virtues hold out in so long a voyage?* You have, it seems, (without passing the bounds of Christendom,) out-travelled the sin of fornication:

* This letter, in which there is much cold and insipid raillery, and many strokes of idle levity, is written to Lady Wortley Montagu, who was then pursuing her journey to Constantinople; whose letters from Turkey, it must be candidly confessed, for the curious information they contain, and for that case and elegance which constitute the essence and the excellence of the epistolary style, are far superior to the letters of Pope. *Warton.*

in a little time you will look upon some others with more patience, than the ladies here are capable of. I reckon, you will time it so well as to make your religion last to the verge of Christendom, that you may discharge your chaplain (as humanity requires) in a place where he may find some business.

I doubt not but I shall be told (when I come to follow you through those countries) in how pretty a manner you accommodated yourself to the customs of the true Musselmen. They will tell me at what town you practised to sit on the sopha, at what village you learned to fold a turban, where you was bathed and anointed, and where you parted with your black full-bottom. How happy must it be for a gay young woman, to live in a country where it is a part of religious worship to be *giddy-headed?* I shall hear at Belgrade how the good Basha received you with tears of joy; how he was charmed with your agreeable manner of pronouncing the words *Allah* and *Muhammed;* and how earnestly you joined with him in exhorting your friend to embrace that religion. But I think his objection was a just one, that it was attended with some circumstances under which he could not properly represent his Britannic Majesty.

Lastly, I shall hear how, the first night you lay at Pera, you had a vision of Mahomet's Paradise; and happily awaked without a soul, from which blessed moment the beautiful body was left at full liberty to perform all the agreeable functions it was made for.

I see I have done in this letter as I have often done in your company, talked myself into a good humour, when I begun in an ill one; the pleasure of addressing to you makes me run on, and it is in your own power to shorten this letter as much as you please, by giving over when you please; so I will make it no longer by apologies.

LETTER IX.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

After having dreamed of you several nights, besides a hundred reveries by day, I find it necessary to relieve myself by writing; though this is the fourth letter I have sent; two by Mr. Methuen, and one by Lord James Hay, who was to be your convoy from Leghorn. In all I can say, I only make you a present in many words, of what can do you no manner of good, but only raises my own opinion of myself,—all the good wishes and hearty dispositions I am capable of forming or feeling for a deserving object. But mine are indeed so warm, that I fear they can proceed from nothing but what I cannot very decently own to you, much less to any other; yet what, if a man has, he cannot help it.

For God's sake, madam, let not my correspondence be like a traffic with the grave, from whence there is no return. Unless you write to me, my wishes must be like a poor papist's devotions to

separate spirits, who, for all they know or hear from them, either may or may not be sensible of their addresses. None but your guardian angels can have you more constantly in mind than I; and if they have, it is only because they can see you always. If ever you think of those fine young beaux of Heaven, I beg you to reflect, that you have just as much consolation from them as I at present have from you.

While all people here are exercising their speculations upon the affairs of the Turks, I am only considering them as they may concern a particular person; and, instead of forming prospects of the general tranquillity of Europe, am hoping for some effect that may contribute to your greater ease: above all, I would fain indulge an imagination, that the nearer view of the unquiet scene you are approaching to may put a stop to your further progress. I can hardly yet relinquish a faint hope I have ever had, that Providence will take some uncommon care of one who so generously gives herself up to it; and I cannot imagine God Almighty so like some of his vicegerents, as absolutely to neglect those who surrender to his mercy. May I thus tell you the truth of my heart? or must I put on a more unconcerned person, and tell you gaily, that there is some difference between the court of Vienna and the camps in Hungary; that scarce a Basha living is so offensive a creature as Count Volkra; that the wives of ambassadors are as subject to human accidents, and as tender

as their skins; that it is not more natural for glass to cut, than for Turks and Tartars to plunder (not to mention ravishing, against which I am told beauty is no defence in those parts); that you are strangely in the wrong to forsake a nation that but last year toasted Mrs. Walpole, for one that has no taste of beauty after twenty, and where the finest woman in England will be almost superannuated? Would to God, Madam, all this might move either Mr. Wortley or you; and that I may soon apply to you both what I have read in one of Harlequin's comedies. He sees Constantinople in a raree-show, vows it is the finest thing upon earth, and protests it is prodigiously like. "Ay, Sir," says the man of the show, "you have been at Constantinople, I perceive." "No, indeed," says Harlequin, "I was never there myself, but I had a brother I loved dearly, who had the greatest mind in the world to have gone thither."

This is what I really wish from my soul, though it would ruin the best project I ever laid, that of obtaining, through your means, my fair Circassian slave; she whom my imagination had drawn more amiable than angels, as beautiful as the lady who was to choose her by a resemblance to so divine a face; she whom my hopes had already transported over so many seas and lands, and whom my eager wishes had already lodged in my arms and heart; she, I say, upon this condition, may remain under the cedars of Asia, and weave a garland of palms for the brows of a Turkish tyrant,

with those hands which I had destined for the soft offices of love, or at worst for transcribing amorous madrigals: let that breast, I say, be now joined to some savage heart, that never beat with lust or rage; that breast, inhabited by far more truth, fidelity, and innocence, than those that heave with pride and glitter with diamonds; that breast, whose very conscience would have been love, where duty and rapture made but one thought, and honour must have been the same with pleasure.

I cannot go on in this style: I am not able to think of you without the utmost seriousness; and, if I did not take a particular care to disguise it, my letters would be the most melancholy things in the world. I believe you see my concern through all this affectation of gaiety, which is but like a fit of laughing in the deepest spleen or vapours. I am just alarmed with a piece of news, that Mr. Wortley thinks of passing through Hungary, notwithstanding the war there. If ever any man loved his wife, or any mother her child, this offers you the strongest reason imaginable for staying at Vienna, at least this winter. For God's sake, value yourself a little more; and do not give us cause to imagine that such extravagant virtue can exist any where else than in a romance. I tremble for you the more, because (whether you believe it or not) I am capable myself of following one I love, not only to Constantinople, but to those parts of India, where, they tell us, the wo-

men best like the ugliest fellows, as the most admirable productions of nature, and look upon deformities as the signatures of divine favour. But (so romantic as I am) I should scarce take these rambles, without greater encouragement than I fancy any one who has been long married can expect. You see what danger I shall be in, if ever I find a fair one born under the same planet with Astolfo's wife. If, instead of Hungary, you passed through Italy, and I had any hopes that lady's climate might give a turn to your inclinations, it is but your sending me the least notice, and I will certainly meet you in Lombardy, the scene of those celebrated amours between the fair princess and her dwarf. From thence, how far you might draw me, and I might run after you, I no more know than the spouse in the song of Solomon: this I know, that I could be so very glad of being with you in any pleasure, that I could be content to be with you in any danger. Since I am not to partake either, adieu: but may God, by hearing my prayers and preserving you, make me a better Christian than any modern poet is at present. I am, Madam, Your, &c.

LETTER X.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

MADAM, *February* 3, (1717).

I WISH I could write any thing to divert you, but it is impossible in the very unquiet state I am put into by your letter. It has grievously afflicted me, without affectation; and I think you would hardly have writ it in so strong terms, had you known to what a degree I feel the loss of those I value (it is only decency that hinders me from saying, of her I value). From this instant you are doubly dead to me; and all the vexation and concern I endured at your parting from England, was nothing to what I suffer the moment I hear you have left Vienna. Till now, I had some small hopes in God, and in fortune; I waited for accidents, and had at least the faint comfort of a wish, when I thought of you; I am now—I cannot tell what—I will not tell what, for it would grieve you. This letter is a piece of madness that throws me after you in a distracted manner. I do not know which way to write, which way to send it, or if ever it will reach your hands: if it does, what can you infer from it, but what I am half afraid and half willing you should know,—how very much I was yours, how unfortunately well I knew you, and with what a miserable constancy I shall ever remember you?

If this falls into any other hands, it will say

nothing I shall be ashamed to own, when either distance or death (for ought I can tell) shall have removed you for ever from the scandal of so mean an admirer.

What you say of your illness frightens me with a prospect I can never so much as dream of without horror. Though I am never to see you again, may you live to please other eyes, and improve other minds than mine; may you appear to distant worlds like a sun that is sunk out of the sight of our hemisphere, to gladden the other. It is no figure of speech when I tell you, that those mountains of snow, and woods laid in ashes, you describe, are what I could wish to traverse with you. I find I flattered myself when I thought Italy had pleasures that could allure me to have met you there; I see it was only the view of meeting you that made that country appear charming to me; and I now envy the deserts and devastations of Hungary more than any parts of the polite world. It is seriously true, that I have not, since your last letter, the least inclination to see Italy, though, before I received it, I longed for your summons thither:—but it is foolish to tell you this;—did I say foolish? It is a thousand times worse, it is in vain!

You touch me very sensibly, in saying you think so well of my *friendship*; in that you do me too much *honour*. Would to God you would (even at this distance) allow me to correct this period, and change these phrases according to the real

truth of my *heart*. I am foolish again; and methinks I am imitating, in my ravings, the dreams of splenetic enthusiasts and solitaires, who fall in love with saints, and fancy themselves in the favour of angels and spirits, whom they can never see or touch. I hope indeed that you, like one of those better beings, have a benevolence towards me; and I, on my part, really look up to you with zeal and fervour, not without some faint expectation of meeting hereafter, which is something between piety and madness.

Madam, I beg you to be so just to my impatience and anxiety for your sake, as to give me the first notice possible of your health and progress. This letter takes its chance from Mr. Stanhope's office. Though you direct me to the merchant-ships bound for Constantinople, I could not stay so long as till one of those sets out. Whether you receive letters from me or not, you may depend upon my having writ, as the consequence of my thinking so often and so warmly of you. May Providence overshadow you, and that virtue and spirit which exposes you to dangers, protect you from them. I am the most earnest of your well-wishers, and was going to say, your most faithful servant, but am angry at the weakness of all the terms I can use to express myself, Yours.

LETTER XI.

FROM LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Vienna, October 10, 1716.

I DESERVE not all the reproaches you make me. If I have been some time without answering your letter, it is not, that I do not know how many thanks are due to you for it; or that I am stupid enough to prefer any amusements to the pleasure of hearing from you; but after the professions of esteem you have so obligingly made me, I cannot help delaying, as long as I can, shewing you that you are mistaken. If you are sincere, when you say you expect to be extremely entertained by my letters, I ought to be mortified at the disappointment that I am sure you will receive, when you hear from me; though I have done my best endeavours to find out something worth writing to you.

I have seen every thing that was to be seen with a very diligent curiosity. Here are some fine villas, particularly the late prince of Litchtenstein's; but the statues are all modern, and the pictures not of the first hands. It is true, the emperor has some of great value. I was yesterday to see the repository, which they call his treasure, where they seem to have been more diligent in amassing a great quantity of things, than in the choice of them. I spent above five hours there, and yet

there were very few things that stopped me long to consider them. But the number is prodigious, being a very long gallery filled on both sides, and five large rooms. There is a vast quantity of paintings, among which are many fine miniatures: but the most valuable pictures are a few of Corregio, those of Titian being at the Favorita.

The cabinet of jewels did not appear to me so rich as I expected to see it. They shewed me here a cup, about the size of a tea-dish, of one entire emerald, which they had so particular a respect for, that only the emperor has the liberty of touching it. There is a large cabinet full of curiosities of clock-work, only one of which I thought worth observing; that was a craw-fish, with all the motions so natural, that it was hard to distinguish it from the life.*

The next cabinet was a large collection of agates, some of them extremely beautiful, and of an uncommon size, and several vases of lapis lazuli. I was surprized to see the cabinet of medals so poorly furnished; I did not remark one of any value, and they are kept in a most ridiculous disorder. As to the antiques, very few of them deserve that name. Upon my saying they were mo-

* The imperial cabinet at Vienna has been greatly improved since 1716, by the emperors Joseph and Ferdinand. In the classes of mineralogy, and a collection of medals, it now yields to few others in Europe. See Eckel. Catal. Musæi Cæsarei Vindobon. Numm. Vet. fol. 1779; and Baron Bornn's Shells of the Imp. Mus. at Vienna, fol. 1780.

dern, I could not forbear laughing at the answer of the profound antiquary that shewed them, that *they were ancient enough; for, to his knowledge, they had been there these forty years.* But the next cabinet diverted me yet better, being nothing else but a parcel of wax babies, and toys in ivory, very well worthy to be presented to children of five years old. Two of the rooms were wholly filled with these trifles of all kinds, set in jewels, amongst which I was desired to observe a crucifix, that they assured me had spoken very wisely to the emperor Leopold. I will not trouble you with a catalogue of the rest of the lumber; but I must not forget to mention a small piece of loadstone that held up an anchor of steel too heavy for me to lift. This is what I thought most curious in the whole treasure. There are some few heads of ancient statues; but several of them are defaced by modern additions.

I foresee that you will be very little satisfied with this letter, and I dare hardly ask you to be good-natured enough to charge the dulness of it on the barrenness of the subject, and to overlook the stupidity of, Yours, &c.

LETTER XII.

FROM LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Vienna, Jan. 16, 1717.

I HAVE not time to answer your letter, being in the hurry of preparing for my journey; but I think I ought to bid adieu to my friends with the same solemnity as if I was going to mount a breach, at least, if I am to believe the information of the people here, who denounce all sorts of terrors to me; and, indeed, the weather is at present such, as very few ever set out in. I am threatened, at the same time, with being frozen to death, buried in the snow, and taken by the Tartars, who ravage that part of Hungary I am to pass. It is true, we shall have a considerable *escorte,* so that possibly I may be diverted with a new scene, by finding myself in the midst of a battle.

How many adventures will conclude, I leave entirely to Providence; if comically, you shall hear of them.—Pray be so good as to tell Mr. Congreve I have received his letter. Make him my adieus; if I live I will answer it. The same compliment to my Lady Rich.

LETTER XIII.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

MADAM,

If to live in the memory of others have any thing desirable in it, it is what you possess with regard to me, in the highest sense of the words. There is not a day in which your figure does not appear before me; your conversations return to my thoughts, and every scene, place, or occasion, where I have enjoyed them, are as livelily painted, as an imagination equally warm and tender can be capable to represent them. Yet how little accrues to you from all this, when not only my wishes, but the very expressions of them, can hardly ever arrive to be known to you? I cannot tell whether you have seen half the letters I have writ; but if you had, I have not said in them half of what I designed to say; and you can have seen but a faint, slight, timorous *échantillon* of what my spirit suggests, and my hand follows slowly and imperfectly, indeed unjustly, because discreetly and reservedly. When you told me there was no way left for our correspondence, but by merchant ships, I watched ever since for any that set out, and this is the first I could learn of. I owe the knowledge of it to Mr. Congreve (whose letters, with my Lady Rich's, accompany this). However, I was impatient enough to venture two from Mr. Methuen's office; if they have miscarried, you have

lost nothing but such words and wishes as I repeat every day in your memory, and for your welfare. I have had thoughts of causing what I write for the future to be transcribed, and to send copies by more ways than one, that one at least might have a chance to reach you. The letters themselves would be artless and natural enough to prove there could be no vanity in this practice, and to shew it proceeded from the belief of their being welcome to you, not as they came from me, but from England. My eye-sight is grown so bad, that I have left off all correspondence except with yourself; in which methinks I am like those people who abandon and abstract themselves from all that are about them, (with whom they might have business and intercourse,) to employ their addresses only to invisible and distant beings, whose good offices and favours cannot reach them in a long time, if at all. If I hear from you, I look upon it as little less than a miracle, or extraordinary visitation from another world; it is a sort of dream of an agreeable thing, which subsists no more to me; but, however, it is such a dream as exceeds most of the dull realities of my life. Indeed, what with ill-health and ill-fortune, I am grown so stupidly philosophical as to have no thought about me that deserves the name of warm or lively, but that which sometimes awakens me into an imagination that I may yet see you again. Compassionate a poet, who has lost all manner of romantic ideas; except a few that hover about the Bosphorus and Hellespont,

not so much for the fine sound of their names, as to raise up images of Leander, who was drowned in crossing the sea to kiss the hand of fair Hero. This were a destiny less to be lamented, than what we are told of the poor Jew, one of your interpreters, who was beheaded at Belgrade as a spy. I confess such a death would have been a great disappointment to me; and I believe Jacob Tonson will hardly venture to visit you, after this news.

You tell me, the pleasure of being nearer the sun has a great effect upon your health and spirits. You have turned my affections so far eastward, that I could almost be one of his worshippers: for I think the sun has more reason to be proud of raising your spirits, than of raising all the plants, and ripening all the minerals in the earth. It is my opinion, a reasonable man might gladly travel three or four thousand leagues, to see your nature, and your wit, in their full perfection. What may not we expect from a creature that went out the most perfect of this part of the world, and is every day improving by the sun in the other. If you do not now write and speak the finest things imaginable, you must be content to be involved in the same imputation with the rest of the east, and be concluded to have abandoned yourself to extreme effeminacy, laziness, and lewdness of life.

I make not the least question but you could give me great eclaircissements upon many passages in Homer, since you have been enlightened by the same sun that inspired the father of poetry. You

are now glowing under the climate that animated him; you may see his images rising more boldly about you, in the very scenes of his story and action; you may lay the immortal work on some broken column of a hero's sepulchre; and read the fall of Troy in the shade of a Trojan ruin. But if, to visit the tomb of so many heroes, you have not the heart to pass over that sea where once a lover perished; you may at least, at ease, in your own window, contemplate the fields of Asia, in such a dim and remote prospect, as you have of Homer in my translation.

I send you therefore with this, the third volume of the Iliad, and as many other things as fill a wooden box, directed to Mr. Wortley. Among the rest, you have all I am worth, that is, my works: there are few things in them but what you have already seen, except the epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, in which you will find one passage, that I cannot tell whether to wish you should understand, or not.

For the news in London, I will sum it up in short; we have masquerades at the theatre in the Haymarket, of Mr. Heideker's institution; they are very frequent, yet the adventures are not so numerous but that of my Lady Mohun still makes the chief figure. Her marriage to young Mordant, and all its circumstances, I suppose you will have from Lady Rich or Miss Griffith. The political state is under great divisions, the parties of Walpole and Stanhope as violent as Whig and Tory.

The K. and P. continue two names; there is nothing like a coalition, but at the masquerade; however, the princess is a dissenter from it, and has a very small party in so unmodish a separation.

The last I received from your hands was from Peterwaradin: it gave me the joy of thinking you in good health and humour: one or two expressions in it are too generous ever to be forgotten by me. I writ a very melancholy one just before, which was sent to Mr. Stanyan, to be forwarded through Hungary. It would have informed you how meanly I thought of the pleasures of Italy, without the qualification of your company, and that mere statues and pictures are not more cold to me than I to them. I have had but four of your letters; I have sent several, and wish I knew how many you have received. For God's sake, madam, send to me as often as you can; in the dependance that there is no man breathing more constantly, or more anxiously mindful of you. Tell me that you are well, tell me that your little son is well, tell me that your very dog, (if you have one) is well. Defraud me of no one thing that pleases you: for whatever that is, it will please me better than any thing else can do.

I am always yours.

LETTER XIV.

FROM LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Belgrade, Feb. 12, 1717.

I DID verily intend to write you a long letter from Peterwaradin, where I expected to stay three or four days, but the Bassa here was in such haste to see us, that he despatched the courier back (which Mr. W. had sent to know the time he would send the convoy to meet us) without suffering him to pull off his boots. My letters were not thought important enough to stop our journey, and we left Peterwaradin the next day, being waited on by the chief officers of the garrison, and a considerable convoy of Germans and Rascians. The emperor has several regiments of these people; but, to say the truth, they are rather plunderers than soldiers; having no pay, and being obliged to furnish their own arms and horses; they rather look like vagabond gipsies, or stout beggars, than regular troops. I cannot forbear speaking a word of this race of creatures, who are very numerous all over Hungary. They have a patriarch of their own at Grand Cairo, and are really of the Greek church, but their extreme ignorance gives their priests occasion to impose several new notions upon them. These fellows letting their hair and beard grow inviolate, make exactly the figure of the Indian Bramins. They

are heirs general to all the money of the laity; for which, in return, they give them formal passports signed and sealed for heaven; and the wives and children only inherit the house and cattle. In most other points they follow the Greek church.—This little digression has interrupted my telling you we passed over the fields of Carlowitz, where the last great victory was obtained by Prince Eugene over the Turks. The marks of that glorious bloody day are yet recent, the field being yet strewed with the skulls and carcasses of unburied men, horses, and camels. I could not look without horror, on such numbers of mangled human bodies, nor without reflecting on the injustice of war, that makes murder, not only necessary, but meritorious. Nothing seems to be a plainer proof of the *irrationality* of mankind (whatever fine claims we pretend to reason) than the rage with which they contest for a small spot of ground, when such vast parts of fruitful earth lie quite uninhabited. It is true, custom has now made it unavoidable; but can there be a greater demonstration of want of reason, than a custom being firmly established, so plainly contrary to the interest of man in general? I am a good deal inclined to believe Mr. Hobbes, that the *state of nature* is a *state of war;* but thence I conclude human nature not rational, if the word reason means common sense, as I suppose it does. I have a great many admirable arguments to support this

reflection; I will not however trouble you with them, but return, in a plain style, to the history of my travels.

We were met at Betsko (a village in the midway between Belgrade and Peterwaradin) by an Aga of the Janizaries, with a body of Turks, exceeding the Germans by one hundred men, though the Bassa had engaged to send exactly the same number. You may judge by this of their fears. I am really persuaded, that they hardly thought the odds of one hundred men set them even with the Germans; however, I was very uneasy till they were parted, fearing some quarrel might arise, notwithstanding the *parole* given. We came late to Belgrade, the deep snows making the ascent to it very difficult. It seems a strong city, fortified, on the east side, by the Danube, and on the south by the river Save, and was formerly the barrier of Hungary. It was first taken by Solyman the Magnificent; and since by the Emperor's forces, led by the Elector of Bavaria. The Emperor held it only two years, it being retaken by the Grand Vizier. It is now fortified with the utmost care and skill the Turks are capable of, and strengthened by a very numerous garrison of their bravest Janizaries, commanded by a Bassa Seraskier (*i. e.* general); though this last expression is not very just; for to say truth, the Seraskier is commanded by the Janizaries. These troops have an absolute authority here, and their conduct carries much more the aspect of rebellion, than the appearance

of subordination. You may judge of this by the following story, which at the same time will give you an idea of the *admirable* intelligence of the governor of Peterwaradin, though so few hours distant. We were told by him at Peterwaradin, that the garrison and inhabitants of Belgrade were so weary of the war, they had killed their Bassa about two months ago, in a mutiny, because he had suffered himself to be prevailed upon by a bribe of five purses (five hundred pounds sterling) to give permission to the Tartars to ravage the German frontiers. We were very well pleased to hear of such favourable dispositions in the people, but when we came hither, we found the governor had been ill informed, and the real truth of the story to be this. The late Bassa fell under the displeasure of his soldiers, for no other reason, but restraining their incursions on the Germans. They took it into their heads from that mildness, that he had intelligence with the enemy, and sent such information to the Grand Signior at Adrianople; but, redress not coming quick enough from thence, they assembled themselves in a tumultuous manner, and by force dragged their Bassa before the Cadi and Mufti, and there demanded justice in a mutinous way; one crying out, Why he protected the infidels? another, Why he squeezed them of their money? The Bassa, easily guessing their purpose, calmly replied to them, that they asked him too many questions, and that he had but one life, which must answer for all. They then immediately fell

upon him with their scymitars, (without waiting the sentence of their heads of the law), and in a few moments cut him in pieces. The present Basha has not dared to punish the murderer; on the contrary, he affected to applaud the actors of it, as brave fellows, that knew how to do themselves justice. He takes all pretences of throwing money among the garrison, and suffers them to make little excursions into Hungary, where they burn some poor Rascian houses.

You may imagine, I cannot be very easy in a town which is really under the government of an insolent soldiery. We expected to be immediately dismissed, after a night's lodging here; but the Basha detains us till he receives orders from Adrianople, which may, possibly, be a month a-coming. In the mean time, we are lodged in one of the best houses, belonging to a very considerable man amongst them, and have a whole chamber of Janizaries to guard us. My only diversion is the conversation of our host Achmet-beg, a title something like that of Count in Germany. His father was a great Basha, and he has been educated in the most polite eastern learning, being perfectly skilled in the Arabic and Persian languages, and an extraordinary scribe, which they call *effendi*. This accomplishment makes way to the greatest preferments; but he has had the good sense to prefer an easy, quiet, secure life, to all the dangerous honours of the Porte. He sups with us every night,

and drinks wine very freely. You cannot imagine how much he is delighted with the liberty of conversing with me. He has explained to me several pieces of Arabian poetry, which, I observe, are in numbers not unlike ours, generally of an alternate verse, and of a very musical sound. Their expressions of love are very passionate and lively. I am so much pleased with them, I really believe I should learn to read Arabic, if I was to stay here a few months. He has a very good library of their books of all kinds; and as he tells me, spends the greatest part of his life there. I pass for a great scholar with him, by relating to him some of the Persian tales, which I find are genuine. At first, he believed I understood Persian. I have frequent disputes with him, concerning the difference of our customs, particularly the confinement of women. He assures me, there is nothing at all in it; only, says he, we have the advantage, that when our wives cheat us, nobody knows it. He has wit, and is more polite than many Christian men of quality. I am very much entertained with him. He has had the curiosity to make one of our servants set him an alphabet of our letters, and can already write a good roman hand. But these amusements do not hinder my wishing heartily to be out of this place; though the weather is colder than I believe it ever was any where but in Greenland. We have a very large stove constantly kept hot, and yet the windows of the room are frozen on the inside. God knows when I may have

an opportunity of sending this letter; but I have written it for the discharge of my own conscience; and you cannot now reproach me, that one of yours makes ten of mine. Adieu.

LETTER XV.

FROM LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Adrianople, April 1, 1717.

I DARE say you expect, at least, something very new in this letter, after I have gone a journey not undertaken by any Christian, for some hundred years. The most remarkable accident that happened to me, was my being very near overturned into the Hebrus; and, if I had much regard for the glories that one's name enjoys after death, I should certainly be sorry for having missed the romantic conclusion of swimming down the same river in which the musical head of Orpheus repeated verses so many ages since:

> " Caput a cervice revulsum,
> Gurgite cum medio, portans Oeagrius Hebrus
> Volveret, Euridicen vox ipsa, et frigida lingua
> Ah! miseram Euridicen! animâ fugiente vocabat;
> Euridicen toto referebant flumine ripæ."

Who knows but some of your bright wits might have found it a subject affording many poetical turns, and have told the world, in an heroic elegy, that,

> As equal were our souls, so equal were our fates.

I despair of ever hearing so many fine things said of me, as so extraordinary a death would have given occasion for.

I am at this present moment writing in a house situated on the banks of the Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. My garden is full of tall cypress trees, upon the branches of which several couple of true turtles are saying soft things to one another from morning till night. How naturally do *boughs* and *vows* come into my mind at this minute! And must not you confess, to my praise, that it is more than an ordinary discretion that can resist the wicked suggestions of poetry, in a place where truth, for once, furnishes all the ideas of pastoral? The summer is already far advanced in this part of the world; and, for some miles round Adrianople, the whole ground is laid out in gardens, and the banks of the rivers are set with rows of fruit-trees, under which all the most considerable Turks divert themselves every evening, not with walking, that is not one of their pleasures; but a set party of them choose out a green spot, where the shade is very thick, and there they spread a carpet, on which they sit drinking their coffee, and are generally attended by some slave with a fine voice, or that plays on some instrument. Every twenty paces you may see one of these little companies, listening to the dashing of the river; and this taste is so universal, that the very gardeners are not without it. I have often seen them and their children sitting on the banks

of the river, and playing on a rural instrument, perfectly answering the description of the ancient *Fistula*, being composed of unequal reeds, with a simple but agreeable softness in the sound.

Mr. Addison might here make the experiment he speaks of in his travels; there not being one instrument of music among the Greek or Roman statues, that is not to be found in the hands of the people of this country. The young lads generally divert themselves with making garlands for their favourite lambs, which I have often seen painted and adorned with flowers, lying at their feet, while they sung or played. It is not that they ever read romances. But these are the ancient amusements here, and as natural to them as cudgel-playing and foot-ball to our British swains; the softness and warmth of the climate forbidding all rough exercises, which were never so much as heard of amongst them, and naturally inspiring a laziness and aversion to labour, which the great plenty indulges. These gardeners are the only happy race of country people in Turkey. They furnish all the city with fruits and herbs, and seem to live very easily. They are most of them Greeks, and have little houses in the midst of their gardens, where their wives and daughters take a liberty, not permitted in the town, I mean to go unveiled. These wenches are very neat and handsome, and pass their time at their looms under the shade of the trees.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic

writer; he has only given a plain image of the way of life amongst the peasants of his country, who, before oppression had reduced them to want, were, I suppose, all employed as the better sort of them are now. I do not doubt, had he been born a Briton, but his *Idylliums* had been filled with descriptions of threshing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trod out by oxen; and butter (I speak it with sorrow) unheard of.

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained, that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of: many of the customs, and much of the dress then in fashion, being yet retained. I do not wonder to find more remains here, of an age so distant, than is to be found in any other country, the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners, as has been generally practised by other nations, that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you, that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil, that

Helen throws over her face, is still fashionable; and I never see half a dozen of old Bashas (as I do very often) with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good King Priam and his counsellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is *sung* to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead; these are the Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.

I should have told you, in the first place, that the Eastern manners give a great light into many scripture-passages that appear odd to us, their phrases being commonly what we should call scripture language. The vulgar Turk is very different from what is spoke at court, or amongst the people of figure; who always mix so much Arabic and Persian in their discourse, that it may very well be called another language. And it is as ridiculous to make use of the expressions commonly used, in speaking to a great man or lady, as it would be to speak broad Yorkshire, or Somersetshire, in the drawing room. Besides this distinction, they have

what they call the *sublime,* that is, a style proper for poetry, and which is the exact scripture style. I believe you would be pleased to see a genuine example of this; and I am very glad I have it in my power to satisfy your curiosity, by sending you a faithful copy of the verses that Ibrahim Basha, the reigning favourite, has made for the young princess, his contracted wife, whom he is not yet permitted to visit without witnesses, though she is gone home to his house. He is a man of wit and learning; and whether or no he is capable of writing good verse, you may be sure that on such an occasion, he would not want the assistance of the best poets in the empire. Thus the verses may be looked upon as a sample of their finest poetry, and I do not doubt you will be of my mind, that it is most wonderfully resembling the Song of Solomon, which also was addressed to a royal bride.

Turkish Verses addressed to the Sultana, eldest daughter of Sultan Achmet III.

STANZA I.

Ver. 1. The nightingale now wanders in the vines;
Her passion is to seek roses.

2. I went down to admire the beauty of the vines;
The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.

3. Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag;

STANZA II.

1. The wished possession is delayed from day to day;
The cruel Sultan Achmet will not permit me
To see those cheeks more vermillion than roses.

Ver. 2. I dare not snatch one of your kisses;
The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.

3. Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.

STANZA III.

1. The wretched Ibrahim sighs in these verses;
One dart from your eyes has pierced through my heart.

2. Ah! when will the hour of possession arrive?
Must I yet wait a long time?
The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.

3. Ah! Sultana! stag-eyed—an angel amongst angels!
I desire,—and my desire remains unsatisfied.
Can you take delight to prey upon my heart?

STANZA IV.

1. My cries pierce the heavens!
My eyes are without sleep!
Turn to me, Sultana! let me gaze on thy beauty.

2. Adieu——I go down to the grave.
If you call me——I return.
My heart is—hot as sulphur;—sigh, and it will flame.

3. Crown of my life, fair light of my eyes!
My Sultana! my princess!
I rub my face against the earth;—I am drowned in scalding tears—I rave!
Have you no compassion? will you not turn to look upon me?

I have taken abundance of pains to get these verses in a literal translation; and if you were acquainted with my interpreters, I might spare myself the trouble of assuring you, that they have received no poetical touches from their hands. In my opinion, (allowing for the inevitable faults of a prose translation into a language so very

different) there is a good deal of beauty in them. The epithet of *stag-eyed,* (though the sound is not very agreeable in English) pleases me extremely; and I think it a very lively image of the fire and indifference in his mistress's eyes.——Monsieur Boileau has very justly observed, that we are never to judge of the elevation of an expression in an ancient author, by the sound it carries with us; since it may be extremely fine with them, when, at the same time, it appears low or uncouth to us. You are so well acquainted with Homer, you cannot but have observed the same thing, and you must have the same indulgence for all oriental poetry. The repetitions at the end of the two first stanzas are meant for a sort of chorus, and are agreeable to the ancient manner of writing. The music of the verses apparently changes in the third stanza, where the burden is altered; and I think he very artfully seems more passionate at the conclusion, as it is natural for people to warm themselves by their own discourse, especially on a subject in which one is deeply concerned; it is certainly far more touching, than our modern custom of concluding a song of passion, with a turn which is inconsistent with it. The first verse is a description of the season of the year; all the country now being full of nightingales, whose amours with roses, is an Arabian fable, as well known here, as any part of Ovid amongst us, and is much the same as if an English poem should begin, by saying,——"Now Philomela sings." Or what if I

turned the whole into the style of English poetry, to see how it would look?

STANZA I.

" Now Philomel renews her tender strain,
Indulging all the night her pleasing pain;

" I sought the groves to hear the wanton sing,
There saw a face more beauteous than the spring;

" Your large stag-eyes, where thousand glories play,
As bright, as lively, but as wild as they.

STANZA II.

" In vain I'm promis'd such a heavenly prize.
Ah! cruel Sultan! who delay'st my joys!
While piercing charms transfix my amorous heart,
I dare not snatch one kiss, to ease the smart.

" Those eyes like, &c.

STANZA III.

" Your wretched lover in these lines complains:
From those dear beauties rise his killing pains.

" When will the hour of wish'd-for bliss arrive?
Must I wait longer?—Can I wait and live?

" Ah! bright Sultana! maid divinely fair!
Can you unpitying see the pains I bear?

STANZA IV.

" The heavens relenting hear my piercing cries,
I loath the light, and sleep forsakes my eyes;
Turn thee, Sultana, ere thy lover dies;

" Sinking to earth, I sigh the last adieu,
Call me, my goddess, and my life renew.

" My queen! my angel! my fond heart's desire!
I rave—my bosom burns with heavenly fire!
Pity that passion which thy charms inspire."

I have taken the liberty in the second verse, of following what I suppose the true sense of the

author, though not literally expressed. By his saying *he went down to admire the beauty of the vines, and her charms ravished his soul;* I understand a poetical fiction, of having first seen her in a garden, where he was admiring the beauty of the spring. But I could not forbear retaining the comparison of her eyes with those of a stag, though perhaps the novelty of it may give it a burlesque sound in our language. I cannot determine upon the whole, how well I have succeeded in the translation, neither do I think our English proper to express such violence of passion, which is very seldom felt amongst us. We want, also, those compound words which are very frequent and strong in the Turkish language.

You see I am pretty far gone in Oriental learning, and to say truth, I study very hard. I wish my studies may give me an occasion of entertaining your curiosity, which will be the utmost advantage hoped for from them, by, Yours, &c.

LETTER XVI.

FROM LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Belgrade Village, June 17, 1717.

I HOPE, before this time, you have received two or three of my letters. I had yours but yesterday, though dated the third of February, in which you suppose me to be dead and buried. I have already let you know that I am still alive; but, to say

truth, I look upon my present circumstances to be exactly the same with those of departed spirits. The heats of Constantinople have driven me to this place, which perfectly answers the description of the Elysian fields. I am in the middle of a wood, consisting chiefly of fruit trees, watered by a vast number of fountains, famous for the excellency of their water, and divided into many shady walks, upon short grass, that seems to me artificial; but, I am assured, is the pure work of nature—within view of the Black Sea, from whence we perpetually enjoy the refreshment of cool breezes, that make us insensible of the heat of the summer. The village is only inhabited by the richest amongst the Christians, who meet every night at a fountain, forty paces from my house, to sing and dance. The beauty and dress of the women, exactly resemble the ideas of the ancient nymphs, as they are given us by the representations of the poets and painters. But what persuades me more fully of my decease, is the situation of my own mind, the profound ignorance I am in, of what passes among the living (which only comes to me by chance) and the great calmness with which I receive it. Yet I have still a hankering after my friends and acquaintances left in the world, according to the authority of that admirable author,

> That spirits departed are wondrous kind
> To friends and relations left behind,
> Which no body can deny.

Of which solemn truth I am a *dead* instance. I think Virgil is of the same opinion, that in human souls there will be still some remains of human passions:

——Curæ non ipsæ in morte relinquunt.

And it is very necessary to make a perfect Elysium, that there should be a river Lethe, which I am not so happy as to find. To say truth, I am sometimes very weary of the singing and dancing, and sunshine, and wish for the smoke and impertinencies in which you toil; though I endeavour to persuade myself that I live in more agreeable variety than you do; and that *Monday*, setting of partridges; *Tuesday*, reading English; *Wednesday*, studying in the Turkish language, (in which, by the way, I am already very learned); *Thursday*, classical authors; *Friday*, spent in writing; *Saturday*, at my needle; and *Sunday*, admitting of visits, and hearing of music, is a better way of disposing of the week, than, *Monday* at the drawing-room; *Tuesday*, Lady Mohun's; *Wednesday*, at the opera; *Thursday*, the play; *Friday*, Mrs. Chetwynd's, &c. a perpetual round of hearing the same scandal, and seeing the same follies acted over and over, which here affect me no more than they do other dead people. I can now hear of displeasing things with pity and without indignation. The reflection on the great gulph between you and me, cools all news that come hither. I can neither be sensibly touched with joy or grief, when I consider that, possibly, the

cause of either is removed, before the letter comes to my hands. But (as I said before) this indolence does not extend to my few friendships; I am still warmly sensible of yours and Mr. Congreve's, and desire to live in your remembrance, though dead to all the world beside. I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XVII.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

I WRITE this after a very severe illness, that had like to have cost you a friend: and in writing I rebel against a despotic doctor, whose tyranny the greatest here obey, and from the same servile principles that most men obey tyrants,—the fear of death. He says I must think but slightly of any thing: now I am practising if I can think so of you, which if I can I shall be above regarding any thing in nature for the future: I may then look upon the sun as a spangle, and the world as a hazel-nut. But in earnest, you should be pleased at my recovery, as it is a thing you will get something by. Heaven has renewed a lease to you of a sincere servant: abundance of good wishes and grateful thanks will be added to those you have had from me already; and Lady Mary will be spoken of with respect and tenderness some years longer.

This last winter has seen great revolutions in my little affairs. My sickness was preceded by

the death of my father, which happened within a few days after I had writ to you, inviting myself to meet you in your journey homewards. I have yet a mother of great age and infirmities, whose last precarious days of life I am now attending, with such a solemn pious kind of officiousness as a melancholy recluse watches the last risings and fallings of a dying taper. My natural temper is pretty much broke, and I live half a hermit within five miles of London. A letter from you sooths me in my reveries; it is like a conversation with some spirit of the other world, the least glimpse of whose favour sets one above all taste of the things of this: indeed, there is little or nothing angelical left behind you; the women here are—women. I cannot express how I long to see you face to face; if ever you come again, I shall never be able to behave with decency, I shall walk, look, and talk at such a rate, that all the town must know I have seen something more than human. Come, for God's sake; come, Lady Mary; come quickly!

I extremely regret the loss of your oriental learning, for that letter I never had, but am heartily glad you kept a copy. I believe one of mine had the same fate, wherein I begged a Circassian woman of you, the likest yourself that could be purchased. Do not think to put me off with a little likeness of you; the girl which I hear you have some way or other procured, and are

bringing with you, is not fit for me;—whatever you may fancy, Molineux is married, and I am past a boy.

I must tell you a story of Molineux: the other day, at the prince's levee, he took Mr. Edgecomb aside, and asked, with an air of seriousness, What did the Czar of Muscovy, when he disinherited his son, do with his secretary? To which Edgecomb answered, He was sewed up in a football, and tossed over the water.

Now I am got among your acquaintance, you must be content to hear how often I talk of you with Mr. Craggs, Mr. Methuen, Mr. Congreve, D. of Buckingham, Sir R. Rich, Miss Griffin,* &c. I am almost angry to go into any body's company where I ever saw you; I partly enjoy and partly regret it. It is not without vexation that I roam on the Thames in a fine evening, or walk by moonlight in St. James's park: I can scarce allow any thing should be calm, or any thing sweet without you. Give me leave at this distance to say, that I am something so much between a philosopher and a lover, that I am continually angry at fortune for letting me enjoy those amusements which I fancy you want; and I seldom receive any pleasure, but it is got into my head, why has she not a share of it? This is really true; and yet you are not so prodigiously obliged to me neither, because I wish almost every vanity that can delight them.

* Miss Griffin is mentioned in the ballad:

"To Bellenden, Lepell, and Griffin, &c." *Bowles.*

Our gallantry and gaiety have been great sufferers by the rupture of the two* courts here: scarce any ball, assembly, basset-table, or any place where two or three are gathered together. No lone house in Wales, with a rookery, is more contemplative than Hampton-Court: I walked there the other day by the moon, and met no creature of any quality but the king, who was giving audience all alone to the birds under the garden wall.

How many hundred things have I to say to you, not ten of which, perhaps, I shall remember when we meet. I have seen many fine things, many vile things, and many ridiculous things, all which are an amusement to those who can think; though one emulates the first sort, one is hurt by the second, and vexed at the third. If one laughs at the world they will say he is proud; if one rails at it, they will say he is ill-natured; and yet one or other of these one must do upon the whole. I am melancholy, which (to say truth) is all one gets by pleasures themselves; but I should not tell you this, if I did not think you of opinion, that melancholy does me as little hurt as any man; and after all, he must be a beast that can be melancholy with such a fine woman as you to his friend. Adieu. Were I your guardian spirit, your happiness would be my whole care. As I am a poor mortal, it is one of my most earnest wishes. Yours.

I beg you write to me soon. You are now

* The rupture between the King and Prince of Wales. *Bowles.*

come into the region of posts, and under the care of secretaries, the whole succession of whom are your servants, and give me more than pensions and places when they give me your letters.

LETTER XVIII.

FROM LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Sept. 1, 1717.

WHEN I wrote to you last, Belgrade was in the hands of the Turks; but, at this present moment, it has changed masters, and is in the hands of the Imperialists. A Janissary, who in nine days, and yet without any wings but what a panic terror seems to have furnished, arrived at Constantinople from the army of the Turks before Belgrade, brought Mr. W. the news of a compleat victory obtained by the Imperialists, commanded by Prince Eugene, over the Ottoman troops. It is said, the prince has discovered great conduct and valour in this action, and I am particularly glad that the voice of glory and duty has called him from the —— *here several words of the manuscript are effaced.* ——Two days after the battle the town surrendered. The consternation, which this defeat has occasioned here, is inexpressible; and the sultan apprehending a revolution from the resentment and indignation of the people, fomented by certain leaders, has begun his precautions, after the goodly fashion of this blessed government, by ordering

several persons to be strangled who were the objects of his royal suspicion. He has also ordered his treasurer to advance some months pay to the Janissaries, which seems the less necessary, as their conduct has been bad in this campaign, and their licentious ferocity seems pretty well tamed by the public contempt. Such of them as return in straggling and fugitive parties to the metropolis, have not spirit nor credit enough to defend themselves from the insults of the mob; the very children taunt them, and the populace spit in their faces as they pass. They refused during the battle to lend their assistance to save the baggage and the military chest, which however were defended by the Bashas and their retinue while the Janissaries and Spahis were nobly employed in plundering their own camp.

You see here that I give you a very *handsome* return for your obliging letter. You entertain me with a most agreeable account of your amiable connexions with men of letters and taste, and of the delicious moments you pass in their society under the rural shade; and I exhibit to you in return, the barbarous spectacle of Turks and Germans cutting one another's throats. But what can you expect from such a country as this, from which the Muses have fled, from which letters seem eternally banished, and in which you see, in private scenes, nothing pursued as happiness but the refinements of an indolent voluptuousness, and where those who act upon the public theatre live

in uncertainty, suspicion, and terror! Here pleasure, to which I am no enemy when it is properly seasoned and of a good composition, is surely of the cloying kind. Veins of wit, elegant conversation, easy commerce, are unknown among the Turks; and yet they seem capable of all these, if the vile spirit of their government did not stifle genius, damp curiosity, and suppress a hundred passions, that embellish and render life agreeable. The luscious passion of the seraglio is the only one almost that is gratified here to the full, but it is blended so with the surly spirit of despotism in one of the parties, and with the dejection and anxiety which this spirit produces in the other, that to one of my way of thinking it cannot appear otherwise than as a very mixed kind of enjoyment. The women here are not, indeed, so closely confined as many have related; they enjoy a high degree of liberty, even in the bosom of servitude, and they have methods of evasion and disguise that are very favourable to gallantry; but after all, they are still under uneasy apprehensions of being discovered; and a discovery exposes them to the most merciless rage of jealousy, which is here a monster that cannot be satiated but with blood. The magnificence and riches that reign in the apartments of the ladies of fashion here, seem to be one of their chief pleasures, joined with their retinue of female slaves, whose music, dancing and dress amuse them highly; but there is such an air of form and stiffness amidst this gran-

deur, as hinders it from pleasing me at long run, however I was dazzled with it at first sight. This stiffness and formality of manners are peculiar to the Turkish ladies; for the Grecian belles are of quite another character and complexion; with them pleasure appears in more engaging forms, and their persons, manners, conversation and amusements are very far from being destitute of elegance and ease.

I received the news of Mr. Addison's being declared secretary of state with the less surprize, in that I knew that post was almost offered to him before. At that time he declined it, and I really believe that he would have done well to have declined it now. Such a post as that, and such a wife as the Countess, do not seem to be, in prudence, eligible for a man that is asthmatic; and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both. It is well that he laid aside the thoughts of the voluminous dictionary, of which I have heard you or somebody else frequently make mention. But no more on that subject; I would not have said so much, were I not assured that this letter will come safe and unopened to hand. I long much to tread upon English ground, that I may see you and Mr. Congreve, who render that ground *classic ground;* nor will you refuse our present secretary a part of that merit, whatever reasons you may have to be dissatisfied with him in other respects. You are the three happiest poets I ever heard of; one a secretary of

state, the other enjoying leisure with dignity in two lucrative employments; and you, though your religious profession is an obstacle to court promotion, and disqualifies you from filling civil employments, have found the *philosopher's stone*, since by making the Iliad pass through your poetical crucible into an English form, without losing aught of its original beauty, you have drawn the golden current of Pactolus to Twickenham. I call this finding the philosopher's stone, since you alone found out the secret, and nobody else has got into it. Addison and Tickel tried it, but their experiments failed; and they lost, if not their money, at least a certain portion of their fame in the trial; while you touched the mantle of the divine Bard, and imbibed his spirit. I hope we shall have the Odyssey soon from your happy hand, and I think I shall follow with singular pleasure the traveller Ulysses, who was an observer of men and manners, when he travels in your harmonious numbers. I love him much better than the hot-headed son of Peleus, who bullied his general, cried for his mistress, and so on. It is true, the excellence of the Iliad does not depend upon his merit or dignity, but I wish, nevertheless, that Homer had chosen a hero somewhat less pettish and less fantastic: a perfect hero is chimerical and unnatural, and consequently uninstructive; but it is also true, that while the epic hero ought to be drawn with the infirmities that are the lot of humanity, he ought never to be represented as ex-

tremely absurd. But it becomes me ill to play the critic; so I take my leave of you for this time, and desire you will believe me, with the highest esteem, Your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

MADAM,

I COULD quarrel with you quite through this paper, upon a period in yours, which bids me remember you if possibly I can. You would have shewn more knowledge both of yourself and of me, had you bid me forget you if possibly I could. When I do, may this hand (as the Scripture says) forget its cunning; and this heart its—folly, I was going to say—but I mean, its reason, and the most rational sensation it ever had—that of your merit.

The poetical manner in which you paint some of the scenes about you, makes me despise my native country, and sets me on fire to fall into the dance about your fountain in Belgrade village. I fancy myself, in my romantic thoughts and distant admiration of you, not unlike the man in the Alchymist, that has a passion for the queen of the fairies; I lie dreaming of you in moonshiny nights, exactly in the posture of Endymion gaping for Cynthia in a picture; and with just such a surprize and rapture should I awake, if, after your

long revolutions were accomplished, you should at last come rolling back again, smiling with all that gentleness and serenity peculiar to the moon and you; and gilding the same mountains from which you first set out on your solemn melancholy journey. I am told that fortune (more just to us than your virtue) will restore the most precious thing it ever robbed us of. Some think it will be the only equivalent the world affords for Pitt's diamond, so lately sent out of our country; which, after you was gone, was accounted the most valuable thing here. Adieu to that toy! let the costly bauble be hung about the neck of the baby king it belongs to, so England does but recover that jewel, which was the wish of all her sensible hearts, and the joy of all her discerning eyes. I can keep no measures in speaking of this subject. I see you already coming; I feel you as you draw nearer; my heart leaps at your arrival. Let us have you from the east, and the sun is at her service.

I write as if I were drunk, the pleasure I take in thinking of your return transports me beyond the bounds of common sense and decency. Yet believe me, Madam, if there be any circumstance of chagrin in the occasion of that return, if there be any public or private ill fortune that may give you a displeasure, I must still be ready to feel a part of it, notwithstanding the joy I now express.

I have been mad enough to make all the inquiry I could at what time you set out, and what route you were to take. If Italy run yet in your

thoughts, I hope you will see it in your return. If I but knew you intended it, I would meet you there, and travel back with you. I would fain behold the best and brightest thing I know, in the scene of ancient virtue and glory; I would fain see how you look, on the very spot where Curtius sacrificed himself for his country; and observe what difference there would be in your eyes, when you ogled the statue of Julius Cæsar, and a Marcus Aurelius. Allow me but to sneak after you in your train, to fill my pockets with coins, or to lug an old busto behind you, and I shall be proud beyond expression. Let people think, if they will, that I did all this for the pleasure of treading on classic ground; I would whisper other reasons in your ear. The joy of following your footsteps would as soon carry me to Mecca as to Rome; and let me tell you as a friend, if you are really disposed to embrace the Mahometan religion, I will fly on pilgrimage with you thither, with as good a heart, and as sound devotion, as ever Jeffery Rudel, the Provençal poet, went after the fine Countess of Tripoly to Jerusalem. If you never heard of this Jeffery I will assure you he deserves your acquaintance. He lived in our Richard the First's time; put on a pilgrim's weed, took his voyage, and when he got ashore, was just upon the point of expiring. The Countess of Tripoly came to the ship, took him by the hand: he lifted up his eyes, said he had been blest with a sight of her, he was satisfied, and so departed this life.

What did the Countess of Tripoly upon this? She made him a splendid funeral, built him a tomb of porphyry; put his epitaph upon it in Arabic verse; had his sonnets curiously copied out, and illumined with letters of gold; was taken with melancholy, and turned nun. All this, Madam, you may depend upon for a truth, and I send it to you in the very words of my author.

I do not expect all this should be punctually copied on either side, but methinks something like it is done already. The letters of gold, and the curious illumining of the sonnets, were not a greater token of respect than what I have paid to your eclogues: they lie inclosed in a monument of red Turkey, written in my fairest hand; the gilded leaves are opened with no less veneration than the pages of the sybils; like them, locked up and concealed from all profane eyes; none but my own have beheld these sacred remains of yourself; and I should think it as great a wickedness to divulge them as to scatter abroad the ashes of my ancestors. As for the rest, if I have not followed you to the ends of the earth, it is not my fault; if I had, I might possibly have died as gloriously as Jeffery Rudel; and if I had so died, you might probably have done every thing for me that the Countess of Tripoly did, except turning nun.

But since our romance is like to have a more fortunate conclusion, I desire you to take another course to express your favour towards me; I mean by bringing over the fair Circassian we used to

talk of. I was serious in that request, and will prove it by paying for her, if you will lay out my money so well for me. The thing shall be as secret as you please, and the lady made another half of me, that is, both my mistress and my servant, as I am both my own servant and my own master. But I beg you to look oftener than you used to do in your glass, in order to chuse me one I may like. If you have any regard to my happiness, let there be something as near as possible to that face; but, if you please, the colours a little less vivid, the eyes a little less bright (such as reflection will shew them); in short, let her be such an one as you seem in your own eyes, that is, a good deal less amiable than you are. Take care of this, if you have any regard to my quiet: for otherwise, instead of being her master, I must be only her slave.

I cannot end this letter without asking, if you have received a box of books, together with letters from Mr. Congreve and myself? It was directed to Mr. Wortley at Constantinople, by a merchantship that set sail last June. Mr. Congreve, in fits of the gout, remembers you. Dr. Garth makes epigrams in prose when he speaks of you. Sir Robert Rich's lady loves you, though Sir Robert admires you. Mr. Craggs commemorates you with honour, the Duke of Buckingham with praise, I myself with something more. When people speak most highly of you, I think them sparing: when I try myself to speak of you, I think I am cold and

stupid. I think my letters have nothing in them, but I am sure my heart has so much, that I am vexed to find no better name for your friend and admirer, than Your friend and admirer.

LETTER XX.

FROM LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Lyons, Sept. 28, 1718.

I RECEIVED yours here, and should thank you for the pleasure you seem to enjoy from my return; but I can hardly forbear being angry at you, for rejoicing at what displeases me so much. You will think this but an odd compliment on my side. I will assure you, it is not from insensibility of the joy of seeing my friends; but when I consider that I must, at the same time, see and hear a thousand disagreeable impertinents; that I must receive and pay visits, make curtesies, and assist at tea-tables, where I shall be half killed with questions; and, on the other part, that I am a creature that cannot serve any body but with insignificant good wishes; and that my presence is not a necessary good to any one member of my native country, I think I might much better have staid where ease and quiet made up the happiness of my indolent life. I should certainly be melancholy, if I pursued this theme one line farther. I will rather fill the remainder of this paper with the inscriptions

on the tables of brass, that are placed on each side of the town-house.

* * * *

I was also shewed, without the gate of St. Justinus, some remains of a Roman aqueduct; and behind the monastery of St. Mary, there are the ruins of the imperial palace, where the emperor Claudius was born, and where Severus lived. The great cathedral of St. John is a good Gothic building, and its clock much admired by the Germans. In one of the most conspicuous parts of the town, is the late king's statue set up, trampling upon mankind. I cannot forbear saying one word here of the French statues (for I never intend to mention any more of them) with their gilded full-bottomed wigs. If their king had intended to express in one image, *ignorance, ill taste, and vanity*, his sculptors could have made no other figure, so proper for that purpose, as this statue, which represents the odd mixture of an old *beau*, who had a mind to be a *hero*, with a bushel of curled hair on his head, and a gilt truncheon in his hand. The French have been so voluminous on the history of this town, I need say nothing of it. The houses are tolerably well built, and the *Belle cour* well planted, from whence is seen the celebrated joining of the Soane and Rhone.

> " Ubi Rhodanus ingens amne prærapido fluit,
> Ararque dubitans quo suos fluctus agat."

I have had time to see every thing with great lei-

sure, having been confined several days to this town by a swelling in my throat, the remains of a fever occasioned by a cold I got in the damps of the Alps. The doctors here threaten me with all sorts of distempers, if I dare to leave them; but I, that know the obstinacy of it, think it just as possible to continue my way to Paris, with it, as to go about the streets of Lyons, and am determined to pursue my journey to-morrow, in spite of doctors, apothecaries, and sore throats.

When you see Lady Rich, tell her I have received her letter, and will answer it from Paris, believing that the place that she would most willingly hear of. I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XXI.

FROM LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

I HAVE been running about Paris at a strange rate with my sister, and strange sights have we seen. They are, at least, strange sights to me, for after having been accustomed to the gravity of Turks, I can scarcely look with an easy and familiar aspect at the levity and agility of the airy phantoms that are dancing about me here, and I often think that I am at a puppet-shew amidst the representations of real life. I stare prodigiously, but nobody remarks it, for every body stares here; staring is a-la-mode—there is a stare of attention and *interêt*, a stare of curiosity, a stare of expectation, a stare

of surprize, and it would greatly amuse you to see what trifling objects excite all this staring. This staring would have rather a solemn kind of air, were it not alleviated by grinning, for at the end of a stare there comes always a grin, and very commonly the entrance of a gentleman or a lady into a room is accompanied with a grin, which is designed to express complacence and social pleasure, but really shews nothing more than a certain contortion of muscles that must make a stranger laugh really, as they laugh artificially. The French grin is equally remote from the cheerful serenity of a smile, and the cordial mirth of an honest English horse-laugh. I shall not perhaps stay here long enough to form a just idea of French manners and characters, though this I believe would require but little study, as there is no great depth in either. It appears, on a superficial view, to be a frivolous, restless, and agreeable people. The abbot is my guide, and I could not easily light upon a better; he tells me that here the women form the character of the men, and I am convinced in the persuasion of this by every company into which I enter. There seems here to be no intermediate state between infancy and manhood; for as soon as the boy has quit his leading-strings, he is set agog in the world; the ladies are his tutors, they make the first impressions, which generally remain, and they render the men ridiculous by the imitation of their humours and graces, so that dignity in manners is a rare thing here before the age of sixty.

Does not king David say somewhere, that *man walketh in a vain shew?* I think he does, and I am sure this is peculiarly true of the Frenchman; but he walks merrily, and seems to enjoy the vision, and may he not therefore be esteemed more happy than many of our solid thinkers, whose brows are furrowed by deep reflection, and whose wisdom is so often cloathed with a misty mantle of spleen and vapours?

What delights me most here is a view of the magnificence, often accompanied with taste, that reigns in the king's palaces and gardens; for though I do not admire much the architecture, in which there is great irregularity and want of proportion, yet the statues, paintings, and other decorations afford me high entertainment. One of the pieces of antiquity that struck me most in the gardens of Versailles, was the famous Colossean statue of Jupiter, the workmanship of Myron, which Mark Antony carried away from Samos, and Augustus ordered to be placed in the Capitol. It is of Parian marble, and though it has suffered in the ruin of time, it still preserves striking lines of majesty. But surely, if marble could feel, the God would frown with a generous indignation to see himself transported from the Capitol into a French garden; and after having received the homage of the Roman emperors, who laid their laurels at his feet when they returned from their conquests, to behold now nothing but frizzled beaus passing by him with indifference.

I propose setting out soon from this place, so that you are to expect no more letters from this side of the water; besides, I am hurried to death, and my head swims with that vast variety of objects which I am obliged to view with such rapidity, the shortness of my time not allowing me to examine them at my leisure. There is here an excessive prodigality of ornaments and decorations, that is just the opposite extreme to what appears in our royal gardens; this prodigality is owing to the levity and inconstancy of the French taste, which always pants after something new, and thus heaps ornament upon ornament without end or measure. It is time, however, that I should put an end to my letter; so I wish you good night,

And am, &c.

LETTER XXII.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

MADAM, *September* 1, 1718.

I HAVE been (what I never was till now) in debt to you for a letter some weeks. I was informed you were at sea, and that it was to no purpose to write till some news had been heard of your arriving somewhere or other. Besides, I have had a second dangerous illness, from which I was more diligent to be recovered than from the first, having now some hopes of seeing you again. If you make any tour in Italy, I shall not easily

forgive you for not acquainting me soon enough to have met you there. I am very certain I can never be polite unless I travel with you: and it is never to be repaired, the loss that Homer has sustained, for want of my translating him in Asia. You will come hither full of criticisms against a man who wanted nothing to be in the right but to have kept you company; you have no way of making me amends, but by continuing an Asiatic when you return to me, whatever English airs you may put on to other people.

I prodigiously long for your sonnets, your remarks, your oriental learning; but I long for nothing so much as your oriental self. You must of necessity be *advanced* so far *back* into true nature and simplicity of manners, by these three years' residence in the East, that I shall look upon you as so many years younger than you was, so much nearer innocence, (that is, truth,) and infancy (that is, openness). I expect to see your soul as much thinner dressed as your body; and that you have left off, as unwieldy and cumbersome, a great many damned European habits. Without offence to your modesty be it spoken, I have a burning desire to see your soul stark naked, for I am confident it is the prettiest kind of white soul in the universe. But I forget whom I am talking to; you may possibly by this time believe, according to the prophet, that you have none; if so, shew me that which comes next to a soul; you may easily put it upon a poor ignorant Christian

for a soul, and please him as well with it;—I mean your heart;—Mahomet, I think, allows you hearts; which (together with fine eyes and other agreeable equivalents) are worth all the souls on this side the world. But if I must be content with seeing your body only, God send it to come quickly: I honour it more than the diamond-casket that held Homer's Iliads; for in the very twinkle of one eye of it there is more wit, and in the very dimple of one cheek of it there is more meaning, than all the souls that ever were casually put into women since men had the making of them.

I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me. It overlooks a common-field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet; of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man about five and twenty, Sarah a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning

that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed, (it was on the last of July,) a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frighted and out of breath, sunk on a haycock, and John (who never separated from her) sate by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair;—John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, in the parish of Stanton Harcourt in Oxfordshire; where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of

the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one: I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better; I think it was what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion.

When Eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the same pile their faithful fair expire;
Here pitying Heaven that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.

I.

Think not, by rigorous judgment seiz'd,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heaven saw well pleas'd,
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.

II.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate:
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

Upon the whole, I cannot think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have, was to be remembered on a little monument; unless you will give them another,—that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness; you must have it; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue; the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest.

But when you are reflecting upon objects of pity, pray do not forget one, who had no sooner found out an object of the highest esteem, than he was separated from it; and who is so very unhappy as not to be susceptible of consolation from others, by being so miserably in the right as to think other women what they really are. Such an one cannot but be desperately fond of any creature that is quite different from these. If the Circassian be utterly void of such honour as these have, and such virtue as these boast of, I am content. I have detested the sound of *honest woman*, and *loving spouse*, ever since I heard the pretty name of Odaliche. Dear Madam, I am for ever

Your, &c.

My most humble services to Mr. Wortley. Pray let me hear from you soon, though I shall very soon write again. I am confident half our letters are lost.

LETTER XXIII.

FROM LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Dover, Nov. 1, 1718.

I HAVE this minute received a letter of yours sent me from Paris. I believe and hope I shall very soon see both you and Mr. Congreve; but as I am here in an inn, where we stay to regulate our march to London, bag and baggage, I shall em-

ploy some of my leisure time in answering that part of yours that seems to require an answer.

I must applaud your good nature in supposing that your pastoral lovers (vulgarly called hay-makers) would have lived in everlasting joy and harmony, if the lightning had not interrupted their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine that John Hughes and Sarah Drew were either wiser or more virtuous than their neighbours. That a well set man of twenty-five should have a fancy to marry a brown woman of eighteen, is nothing marvellous; and I cannot help thinking, that had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow-parishioners. His endeavouring to shield her from a storm was a natural action, and what he would have certainly done for his horse, if he had been in the same situation. Neither am I of opinion that their sudden death was a reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reproved for thinking a village destroyed by fire, more wicked than those that had escaped the thunder. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you desire me to try my skill in an epitaph, I think the following lines perhaps more just, though not so poetical as yours:

Here lie John Hughes and Sarah Drew;
Perhaps you'll say, what's that to you?
Believe me, friend, much may be said
On that poor couple, that are dead.
On Sunday next they should have married;
But see how oddly things are carried!

On Thursday last it rain'd and lighten'd,
These tender lovers sadly frighten'd,
Shelter'd beneath the cocking hay
In hopes to pass the time away.
But the *bold thunder* found them out
(Commission'd for that end, no doubt)
And, seizing on their trembling breath,
Consign'd them to the shades of death.
Who knows if 'twas not kindly done?
For had they seen the next year's sun,
A beaten wife and cuckold swain
Had jointly curs'd the marriage chain;
Now they are happy in their doom,
For Pope has wrote upon their tomb.

I confess these sentiments are not altogether so heroic as yours; but I hope you will forgive them in favour of the two last lines. You see how much I esteem the honour you have done them; though I am not very impatient to have the same, and had rather continue to be your stupid, *living*, humble servant, than be *celebrated* by all the pens in Europe.

I would write to Mr. Congreve; but suppose you will read this to him, if he inquires after me.

LETTER XXIV.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

DEAR MADAM,

IT is not possible to express the least part of the joy your return gives me; time only and experience will convince you how very sincere it is.

I excessively long to meet you, to say so much, so very much to you,—that I believe I shall say nothing. I have given orders to be sent for, the first minute of your arrival (which I beg you will let them know at Mr. Jervas's). I am fourscore miles from London, a short journey compared to that I so often thought at least of undertaking, rather than die without seeing you again. Though the place I am in is such as I would not quit for the town, if I did not value you more than any, nay, every body else there; and you will be convinced how little the town has engaged my affections in your absence from it, when you know what a place this is which I prefer to it; I shall therefore describe it to you at large, as the true picture of a genuine ancient country-seat.

You must expect nothing regular in my description of a house that seems to be built before rules were in fashion: the whole is so disjointed, and the parts so detached from each other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that (in a poetical fit) you would imagine it had been a village in Amphion's time, where twenty cottages had taken a dance together, were all out, and stood still in amazement ever since. A stranger would be grievously disappointed who should ever think to get into this house the right way: one would expect, after entering through the porch, to be let into the hall;—alas! nothing less;—you find yourself in a brewhouse. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room; but, upon opening

the iron-nailed door, you are convinced by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. On each side our porch are two chimneys, that wear their greens on the outside, which would do as well within, for whenever we make a fire, we let the smoke out of the windows. Over the parlour-window hangs a sloping balcony, which time has turned to a very convenient penthouse. The top is crowned with a very venerable tower, so like that of the church just by, that the jackdaws build in it as if it were the true steeple.

The great hall is high and spacious, flanked with long tables, images of ancient hospitality; ornamented with monstrous horns, about twenty broken pikes, and a match-lock musquet or two, which they say were used in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass. There seems to be great propriety in this old manner of blazoning upon glass, ancient families being like ancient windows, in the course of generations seldom free from cracks. One shining pane bears date 1286. The youthful face of Dame Elinor owes more to this single piece, than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. Who can say after this that glass is frail, when it is not half so perishable as human beauty or glory? For in another pane you see the memory of a knight preserved, whose marble nose is mouldered from his monument in the church adjoining. And yet,

must not one sigh to reflect, that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every boy that throws a stone? In this hall, in former days, have dined gartered knights and courtly dames, with ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but the other night that an owl flew in hither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you up, (and down), over a very high threshold, into the parlour. It is furnished with historical tapestry, whose marginal fringes do confess the moisture of the air. The other contents of this room are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell with all their brimstone about them. These are carefully set at the further corner; for the windows being every where broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard-seed in, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour lies (as I said before) the pigeon-house; by the side of which runs an entry that leads, on one hand and the other, into a bedchamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study. Then follow a brewhouse, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy. A little further on the right, the servants' hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet, which has a lattice into the said hall, that while she said her prayers,

she might cast an eye on the men and maids. There are upon this ground-floor in all twenty-four apartments, hard to be distinguished by particular names; among which I must not forget a chamber, that has in it a large antiquity of timber, which seems to have been either a bedstead or a cyder-press.

Our best room above is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a band-box: it has hangings of the finest work in the world, those, I mean, which Arachne spins out of her own bowels: indeed the roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower of rain, we may (with God's blessing) expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of the floors.

All this upper story has for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this venerable mansion, for the very rats of this ancient seat are grey. Since these had not quitted it, we hope at least this house may stand during the small remainder of days these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another: they have still a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

I had never seen half what I have described, but for an old starched grey-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in the place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He failed not, as we passed from room to room, to relate several memoirs of the family, but his ob-

servations were particularly curious in the cellar: he shewed where stood the triple rows of buts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent for toasts in the morning: he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogheads of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragment of an unframed picture: "This (says he, with tears in his eyes) was poor Sir Thomas, once master of the drink I told you of: he had two sons (poor young masters!) that never arrived to the age of this beer; they both fell ill in this very cellar, and never went out upon their own legs." He could not pass by a broken bottle, without taking it up to shew us the arms of the family on it. He then led me up the tower, by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms, one above another; one of these was nailed up, and my guide whispered to me the occasion of it. It seems, the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago, by a freak of the Lady Frances, who was here taken with a neighbouring prior; ever since which, the room has been made up, and branded with the name of the adultery-chamber. The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk here; some prying maids of the family formerly reported that they saw a lady in a fardingale through the key-hole; but this matter was hushed up, and the servants forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you with this long letter; but what engaged me in the description was

a generous principle to preserve the memory of a thing that must itself soon fall to ruin; nay, perhaps, some part of it before this reaches your hands. Indeed, I owe this old house the same gratitude that we do to an old friend, that harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his last extremities. I have found this an excellent place for retirement and study, where no one who passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even any body that would visit me dares not venture under my roof. You will not wonder I have translated a great deal of Homer in this retreat; any one that sees it will own I could not have chosen a fitter or more likely place to converse with the dead. As soon as I return to the living, it shall be to converse with the best of them. I hope therefore very speedily to tell you in person how sincerely and unalterably I am, Madam,

Your, &c.*

I beg Mr. Wortley to believe me his most humble servant.

* It is remarkable, that this description of an old mansion is the very same with that he sent to the Duke of Buckingham, in answer to one the Duke had given him of Buckingham-house.

Warton.

We find from a preceding letter, p. 100, that Pope had just passed part of the summer of 1718, at an old romantic seat of Lord Harcourt's, which he lent him.—This mansion, situated in the parish of Stanton Harcourt, Oxfordshire, appears to have afforded the groundwork of the present description, and of that contained in the letter to the Duke of Buckingham, vol. viii. p. 273; which vary only in a few trifling particulars.

LETTER XXV.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

MADAM, *Cirencester, Sept.* 15, 1721.

I WRITE this purely to confess myself ingenuously what I am, a beast; first, for writing to you without gilt paper; and secondly, for what I said and did about your harpsichord. For which (and for many other natural reasons) I am justly turned as a beast to grass and parks. I deserve no better pillow than a mossy bank, for that head which could be guilty of so much thoughtlessness, as to promise what was not in my power, without considering first whether it was or not. But the truth is, I imagined you would take it merely as an excuse, had I told you I had the instrument under such conditions; and I likewise simply thought I could obtain leave to lend it; which failing on the trial, I suffer now, I find, in your opinion of my veracity, partly from my over-forward desire to have gratified you. The next thing I can do, is to entreat you, since you have not your harpsichord, that you would have that and the gallery together, for your concerts; which I sincerely wish you could make use of, and which I take to be mine to lend, unless my mother knows some conditions against it, to Mr. Vernon.

I very much envy you your musical company, which you have a sort of obligation to believe, in

return to a man, who singly asserts your fine taste that way, in contradiction to the whole world.

It must be sure from that piece of merit (for I have no other that I know of toward you) that you can think of flattering me at a hundred miles distance, in the most affecting manner, by a mention of my trees and garden. What an honour is it to my great walk, that the finest woman in this world cannot stir from it! That walk extremely well answered the intent of its contriver, when it detained her there. But for this accident, how had I despised and totally forgot my own little *Colifichies,* in the daily views of the noble scenes, openings, and avenues, of this immense design at *Cirencester?* No words, nor painting, nor poetry, (not even your own,) can give the least image proportionable to it. And my Lord Bathurst bids me tell you, and the young lady with you, that the description would cost me much more time than it would cost you to come hither; which, if you have any regard, either for my pains or reputation, you will do to save me that trouble, as well as to take to yourself the glory of describing it.

For lodging, you need be under no manner of concern; for he invites thither every woman he sees, and every man; those of a more aërial or musical nature, may lodge upon the trees with the birds; and those of a more earthy or gross temperature, with the beasts of the fields upon the ground. Your, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Sunday.

INDEED, dear Madam, it is not possible to tell you, whether you give me every day I see you, more pleasure or more respect. And upon my word, whenever I see you after a day or two's absence, it is in just such a view as that you yesterday had of your own writings. I find you still better than I could imagine, and I think I was partial before, to your prejudice.

The picture dwells really at my heart, and I have made a perfect passion of preferring your present face to your past. I know and thoroughly esteem yourself of this year: I know no more of Lady Mary Pierrepoint, than to admire at what I have heard of her, or be pleased with some fragments of hers as I am with Sappho's. But now—I cannot say what I would say of you now. Only still give me cause to say you are good to me, and allow me as much of your person as Sir Godfrey can help me to. Upon conferring with him yesterday, I find he thinks it absolutely necessary to draw the face first, which he says can never be set right on the figure, if the drapery and posture be finished before. To give you as little trouble as possible, he proposes to draw your face with crayons, and finish it up at your own house in a morning; from whence he will transfer it to

the canvas, so that you need not go to sit at his house. This, I must observe, is a manner in which they seldom draw any but crowned heads; and I observe it with secret pride and pleasure.

Be so kind as to tell me, if you care he should do this to-morrow at twelve. Though I am but assured from you of the thing, let the manner and time be what you best like: let every decorum you please, be observed. I should be very unworthy of any favour from your hands, if I desired any at the expense of your quiet or conveniency, in any degree.

I have just received this pamphlet, which may divert you. I am sincerely Yours, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

MADAM,

You received, I suppose, the epistle Sir Godfrey dictated to me, which (abating some few flowers) was word for word. My own concern, that you should be settled in my neighbourhood, has since put me upon farther inquiries, and I find there is a pretty good house in the town opposite to that which my Lord William Pawlett has taken; it is the same that Lord Coventry lately had. If Mr. Wortley would come and see it, he would know all the particulars, which I am not

able to give an exact account of, having sent you this notice the moment I heard of it. Though still, that which I believe you both would like best, is the house in the field I spoke to him about, and which I think the prettiest situated thing imaginable.

Lord Bathurst told me you had given orders that the book of Eclogues should be trusted to my hands to return it to you. I am sensible of the obligation, and had been the faithful ambassador between you, had I not been forced to leave the town the minute he told me of it. I cannot perform impossibilities; therefore I will not pretend to tell you the esteem with which I always have been,

Dear Madam,

Your most faithful humble servant,

A. Pope.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

It is not in my power (dear madam to say what agitation the two or three words I wrote to you the other morning have given me. Indeed, I truly esteem you, and put my trust in you. I can say no more, and I know you would not have me.

I have been kept in town by a violent headache, so that if I might see you any time to-day (except two, three, or four o'clock, when I am engaged to dinner) I should be pleased and happy,

more indeed than any other company could make me.

Your most faithful obliged servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER XXIX.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

I MIGHT be dead, or you in Yorkshire, for any thing that I am the better for your being in town. I have been sick ever since I saw you last, and now have a swelled face, and very bad; nothing will do me so much good as the sight of dear Lady Mary; when you come this way let me see you, for indeed I love you.

A. P.

LETTER XXX.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

MADAM,

SIR Godfrey, happening to come from London yesterday, (as I did myself,) will wait upon you this morning at twelve, to take a sketch of you in your dress, if you will give leave. He is really very good to me. I heartily wish you will be so too. But I submit to you in all things; nay, in the manner of all things; your own pleasure, and your own time. Upon my word I will take yours, and understand you as you would be

understood, with a real respect and resignation when you deny me any thing, and a hearty gratitude when you grant me any thing. Your will be done! but God send it may be the same with mine!

I am most truly yours,

A. Pope.

P. S. I beg a single word in answer, because I am to send to Sir Godfrey accordingly.

LETTERS

TO

A LADY.

The following Letters were published by Dodsley in 1769, who had the originals in his possession. Who the Lady was to whom they were addressed, it is perhaps in vain now to inquire. It appears she was inclined to poetry, and was in habits of friendship with Mrs. Howard. She could not have been Lady M. Montagu, for she is constantly called Mrs. ——, and at this time his acquaintance with Lady M. was on the decline. He alludes to this in the pleasing Verses on the Lady's Picture:

> "Tho' sprightly Sappho *force* our *love* and *praise*,
> A softer wonder my pleas'd soul surveys,
> The mild Erinna, blushing in her bays."

It appears, from circumstances, the Letters were written between the years 1722 and 1723. *Bowles.*

Some observations on this correspondence will be found in the Life of Pope, prefixed to this edition, chap. v.

LETTERS TO A LADY.

LETTER I.

MADAM, *Twitenham, Oct.* 18.

We are indebted to heaven for all things, and, above all, for our sense and genius (in whatever degree we have it); but to fancy yourself indebted to any thing else, moves my anger at your modesty. The regard I must bear you, seriously proceeds from myself alone; and I will not suffer even one I like so much as Mrs. H., to have a share in causing it. I challenge a kind of relation to you on the *soul*'s side, which I take to be better than either on a father's or mother's; and if you can overlook an ugly *body* (that stands much in the way of any friendship, when it is between different sexes), I shall hope to find you a true and constant kinswoman in Apollo. Not that I would place all my pretensions upon that poetical foot, much less confine them to it; I am far more desirous to be admitted as yours, on the more meritorious title of friendship. I have ever believed this as a sacred maxim, that the most ingenious natures were the most sincere; and the most knowing and sensible minds made the best friends.

Of all those that I have thought it the felicity of my life to know, I have ever found the most distinguished in capacity, the most distinguished in morality; and those the most to be depended on, whom one esteemed so much as to desire they should be so. I beg you to make me no more compliments. I could make you a great many, but I know you neither need them, nor can like them: be so good as to think I do not. In one word, your writings are very good, and very entertaining; but not so good, nor so entertaining, as your life and conversation. One is but the effect and emanation of the other. It will always be a greater pleasure to me to know you are well, than that you write well, though every time you tell me the one, I must know the other. I am willing to spare your modesty; and therefore, as to your writing, may perhaps never say more (directly to yourself) than the few verses I send here; which (as a proof of my own modesty too) I made so long ago as the day you sate for your picture, and yet never till now durst confess to you.

Tho' sprightly Sappho force our love and praise,
A softer wonder my pleas'd soul surveys,
The mild Erinna, blushing in her bays.
So, while the sun's broad beam yet strikes the sight,
All mild appears the moon's more sober light,
Serene, in virgin majesty, she shines;
And, unobserved, the glaring sun declines.

The brightest wit in the world, without the better qualities of the heart, must meet with this

fate; and tends only to endear such a character as I take yours to be. In the better discovery, and fuller conviction of which, I have a strong opinion I shall grow more and more happy the longer I live your acquaintance, and (if you will indulge me in so much pleasure)

Your faithful friend, and most obliged servant,

A. Pope.

LETTER II.

MADAM, *Twitenham, Nov. 5.*

Though I am extremely obliged by your agreeable letter, I will avoid all mention of the pleasure you give me, that we may have no more words about compliments; which I have often observed people talk themselves into, while they endeavour to talk themselves out of. It is no more the diet of friendship and esteem, than a few thin wafers and marmalade were of so hearty a stomach as Sancho's. In a word, I am very proud of my new relation, and like Parnassus much the better, since I found I had so good a neighbour there. Mrs. H., who lives at court, shall teach two country-folks sincerity; and when I am so happy as to meet you, she shall settle the proportions of that regard or good-nature, which she can allow you to spare me, from a heart which is so much her own as yours is.

That lady is the most trusty of friends, if the

imitation of Shakespear be yours; for she made me give my opinion of it with assurance it was none of Mrs. ***. I honestly liked and praised it, whosesoever it was; there is in it a sensible melancholy, and too true a picture of human life; so true a one, that I can scarce wish the verses yours at the expense of your thinking that way, so early. I rather wish you may love the town (which the author of those lines cannot *immoderately* do) these many years. It is time enough to like, or affect to like, the country, when one is out of love with all but oneself, and therefore studies to become agreeable or easy to oneself. Retiring into oneself is generally the *pis-aller* of mankind. Would you have me describe my solitude and grotto to you? What if, after a long and painted description of them in verse (which the writer I have just been speaking of could better make, if I can guess by that line,

> No noise but water, ever friend to thought),

what, if it ended thus?

> What are the falling rills, the pendant shades,
> The morning bowers, the evening colonnades,
> But soft recesses for th' uneasy mind,
> To sigh unheard in, to the passing wind!
> So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
> Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart);
> There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
> Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away.

If these lines want poetry, they do not want sense. God Almighty long preserve you from a feeling

of them! The book you mention, Bruyere's Characters, will make any one know the world; and I believe at the same time despise it, which is a sign it will make one know it thoroughly. It is certainly the proof of a master-hand, that can give such striking likenesses, in such slight sketches, and in so few strokes on each subject. In answer to your question about Shakespear, the book is a quarter printed, and the number of emendations very great. I have never indulged my own conjectures, but kept merely to such amendments as are authorised by old editions, in the author's lifetime: but I think it will be a year at least before the whole work can be finished. In reply to your very handsome (I wish it were a very true) compliment upon this head, I only desire you to observe, by what natural, gentle degrees I have sunk to the humble thing I now am: first, from a pretending poet to a critic; then, to a low translator; lastly, to a mere publisher. I am apprehensive I shall be nothing that is of any value long, except, Madam,

Your most obliged,

and most faithful humble servant,

A. Pope.

I long for your return to town; a place I am unfit for, but shall not be long out of, as soon as I know I may be permitted to wait on you there.

LETTER III.

MADAM, *Thursday night.*

It was an agreeable surprize to me, to hear of your settlement in town. I lie at my Lord Peterborough's in Bolton-street, where any commands of yours will reach me to-morrow, only on Saturday evening I am pre-engaged. If Mrs. H. be to be engaged (and if she is by any creature, it is by you), I hope she will join us. I am, with great truth, Madam,

Your most faithful friend,
and obliged servant,
A. Pope.

LETTER IV.

MADAM,

I could not play the impertinent so far as to write to you, till I was encouraged to it by a piece of news Mrs. H., tells me, which ought to be the most agreeable in the world to any author, that you are determined to write no more. It is now the time then, not for me only, but for every body, to write without fear, or wit: and I shall give you the first example here. But for this assurance, it would be every way too dangerous to correspond with a lady, whose very first sight and very first writings had such an effect upon a man used to what they call fine sights, and

what they call fine writings. Yet he has been dull enough to sleep quietly, after all he has seen, and all he has read; till yours broke in upon his stupidity and indolence, and totally destroyed it. But, God be thanked, you will write no more; so I am in no danger of increasing my admiration of you one way; and as to the other, you will never (I have too much reason to fear) open these eyes again with one glimpse of you.

I am told, you named lately in a letter a place called Twitenham with particular distinction. That you may not be mis-construed, and have your meaning mistaken for the future, I must acquaint you, Madam, that the name of the place where Mrs. H. is, is not Twitenham, but Richmond; which your ignorance in the geography of these parts has made you confound together. You will unthinkingly do honour to a paltry hermitage (while you speak of Twitenham) where lives a creature altogether unworthy your memory or notice, because he really wishes he had never beheld you, nor yours. You have spoiled him for a solitaire and a book, all the days of his life; and put him into such a condition, that he thinks of nothing, and inquires of nothing but after a person who has nothing to say to him, and has left him for ever without hope of ever again regarding, or pleasing, or entertaining him, much less of seeing him. He has been so mad with the idea of her, as to steal her picture, and passes whole days in sitting before it, talking to himself, and (as

some people imagine) making verses: but it is no such matter; for as long as he can get any of hers, he can never turn his head to his own, it is so much better entertained.

LETTER V.

MADAM,

I AM touched with shame when I look on the date of your letter. I have answered it a hundred times in my own mind, which I assure you has few thoughts, either so frequent or so lively, as those relating to you. I am sensibly obliged by you, in the comfort you endeavour to give me upon the loss of a friend. It is like the shower we have had this morning, that just makes the drooping trees hold up their heads, but they remain checked and withered at the root: the benediction is but a short relief, though it comes from heaven itself. The loss of a friend is the loss of life; after that is gone from us, it is all but a gentler decay, and wasting and lingering a little longer. I was the other day forming a wish for a lady's happiness, upon her birth-day; and thinking of the greatest climax of felicity I could raise, step by step, to end in this—a friend. I fancy I have succeeded in the gradation, and send you the whole copy to ask your opinion, or (which is much the better reason) to desire you to alter it to your own wish: for I believe you are a woman that can wish for yourself more reasonably, than I can for you.

Mrs. H. made me promise her a copy; and to the end she may value it, I beg it may be transcribed, and sent her by you.

To a Lady, on her birth-day,

1723.

Oh! be thou blest with all that heaven can send;
Long life, long youth, long pleasure—and a friend!
Not with those toys the woman-world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire:
Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well-spent,
Calm every thought, inspirit every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face!
Let day improve on day, and year on year;
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear!
And ah! (since death must that dear frame destroy,)
Die by some sudden extasy of joy;
In some soft dream may thy mild soul remove,
And be thy latest gasp, a sigh of love!

Pray, Madam, let me see this mended in your copy to Mrs. H.; and let it be an exact scheme of happiness drawn, and I hope enjoyed, by yourself; to whom I assure you I wish it all, as much as you wish it her. I am always, with true respect, Madam,

Your most faithful friend,
and most humble servant,
A. Pope.

LETTER VI.

MADAM, *Twitenham, Aug.* 29.

YOUR last letter tells me, that if I do not write in less than a month, you will fancy the length of yours frighted me. A consciousness that I had upon me of omitting too long to answer it, made me look (not without some fear and trembling) for the date of it, but there happened to be none; and I hope, either that you have forgot how long it is, or at least that you cannot think it so long as I do, since I writ to you. Indeed a multitude of things (which singly seem trifles, and yet altogether make a vast deal of business, and wholly take up that time which we ought to value above all such things) have from day to day made me wanting, as well to my own greatest pleasure in this, as to my own greatest concerns in other points. If I seem to neglect any friend I have, I do more than seem to neglect myself, as I find daily by the increasing ill constitution of my body and mind. I still resolve this course shall not, nay, I see it cannot, be long; and I determine to retreat within myself to the only business I was born for, and which I am only good for, if I am entitled to use that phrase for any thing. It is great folly to sacrifice oneself, one's time, one's quiet (the very life of life itself), to forms, complaisances, and amusements, which do not inwardly please me, and only please a sort of people who regard me no far-

ther than a mere instrument of their present idleness, or vanity. To say truth, the lives of those we call great and happy, are divided between those two states; and in each of them, we poetical fiddlers make but part of their pleasure, or of their equipage. And the misery is, we, in our turns, are so vain (at least I have been so) as to choose to pipe without being paid, and so silly to be pleased with piping to those who understand music less than ourselves. They have put me of late upon a task before I was aware, which I am *sick* and *sore* of: and yet engaged in honour to some persons whom I must neither disobey nor disappoint (I mean two or three in the world only) to go on with it. They make me do as mean a thing as the greatest man of them could do; seem to depend, and to solicit, when I do not want; and make a kind of court to those above my rank, just as they do to those above theirs, when we might much more wisely and agreeably live of ourselves, and to ourselves. You will easily find I am talking of my translating the Odyssey by subscription: which looks, it must needs look, to all the world as a e-sign of mine both upon fame and money, when in truth I believe I shall get neither; for one I go about without any stomach, and the other I shall not go about at all.

This freedom of opening my mind upon my own situation will be a proof of trust, and of an opinion your goodness of nature has made me entertain, that you never profess any degree of good-will

without being pretty warm in it. So I tell you my grievances; I hope in God you have none, wherewith to make me any return of this kind. I hope that was the only one which you communicated in your last, about Mrs. H.'s silence; for which she wanted not reproaches from me; and has since, she says, amply atoned for. I saw a few lines of yours to her, which are more obliging to me than I could have imagined: if you put *my welfare* into the small number of things which you heartily wish (for a sensible person, of either sex, will never wish for many), I ought to be a happier man than I ever yet deserved to be.

Upon a review of your papers, I have repented of some of the trivial alterations I had thought of, which were very few. I would rather keep them till I have the satisfaction to meet you in the winter, which I must beg earnestly to do; for hitherto methinks you are to me like a spirit of another world, a being I admire, but have no commerce with. I cannot tell but I am writing to a fairy, who has left me some favours, which I secretly enjoy, and shall think it unlucky, if not fatal, to part with. So pray do not expect your verses till farther acquaintance.

LETTER VII.

MADAM, *Twitenham, Sept.* 30, 1722.

No confidence is so great, as that one receives from persons one knows *may be* believed,

and in things one is *willing* to believe. I have (at last) acquired this; by Mrs. H.'s repeated assurances of a thing I am unfeignedly so desirous of, as your allowing me to correspond with you. In good earnest, there is sometimes in men as well as in women, a great deal of unaffected modesty: and I was sincere all along, when I told her personally, and told you by my silence, that I feared only to seem impertinent, while perhaps I seemed negligent, to you. To tell Mrs. *** any thing like what I really thought of her, would have looked so like the common traffic of compliment, that pays only to receive; and to have told it her in distant or bashful terms, would have appeared so like coldness in my sense of good qualities, (which I cannot find out in any one, without feeling, from my nature, at the same time a great warmth for them,) that I was quite at a loss what to write, or in what style, to you. But I am resolved, plainly to get over all objections, and faithfully to assure you, if you will help a bashful man to be past all preliminaries, and forms, I am ready to treat with you for your friendship. I know (without more ado) you have a valuable soul; and wit, sense, and worth enough, to make me reckon it (provided you will permit it) one of the happinesses of my life to have been made acquainted with you.

I do not know, on the other hand, what you can think of me; but this, for a beginning, I will venture to engage, that whoever takes me for a poet, or a wit, (as they call it,) takes me for a crea-

ture of less value than I am: and that wherever I profess it, you shall find me a much better man, that is, a much better friend, or at least a much less faulty one, than I am a poet. That whatever zeal I may have, or whatever regard I may shew, for things I truly am so pleased with as your entertaining writings, yet I shall still have more for your person, and for your health, and for your happiness. I would, with as much readiness, play the apothecary or the nurse, to mend your headaches, as I would play the critic to improve your verses. I have seriously looked over and over those you entrusted me with; and assure you, Madam, I would as soon cheat in any other trust, as in this. I sincerely tell you, I can mend them very little, and only in trifles, not worth writing about; but will tell you every tittle when I have the happiness to see you.

I am more concerned than you can reasonably believe, for the ill state of health you are at present under: but I will appeal to time, to shew you how sincerely I am, (if I live long enough to prove myself what I truly am,) Madam,

Your most faithful servant,

A. Pope.

I am very sick all the while I write this letter, which I hope will be an excuse for its being so scribbled.

LETTER VIII.

MADAM, *Twitenham, Nov.* 9.

It happened that when I determined to answer yours, by the post that followed my receipt of it, I was prevented from the first proof I have had the happiness to give you of my warmth and readiness, in returning the epitaph, with my sincere condolements with you on that melancholy subject. But nevertheless I resolved to send you the one, though unattended by the other: I begged Mrs. H. to enclose it, that you might at least see I had not the power to delay a moment the doing what you bid me; especially when the occasion of obeying your commands was such, as must affect every admirer and well-wisher of honour and virtue in the nation.

You had it in the very blots, the better to compare the places; and I can only say it was done to the best of my judgment, and to the extent of my sincerity.

I do not wonder that you decline the poetical amusement I proposed to you, at this time. I know, from what little I know of your heart, enough at least to convince me, it must be too deeply concerned at the loss, not only of so great, and so near a relation, but of a good man; a loss this age can hardly ever afford to bear, and not often can sustain. Yet perhaps it is one of the best things that can be said of poetry, that it helps

us to pass over the toils and troubles of this tiresome journey, our life; as horses are encouraged and spirited up, by the jingling of bells about their heads. Indeed, as to myself, I have been used to this odd cordial so long, that it has no effect upon me: but you, Madam, are in your honey-moon of poetry; you have seen only the smiles, and enjoyed the caresses of Apollo. Nothing is so pleasant to a muse as the first children of the imagination; but when once she comes to find it mere conjugal duty, and the care of her numerous progeny daily grows upon her, it is all a sour tax for past pleasure. As the Psalmist says on another occasion, the age of a muse is scarce above five and twenty: all the rest is labour and sorrow. I find by experience that his own fiddle is no great pleasure to a common fiddler, after once the first good conceit of himself is lost.

I long at last to be acquainted with you; and Mrs. H. tells me you shall soon be in town, and I blest with the vision I have so long desired. Pray believe I worship you as much, and send my addresses to you as often as to any female saint in heaven: it is certain I see you as little, unless it be in my sleep; and that way too, holy hermits are visited by the saints themselves.

I am, without figures and metaphors, yours: and hope you will think, I have spent all my fiction in my poetry; so that I have nothing but plain truth left for my prose; with which, I am ever, Madam, Your faithful humble servant.

LETTER IX.

MADAM, *Five o'clock.*

I THINK it a full proof of that unlucky star, which upon too many occasions I have experienced, that this first, this only day that I should have owned happy beyond expectation (for I did not till yesterday hope to have seen you so soon) I must be forced not to do it. I am too sick (indeed very ill) to go out so far, and lie on a bed at my doctor's house, as a kind of force upon him to get me better with all haste.

I am scarce able to see these few lines I write; to wish you health and pleasure enough not to miss me to-day, and myself patience to bear being absent from you as well as I can being ill. I am truly,

Your faithful servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER X.

MADAM, *Jan.* 17, 1722-3.

AFTER a very long expectation and daily hopes of the satisfaction of seeing and conversing with you, I am still deprived of it in a manner that is the most afflicting, because it is occasioned by your illness and your misfortune. I can bear my own, I assure you, much better: and thus to find you lost to me, at the time that I hoped to have re-

gained you, doubles the concern I should naturally feel in being deprived of any pleasure whatever.

Mrs. H. can best express to you the concern of a friend, who esteems and pities: for she has the liberty to express it in her actions, and the satisfaction of attending on you in your indisposition.

I wish sincerely your condition were not such as to debar me from telling you in person how truly I am yours. I wish I could do you any little offices of friendship, or give you any amusements, or help you to what people in your present state most want, better spirits. If reading to you, or writing to you, could contribute to entertain your hours, or to raise you to a livelier relish of life, how well should I think my time employed! indeed I should, and think it a much better end of my poor studies, than all the vanities of fame, or views of a character that way, which engage most men of my fraternity.

If you thoroughly knew the zeal with which I am your servant, you would take some notice of the advice I would give you, and suffer it to have a weight with you proportionable to the sincerity with which it is given.

I beg you to do your utmost to call to you all the succours, which your own good sense and natural reflection can suggest, to avoid a melancholy way of thinking, and to throw up your spirits by intervals of moderate company; not to let your dis-

temper fix itself upon your mind at least, though it will not entirely quit your body. Do not indulge too much solitariness. Though most company be not proper or supportable during your illness, force yourself to enter into such as is good and reasonable, where you may have your liberty, and be under no restraint.

Why will you not come to your friend Mrs. H., since you are able to go out, and since motion is certainly good for your health? Why will you not make any little sets of such as you are easiest with, to sit with you sometimes?

Do not think I have any interested aim in this advice: though I long to see you, and to try to amuse you, I would not for the world be considered as one that would ever require, for my own gratification, any thing that might either be improper or hurtful to you.

Pray let me know, by our friend Mrs. H., if there can be any thing in my power to serve, or to amuse you. But use me so kindly, as not to think ever of writing to me till you are so well as that I may see you, and then it will be needless. Do not even read this, if it be the least trouble to your eyes or head.

Believe me, with great respect, and the warmest good wishes for your speedy recovery, Madam,

Your most faithful,
and most humble servant,
A. Pope.

LETTER XI.

MADAM, *Twitenham, June* 2, 1723.

It was an inexpressible pleasure to me to see your letter, as I assure you it had long been a great trouble to reflect on the melancholy reason of your silence and absence. It was that only which hindered my writing, not only again, but often, to you; for fear your good-nature should have been prompted to oblige me too much at your own expense, by answering. Indeed I never expressed (and never shall be able to express) more concern and good wishes for you, than I shall ever feel for one of your merit.

I am sorry, the moment you grow better, to have you snatched from those, who I may say deserve the pleasure of seeing you in health, for having so long lamented and felt your illness.

Mrs. H., I hope, will find it not impossible to draw you to Richmond; and if not, I dare say will not be long out of Hertfordshire. I want nothing but the same happy pretence she has, of a title through your friendship, and the privilege of her sex, to be there immediately. I cannot but wonder you have not heard from her, though I should wonder if any body else had; for I am told by her family she has had much of the head-ache at Bath, besides the excuse of a great giddiness, occasioned naturally by the waters. I writ to her at the first going, and have not had a word from

her; and now you tell me the same thing, I conclude she has been worse than I imagined. I hear she returns on Wednesday, when I shall have the satisfaction (I doubt not) to talk and hear a great deal of Mrs. ***.

I wish I could say any thing, either to comfort you when ill, or entertain you when well. Though nothing could, in the proper proportion of friendship, more affect me than your condition, I have not wanted other occasions of great melancholy, of which the least is the loss of part of my fortune by a late act of parliament.

I am at present in the afflicting circumstance of taking my last leave of one of the truest friends* I ever had, and one of the greatest men in all polite learning, as well as the most agreeable companion, this nation ever had.

I really do not love life so dearly, or so weakly, as to value it on any other score, than for that portion of happiness which a friend only can bestow upon it; or, if I must want that myself, for the pleasure which is next it, of seeing deserving and virtuous people happy. So that indeed I want comfort; and the greatest I can receive from you (at least unless I were so happy as to deserve what I never can) will be to hear you grow better till you grow perfectly well, perfectly easy, and perfectly happy, which no one more sincerely wishes than, Madam,

Your faithful and obliged friend and servant,

A. POPE.

* Bishop Atterbury. *Bowles.*

LETTER XII.

MADAM, *Twitenham, Sept.* 26, 1723.

It would be a vanity in me to tell you why I trouble you so soon again. I cannot imagine myself of the number of those correspondents whom you call favourite ones; yet I know it is thought, that industry may make a man what merit cannot; and, if an old maxim of my Lord Oxford's be true, that in England if a man resolve to be any thing, and constantly stick to it, he may (even a lord treasurer): if so, I say, it shall not be want of resolution that shall hinder me from being a favourite. In good earnest, I am more ambitious of being so to you, Madam, than I ever was, or ever shall be, of being one to any prince, or (which is more) any prince's minister, in Christendom.

I wish I could tell you any agreeable news of what your heart is concerned in; but I have a sort of quarrel to Mrs. H. for not loving herself so well as she does her friends: for those she makes happy, but not herself.

There is an air of sadness about her, which grieves me, and which, I have learnt by experience, will increase upon an indolent (I will not say an affected) resignation to it. It will do so in men, and much more in women, who have a natural softness that sinks them even when reason does not. This I tell you in confidence; and pray give our friend such hints as may put her out of

humour with melancholy: your censure, or even your raillery, may have more weight with her than mine: a man cannot either so decently, or so delicately, take upon him to be a physician in these concealed distempers.

You see, Madam, I proceed in trusting you with things that nearly concern me. In my last letter I spoke but of a trifle, myself: in this I advance farther, and speak of what touches me more, a friend.

This beautiful season will raise up so many rural images and descriptions in a poetical mind, that I expect you, and all such as you (if there be any such), at least all who are not downright dull translators, like your servant, must necessarily be productive of verses.

I lately saw a sketch this way on the bower of Bedington.* I could wish you tried something in the descriptive way on any subject you please, mixed with vision and moral; like pieces of the old provençal poets, which abound with fancy, and are the most amusing scenes in nature. There

* The lines here alluded to are as follow:

In Tempe's shades the living lyre was strung,
And the first Pope (immortal Phœbus) sung.
These happy shades, where equal beauty reigns,
Bold rising hills, slant vales, and far-stretch'd plains,
The grateful verdure of the waving woods,
The soothing murmur of the falling floods,
A nobler boast, a higher glory yield,
Than that which Phœbus stamp'd on Tempe's field:
All that can charm the eye, or please the ear,
Says, Harmony itself inhabits here *Bowles.*

are three or four of this kind in Chaucer admirable: "the Flower and the Leaf" every body has been delighted with.

I have long had an inclination to tell a fairy tale, the more wild and exotic the better; therefore a *vision*, which is confined to no rules of probability, will take in all the variety and luxuriancy of description you will; provided there be an apparent moral to it. I think, one or two of the Persian tales would give one hints for such an invention: and perhaps if the scenes were taken from real places that are known, in order to compliment particular gardens and buildings of a fine taste (as I believe several of Chaucer's descriptions do, though it is what nobody has observed), it would add great beauty to the whole.*

I wish you found such an amusement pleasing to you: if you did but, at leisure, form descriptions from objects in nature itself, which struck you most livelily, I would undertake to find a tale that should bring them all together: which you will think an odd undertaking; but in a piece of this fanciful and imaginary nature I am sure is practicable. Excuse this long letter; and think no man is more

Your faithful and obliged servant,

A. POPE.

* It is probable we might have had not only this, but other works of imagination from Pope, if his time had not been so intirely engrossed by his great translation of Homer. He had at this period just undertaken the Odyssey.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY.

Robert Digby was second son of William, fifth Lord Digby, by Jane, second daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough. He was born at Sherborne, and was educated at Magdalen College, where his elder brother, his father, grandfather, and other ancestors, had been admitted members.

His brother John died unmarried in 1717, and was buried in Sherborne church. As it appears from the Lords' Journals, that he must have been of a far different character and temper from his brother, the hopes of the family, and of his friends, rested upon the amiable young man who is the subject of the following letters.

He took the degree of Master of Arts, October 17, 1711; and, in 1722, was returned to parliament for the county of Warwick; but owing to a weak constitution, which, it appears from the date of this letter, must have been for many years gradually undermining his health, he, after nearly ten years of intermingled hope and anxiety, sunk at last, and was buried at Sherborne. The epitaph, written by Pope, for him, and his sister Mary, eldest daughter of Lord Digby, who died soon afterwards, is inscribed on a black marble tablet. *Bowles.*

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY,

FROM 1717 TO 1727.

LETTER I.

TO THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY.

June 2, 1717.

I HAD pleased myself sooner in writing to you, but that I have been your successor in a fit of sickness, and am not yet so much recovered, but that I have thoughts of using your physicians.* They are as grave persons as any of the faculty, and (like the ancients) carry their own medicaments about with them. But, indeed, the moderns are such lovers of raillery, that nothing is grave enough to escape them. Let them laugh, but people will still have their opinions: as they think our doctors asses to them, we will think them asses to our doctors.

I am glad you are so much in a better state of health, as to allow me to jest about it. My concern, when I heard of your danger, was so very

* Asses.

serious, that I almost take it ill Dr. Evans* should tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more such people were to leave the world, I would not give sixpence to stay in it.

I am not so much concerned as to the point whether you are to live fat or lean: most men of wit or honesty are usually decreed to live very lean: so I am inclined to the opinion that it is decreed you shall; however, be comforted, and reflect, that you will make the better busto for it.

It is something particular in you, not to be satisfied with sending me your own books, but to make your acquaintance continue the frolic. Mr. Warton† forced me to take Gorboduc, which has

* Dr. Evans, the well-known epigrammatist, was of St. John's College, Oxford. I think it probable that Pope's acquaintance with this gentleman, and also Mr. Digby, commenced on his journey to Oxford, from Lord Harcourt's, to consult the libraries for Notes to his Homer. It appears from the letters in the British Museum, that Evans was much in the confidence of Pope; as indeed so were all who *looked up* to him. The epigram made on Evans, on cutting down the trees before his College, when he was Bursar, is well known; the two last lines of which are:

"The rogue, the *gallows*, as his fate, *foresees*,
And bears the like *antipathy* to *trees*."

This was made by Dr. Tadlow, a person remarkable for corpulency; upon which Evans wrote what has been so often quoted:

"When *Tadlow treads* the *streets*, the paviors cry,
'God bless you, Sir!' and lay their rammers by."

Such were the *nugæ scholasticæ* in those days at Oxford.

Bowles.

† The person here mentioned was my father, a fellow of Magdalen College in Oxford, and afterwards professor of poetry; who was an intimate friend of Mr. Digby, of whose piety and goodness of heart he used to relate many instances. *Gorboduc*

since done me great credit with several people, as it has done Dryden and Oldham some diskindness, in shewing there is as much difference between their Gorboduc and this, as between Queen Anne and King George. It is truly a scandal, that men should write with contempt of a piece which they never once saw, as those two poets did, who were ignorant even of the sex, as well as sense, of Gorboduc.*

Adieu! I am going to forget you: this minute you took up all my mind; the next I shall think of nothing but the reconciliation with Agamemnon, and the recovery of Briseïs. I shall be Achilles's humble servant these two months (with the good

was the first drama in our language that was like a regular tragedy. It was first exhibited in the hall of the Temple, and afterwards before Q. Elizabeth, 1561. It was written by Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst; the original contriver of the *Mirror of Magistrates*. He was assisted in it by Thomas, a translator of some of the Psalms. Mr. Spence, who succeeded my father as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, printed an edition of Gorboduc, from this very copy of Pope, 1736, with a dedication to his friend Lord Middlesex; a man of taste, and descendant of Lord Buckhurst. From this letter of Pope it appears how little at that time was known of our ancient poets. For a full account of Gorboduc, see the *History of English Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 536, by Mr. Thomas Warton. *Warton.*

* I have been informed by Lord Macartney, that he had seen a letter from this Lord Treasurer Buckhurst to Queen Elizabeth, representing the great inconvenience and distance of his house at Buckhurst, forty miles from London, through strange, uncouth ways, and requesting a grant of Knowle, as being nearer town, and consequently more convenient to him for the duty of his office. So little communication was there, from place to place, at that time. *Warton.*

leave of all my friends). I have no ambition so strong at present, as that noble one of Sir Salathiel Lovel, recorder of London, to furnish out a decent and plentiful execution of Greeks and Trojans.* It is not to be expressed how heartily I wish the death of all Homer's heroes, one after another. The Lord preserve me in the day of battle, which is just approaching! Join in your prayers for me, and know me to be always Your, &c.

LETTER II.

TO MR. DIGBY.

London, March 31, 1718.

To convince you how little pain I give myself in corresponding with men of good nature and good understanding, you see I omit to answer your letters till a time, when another man would be ashamed to own he had received them. If therefore you are ever moved on my account by that spirit which I take to be as familiar to you as a quotidian ague, I mean the spirit of goodness, pray never stint it, in any fear of obliging me to a civility beyond my natural inclination. I dare trust you, Sir, not only with my folly when I write, but

* This allusion, whether in jest or earnest, is obscure. Sir Salathiel Lovel was made Recorder in 1692, and held that office until 1708, when he was promoted to be a Baron of the Exchequer. During his time, the laws against the Papists were frequently enforced. C. *Bowles.*

with my negligence when I do not; and expect equally your pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you through the rest of this paper, it should be spotted and diversified with conceits all over: you should be put out of breath with laughter at each sentence, and pause at each period, to look back over how much wit you have passed. But I have found by experience that people now-a-days regard writing as little as they do preaching: the most we can hope is to be heard just with decency and patience, once a week, by folks in the country. Here in town we hum over a piece of fine writing, and we whistle at a sermon. The stage is the only place we seem alive at. There indeed we stare, and roar, and clap hands for K. George and the government. As for all other virtues but this loyalty, they are an obsolete train, so ill-dressed, that men, women, and children, hiss them out of all good company. Humility knocks so sneakingly at the door that every footman out-raps it, and makes it give way to the free entrance of pride, prodigality, and vainglory.

My Lady Scudamore,* from having rusticated in your company too long, really behaves herself

* Lady Scudamore was connected with the Digbys by marriage. Frances, only daughter of Simon, fourth Lord Digby, married Sir James Scudamore, Viscount Sligo, and died 1729, leaving an only daughter, who was married first to the Duke of Beaufort, 1729, and afterwards to Charles Fitzroy Scudamore. The Lady first mentioned is the Lady Scudamore meant by Pope. *Bowles.*

scandalously among us: she pretends to open her eyes for the sake of seeing the sun, and to sleep because it is night; drinks tea at nine in the morning, and is thought to have said her prayers before; talks, without any manner of shame, of good books, and has not seen Cibber's play of the Nonjuror.* I rejoiced the other day to see a libel on her toilet, which gives me some hope that you have, at least, a taste of scandal left you, in defect of all other vices.

Upon the whole matter, I heartily wish you well; but as I cannot entirely desire the ruin of all the joys of this city, so all that remains is to wish you would keep your happiness to yourselves, that the happiest here may not die with envy at a bliss which they cannot attain to. I am, &c.

LETTER III.

FROM MR. DIGBY.

Coleshill, April 17, 1718.

I HAVE read your letter over and over with delight. By your description of the town, I imagine it to lie under some great enchantment, and am very much concerned for you and all my friends in

* *Cibber* always insisted, that this comedy, founded on the admirable *Tartuffe* of *Moliere*, was the chief cause of our author's resentment against him. It met with great success on the stage. *Warton.*

it. I am the more afraid, imagining, since you do not fly those horrible monsters, rapine, dissimulation, and luxury, that a magic circle is drawn about you, and you cannot escape. We are here in the country in quite another world, surrounded with blessings and pleasures, without any occasion of exercising our irascible faculties; indeed we cannot boast of good-breeding and the art of life, but yet we do not live unpleasantly in primitive simplicity and good humour. The fashions of the town affect us but just like a raree-show; we have a curiosity to peep at them, and nothing more. What you call pride, prodigality, and vainglory, we cannot find in pomp and splendor at this distance; it appears to us a fine glittering scene, which if we do not envy you, we think you happier than we are, in your enjoying it. Whatever you may think to persuade us of the humility of virtue, and her appearing in rags amongst you, we can never believe: our uninformed minds represent her so noble to us, that we necessarily annex splendor to her: and we could as soon imagine the order of things inverted, and that there is no man in the moon, as believe the contrary. I cannot forbear telling you we indeed read the spoils of Rapine as boys do the English Rogue, and hug ourselves full as much over it; yet our roses are not without thorns. Pray give me the pleasure of hearing (when you are at leisure) how soon I may expect to see the next volume of Homer.

I am, &c.

LETTER IV.

TO MR. DIGBY.

May 1, 1720.

You will think me very full of myself, when after long silence (which however, to say truth, has rather been employed to contemplate of you, than to forget you) I begin to talk of my own works. I find it is in the finishing a book, as in concluding a session of Parliament, one always thinks it will be very soon, and finds it very late. There are many unlooked-for incidents to retard the clearing any public account, and so I see it is in mine. I have plagued myself, like great ministers, with undertaking too much for one man; and with a desire of doing more than was expected from me, have done less than I ought.

For having designed four very laborious and uncommon sort of Indexes to Homer, I am forced, for want of time, to publish two only: the design of which you will own to be pretty, though far from being fully executed. I have also been obliged to leave unfinished in my desk the heads of two Essays, one on the Theology and Morality of Homer, and another on the Oratory of Homer and Virgil. So they must wait for future editions, or perish: and (one way or other, no great matter which) *dabit Deus his quoque finem.* I think of you every day, I assure you, even without such good memorials of you as your sisters,

with whom I sometimes talk of you, and find it one of the most agreeable of all subjects to them. My Lord Digby must be perpetually remembered by all who ever knew him, or knew his children. There needs no more than acquaintance with your family, to make all elder sons * wish they had fathers to their lives' end.

I cannot touch upon the subject of filial love, without putting you in mind of an old woman, who has a sincere, hearty, old-fashioned respect for you, and constantly blames her son for not having writ to you oftener to tell you so.

I very much wish (but what signifies my wishing? My Lady Scudamore † wishes, your sisters wish) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful contrast this season affords us, of the town and the country. No ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine what Twickenham is (and what your friend Mr. Johnson of Twickenham is) in this warmer season. Our river glitters beneath an unclouded sun, at the same time that its banks retain the verdure of showers; our gardens are offering their first nosegays; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are stretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour; the birds are paying their thanksgiving songs for the new

* The elder son dying in 1717, Robert was now the heir-apparent to the title and property. *Bowles.*

† Lady Scudamore, I apprehend, had a house at Twickenham, where Digby's sisters sometimes resided. *Bowles.*

habitations I have made them: my building rises high enough to attract the eye and curiosity of the passenger from the river, where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he inquires what house is falling, or what church is rising? So little taste have our common Tritons of Vitruvius; whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take, in reflecting on their streams,* my Tuscan porticos, or Ionic pilasters.

But (to descend from all this pomp of style) the best account of what I am building is, that it will afford me a few pleasant rooms for such a friend as yourself, or a cool situation for an hour or two for Lady Scudamore, when she will do me the honour (at this public house on the road) to drink her own cyder.†

The moment I am writing this, I am surprized with the account of the death of a friend of mine;‡ which makes all I have here been talking of, a mere jest! Buildings, gardens, writings, pleasures, works of whatever stuff man can raise! None of them (God knows) capable of advantaging a creature that is mortal, or of satisfying a soul that is immortal! Dear Sir, I am, &c.

* In the British Museum, the various designs and elevations, by his own hand, on the backs of letters, may be seen. *Bowles.*

† The name Scudamore is well known in the annals of Cyder; an excellent apple being still called by that name, which is mentioned with due honour in Philips's Poem. This may appear insignificant; but it illustrates Pope's meaning, which every one may not understand. *Bowles.*

‡ The death, probably, of Sir Samuel Garth. *Bowles.*

LETTER V.

FROM MR. DIGBY.

May 21, 1720.

YOUR letter, which I had two posts ago, was very medicinal to me; and I heartily thank you for the relief it gave me. I was sick of the thoughts of my not having in all this time given you any testimony of the affection I owe you, and which I as constantly indeed feel as I think of you. This indeed was a troublesome ill to me, till, after reading your letter, I found it was a most idle weak imagination to think I could so offend you. Of all the impressions you have made upon me, I never received any with greater joy than this of your abundant good-nature, which bids me be assured of some share of your affections.

I had many other pleasures from your letter; that your mother remembers me, is a very sincere joy to me: I cannot but reflect how alike you are; from the time you do any one a favour, you think yourselves obliged as those that have received one. This is indeed an old-fashioned respect, hardly to be found out of your house. I have great hopes, however, to see many old-fashioned virtues revive, since you have made our age in love with Homer; I heartily wish you, who are as good a citizen as a poet, the joy of seeing a reformation from your works. I am in doubt whether I should congratulate your having finished Homer, while the two

essays you mention are not completed; but if you expect no great trouble from finishing these, I heartily rejoice with you.

I have some faint notion of the beauties of Twickenham from what I here see round me. The verdure of showers is poured upon every tree and field about us; the gardens unfold variety of colours to the eye every morning; the hedges' breath is beyond all perfume, and the song of birds we hear as well as you. But though I hear and see all this, yet I think they would delight me more if you was here. I found the want of these at Twickenham while I was there with you, by which I guess what an increase of charms it must now have. How kind is it in you to wish me there, and how unfortunate are my circumstances that allow me not to visit you! If I see you, I must leave my father alone, and this uneasy thought would disappoint all my proposed pleasures; the same circumstances will prevent my prospect of many happy hours with you in Lord Bathurst's wood, and I fear of seeing you till winter, unless Lady Scudamore comes to Sherborne, in which case I shall press you to see Dorsetshire, as you proposed. May you have a long enjoyment of your new favourite portico!

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

FROM MR. DIGBY.

Sherborne, July 9, 1720.

THE London language and conversation is, I find, quite changed since I left it, though it is not above three or four months ago. No violent change in the natural world ever astonished a philosopher so much as this does me. I hope this will calm all party rage, and introduce more humanity than has of late obtained in conversation. All scandal will sure be laid aside, for there can be no such disease any more as spleen in this new golden age. I am pleased with the thoughts of seeing nothing but a general good humour when I come up to town; I rejoice in the universal riches I hear of, in the thought of their having this effect. They tell me, you was soon content; and that you cared not for such an increase as others wished you. By this account I judge you the richest man in the South-Sea, and congratulate you accordingly. I can wish you only an increase of health, for of riches and fame you have enough.

Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

TO MR. DIGBY.

July 20, 1720.

YOUR kind desire to know the state of my health had not been unsatisfied so long, had not

that ill state been the impediment. Nor should I have seemed an unconcerned party in the joys of your family, which I heard of from Lady Scudamore, whose short *échantillon* of a letter (of a quarter of a page) I value as the short glimpse of a vision afforded to some devout hermit; for it includes (as those revelations do) a promise of a better life in the Elysian groves of Cirencester, whither, I could say almost in the style of a sermon, the Lord bring us all, &c. Thither may we tend, by various ways, to one blissful bower: thither may health, peace, and good humour wait upon us as associates; thither may whole cargoes of nectar, (liquor of life and longevity!) by mortals called spa-water, be conveyed; and there (as Milton has it) may we, like the deities,

> On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh garlands crown'd,
> Quaff immortality and joy!

When I speak of garlands, I should not forget the green vestments and scarfs, which your sisters promised to make for this purpose. I expect you too in green, with a hunting-horn by your side and a green hat, the model of which you may take from Osborne's description of King James the First.

What words, what numbers, what oratory, or what poetry, can suffice to express how infinitely I esteem, value, love, and desire you all, above all the great ones of this part of the world; above all the Jews, jobbers, bubblers, subscribers, projectors, directors, governors, treasurers, &c. &c. &c. *in sæcula sæculorum.*

Turn your eyes and attention from this mi-

serable mercenary period; and turn yourself, in a just contempt of these sons of Mammon, to the contemplation of books, gardens, and marriage; in which I now leave you, and return (wretch that I am) to water-gruel and Palladio.

I am, &c.

LETTER VIII.

FROM MR. DIGBY.

Sherborne, July 30.

I CONGRATULATE you,* dear Sir, on the return of the Golden Age; for sure this must be such, in which money is showered down in such abundance upon us. I hope this overflowing will produce great and good fruits, and bring back the figurative moral Golden Age to us. I have some omens to induce me to believe it may; for when the muses delight to be near a court, when I find you frequently with a first-minister, I cannot but expect from such an intimacy an encouragement and revival of the polite arts. I know, you desire to bring them into honour, above the golden image which is set up and worshipped; and, if you cannot effect it, adieu to all such hopes. You seem to intimate in yours another face of things from this inundation of wealth, as if beauty, wit, and valour would no more engage our passions in the

* Written during the delusion of the famous South-sea scheme. *Warton.*

pleasureable pursuit of them, though assisted by this increase: if so, and if monsters only as various as those of Nile arise from this abundance, who that has any spleen about him will not haste to town to laugh? What will become of the play-house? who will go thither while there is such entertainment in the streets? I hope we shall neither want good satire nor comedy; if we do, the age may well be thought barren of geniuses, for none has ever produced better subjects.

Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

FROM MR. DIGBY.

Coleshill, Nov. 12, 1720.

I FIND in my heart that I have a taint of the corrupt age we live in. I want the public spirit so much admired in old Rome, of sacrificing every thing that is dear to us to the commonwealth. I even feel a more intimate concern for my friends who have suffered in the S. Sea, than for the public, which is said to be undone by it. But, I hope, the reason is, that I do not see so evidently the ruin of the public to be a consequence of it, as I do the loss of my friends. I fear there are few besides yourself that will be persuaded by old Hesiod, that *half is more than the whole.* I know not whether I do not rejoice in your sufferings;* since they

* See Note on v. 139 of the second Satire, Book ii. of Horace. *Warburton.*

have shewn me your mind is principled with such a sentiment, I assure you I expect from it a performance greater still than Homer. I have an extreme joy from your communicating to me this affection of your mind;

Quid voveat dulci Nutricula majus alumno?

Believe me, dear Sir, no equipage could shew you to my eye in so much splendor. I would not indulge this fit of philosophy so far as to be tedious to you, else I could prosecute it with pleasure.

I long to see you, your mother, and your villa; till then I will say nothing of Lord Bathurst's wood, which I saw on my return hither. Soon after Christmas I design for London, where I shall miss Lady Scudamore very much, who intends to stay in the country all winter. I am angry with her, as I am like to suffer by this resolution, and would fain blame her but cannot find a cause. The man is cursed that has a longer letter than this to write with as bad a pen, yet I can use it with pleasure to send my services to your good mother, and to write myself, Your, &c.

LETTER X.

TO MR. DIGBY.

Sept. 1, 1722.

Doctor Arbuthnot is going to Bath, and will stay there a fortnight or more: perhaps you would be comforted to have a sight of him, whether you

need him or not. I think him as good a doctor as any man for one that is ill, and a better doctor for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs. Mary Digby: she needed only to follow his hints, to be in eternal business and amusement of mind, and even as active as she could desire. But indeed, I fear she would out-walk him; for (as Dean Swift observed to me the very first time I saw the doctor) "He is a man that can do every thing but walk." His brother, who is lately come into England, goes also to the Bath; and is a more extraordinary man than he, worth your going thither on purpose to know him. The spirit of philanthropy, so long dead to our world, is revived in him: he is a philosopher all of fire; so warmly, nay so wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his own vortex. He is a star that looks as if it were all fire, but is all benignity, all gentle and beneficial influence. If there be other men in the world that would serve a friend, yet he is the only one, I believe, that could make even an enemy serve a friend.

As all human life is chequered and mixed with acquisitions and losses, (though the latter are more certain and irremediable, than the former lasting or satisfactory,) so at the time I have gained the acquaintance of one worthy man, I have lost another, a very easy, humane, and gentlemanly neighbour, Mr. Stonor.* It is certain the

* Thomas Stonor, Esq. *Bowles.*

loss of one of this character puts us naturally upon setting a greater value on the few that are left, though the degree of our esteem may be different. Nothing, says Seneca, is so melancholy a circumstance in human life, or so soon reconciles us to the thought of our own death, as the reflection and prospect of one friend after another dropping round us. Who would stand alone, the sole remaining ruin, the last tottering column of all the fabric of friendship once so large, seemingly so strong, and yet so suddenly sunk and buried?

I am, &c.

LETTER XI.

TO MR. DIGBY.

I HAVE belief enough in the goodness of your whole family, to think you will all be pleased that I am arrived in safety at Twickenham; though it is a sort of earnest that you will be troubled again with me at Sherborne or Coleshill; for however I may like one of your places, it may be in that as in liking one of your family; when one sees the rest, one likes them all. Pray make my services acceptable to them. I wish them all the happiness they may want, and the continuance of all the happiness they have; and I take the latter to comprize a great deal more than the former. I must separate Lady Scudamore from you, as, I fear, she will do herself before this letter reaches you.

So I wish her a good journey, and I hope one day to try if she lives as well as you do; though I much question if she can live as quietly: I suspect the bells will be ringing at her arrival, and on her own and Miss Scudamore's birthdays, and that all the clergy in the country come to pay respects; both the clergy and their bells expecting from her, and from the young lady,* further business and further employment. Besides all this, there dwells on the one side of her the Lady Conningsby, and on the other Mr. W***. Yet I shall, when the days and the years come about, adventure upon all this for her sake.

I beg my Lord Digby to think me a better man, than to content myself with thanking him in the common way. I am, in as sincere a sense of the word, his servant, as you are his son, or he your father.

I must in my turn insist upon hearing how my last fellow-travellers got home from Clarendon, and desire Mr. Philips to remember me in his Cyder,† and to tell Mr. W*** that I am dead and buried.

* "The young lady" was married, June 28, 1729, to Henry Somerset, Duke of Beaufort. She bore, notwithstanding, pursuant to a settlement made by her father, the arms and name of Scudamore. She re-married, as has been said, on the death of his Grace without issue, in 1744, Charles Fitzroy Scudamore, and died in child-birth, 1749. Her daughter Frances, born at that time, was married to the present Duke of Norfolk. *Bowles.*

† He frequently expressed his total dislike of this poem; though its author was patronised by Bolingbroke, who also in-

I wish the young ladies, whom I almost robbed of their good name, a better name in return; even that very name to each of them, which they shall like best, for the sake of the man that bears it.

Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

TO MR. DIGBY.

1722.

Your making a sort of apology for your not writing, is a very genteel reproof to me. I know I was to blame, but I know I did not intend to be so, and (what is the happiest knowledge in the world) I know you will forgive me; for sure nothing is more satisfactory than to be certain of such a friend as will overlook one's failings, since every such instance is a conviction of his kindness.

If I am all my life to dwell in intentions, and never to rise to actions, I have but too much need of that gentle disposition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of myself, and fully purpose to make you a visit this summer at Sherborne. I am told, you are all upon removal very speedily, and that Mrs. Mary Digby talks in

duced Philips to write the poem on *Blenheim*. *Cyder* was elegantly translated into Latin verse by my amiable friend Mr. Phelps, Under-Secretary of State to Lord Sandwich, whilst he was a scholar at Winchester College, 1738. *Warton.*

A translation of this poem into Italian *Versi Sciolti*, by the celebrated Conte Lorenzo Magalotti, is preserved in the manuscript library at Holkham.

a letter to Lady Scudamore, of seeing my Lord Bathurst's wood in her way. How much I wish to be her guide through that enchanted forest, is not to be expressed. I look upon myself as the magician appropriated to the place, without whom no mortal can penetrate into the recesses of those sacred shades. I could pass whole days, in only describing to her the future, and as yet visionary beauties that are to rise in those scenes; the palace that is to be built, the pavilions that are to glitter, the colonnades that are to adorn them. Nay more, the meeting of the Thames and the Severn,* which (when the noble owner has finer dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's embraces through secret caverns of not above twelve or fifteen miles, till they rise and celebrate their marriage in the midst of an immense amphitheatre, which is to be the admiration of posterity a hundred years hence. But till the destined time shall arrive that is to manifest these wonders, Mrs. Digby must content herself with seeing what is at present no more than the finest wood in England.

The objects that attract this part of the world, are of a quite different nature. Women of quality are all turned followers of the camp in Hyde-Park this year, whither all the town resort to magni-

* Such has been the rapid improvement in every thing relating to general and public utility, in the course of much less than a hundred years, that what Pope and Bathurst considered as "such things as dreams are made of," the junction of the Thames and Severn, has actually taken place; and the "admiration" is, that it could be so long before it was effected. *Bowles.*

ficent entertainments given by the officers, &c. The Scythian ladies that dwelt in the waggons of war, were not more closely attached to the luggage. The matrons, like those of Sparta, attend their sons to the field, to be the witnesses of their glorious deeds; and the maidens, with all their charms displayed, provoke the spirit of the soldiers. Tea and coffee supply the place of Lacedemonian black broth. This camp seems crowned with perpetual victory, for every sun that rises in the thunder of cannon, sets in the music of violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the constant presence of the Princess, to represent the *Mater Exercitûs*.

At Twickenham the world goes otherwise. There are certain old people who take up all my time, and will hardly allow me to keep any other company. They were introduced here by a man of their own sort, who has made me perfectly rude to all contemporaries, and would not so much as suffer me to look upon them. The person I complain of is the Bishop of Rochester. Yet he allows me (from something he has heard of your character and that of your family, as if you were of the old sect of moralists) to write three or four sides of paper to you, and to tell you (what these sort of people never tell but with truth and religious sincerity) that I am, and ever will be, Your, &c.

LETTER XIII.

TO MR. DIGBY.

THE same reason that hindered your writing, hindered mine, the pleasing expectation to see you in town. Indeed, since the willing confinement I have lain under here with my mother, (whom it is natural and reasonable I should rejoice with, as well as grieve,) I could the better bear your absence from London, for I could hardly have seen you there; and it would not have been quite reasonable to have drawn you to a sick room hither, from the first embraces of your friends. My mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, though not so much as yet to venture out of her chamber, but enough to enjoy a few particular friends, when they have the good nature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the room we sit in, upon one (and that a favourite) account, that it is the very warmest in the house; we and our fires will equally smile upon your face. There is a Persian proverb that says (I think very prettily), "The conversation of a friend brightens the eyes." This I take to be a splendor still more agreeable than the fires you so delightfully describe.

That you may long enjoy your own fire-side in the metaphorical sense; that is, all those of your family who make it pleasing to sit and spend whole wintry months together; a far more rational delight,

and better felt by an honest heart, than all the glaring entertainments, numerous lights, and false splendors, of an Assembly of empty heads, aching hearts, and false faces. This is my sincere wish to you and yours.

You say you propose much pleasure in seeing some new faces about town, of my acquaintance. I guess you mean Mrs. Howard's and Mrs. Blount's. And I assure you, you ought to take as much pleasure in their hearts, if they are what they sometimes express with regard to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, to you all, a very faithful servant.

LETTER XIV.

FROM MR. DIGBY.

Sherborne, August 14, 1723.

I CANNOT return from so agreeable an entertainment as yours in the country, without acknowledging it. I thank you heartily for the new agreeable idea of life you there gave me; it will remain long with me, for it is very strongly impressed upon my imagination. I repeat the memory of it often, and shall value that faculty of the mind now more than ever, for the power it gives me of being entertained, in your villa, when absent from it. As you are possessed of all the pleasures of the country, and, as I think, of a right mind, what can I wish you but health to enjoy them? This I so

heartily do, that I should be even glad to hear your good old mother might lose all her present pleasures in her unwearied care of you, by your better health convincing them it is unnecessary.

I am troubled, and shall be so, till I hear you have received this letter: for you gave me the greatest pleasure imaginable in yours, and I am impatient to acknowledge it. If I any ways deserve that friendly warmth and affection with which you write, it is, that I have a heart full of love and esteem for you: so truly, that I should lose the greatest pleasure of my life if I lost your good opinion. It rejoices me very much to be reckoned by you in the class of honest men: for though I am not troubled over much about the opinion most may have of me, yet, I own, it would grieve me not to be thought well of by you and some few others. I will not doubt my own strength, yet I have this further security to maintain my integrity, that I cannot part with that, without forfeiting your esteem with it.

Perpetual disorder and ill health have for some years so disguised me, that I sometimes fear I do not to my best friends enough appear what I really am. Sickness is a great oppressor; it does great injury to a zealous heart, stifling its warmth, and not suffering it to break out into action. But I hope I shall not make this complaint much longer. I have other hopes that please me too, though not so well grounded: these are, that you may yet make a journey westward with Lord Bathurst;

but of the probability of this I do not venture to reason, because I would not part with the pleasure of that belief. It grieves me to think how far I am removed from you, and from that excellent Lord, whom I love! Indeed, I remember him, as one that has made sickness easy to me, by bearing with my infirmities in the same manner that you have always done. I often too consider him in other lights that make him valuable to me. With him, I know not by what connexion, you never fail to come into my mind, as if you were inseparable. I have, as you guess, many philosophical reveries in the shades of Sir Walter Raleigh,* of which you are a great part. You generally enter there with me, and like a good genius, applaud and strengthen all my sentiments that have honour in them. This good office, which you have often done me unknowingly, I must acknowledge now, that my own breast may not reproach me with ingratitude, and disquiet me when I would muse again in that solemn scene. I

* Sherborne Castle was granted by Elizabeth, to the amiable, brave, learned, and most injured Sir Walter Raleigh; all things considered, perhaps, the greatest character on English record.

About three miles from the eastern entrance to the park, in the great western road, between Shaftesbury and Sherborne, there is an inn, at the village of Henstridge, called the "Virginia Inn;" so called from the discovery of Virginia in America by Raleigh. It is a fact, that when in this inn *tobacco*, at this time unknown in England, was smoked, the gentleman, from whose mouth the smoke appeared issuing, was supposed to deal with *the Devil*, or to be the *Devil himself!!* This is the tradition of Henstridge at this time,—1804. *Bowles.*

have not room now left to ask you many questions I intended about the Odyssey. I beg I may know how far you have carried Ulysses on his journey, and how you have been entertained with him on the way. I desire I may hear of your health, of Mrs. Pope's, and of every thing else that belongs to you.

How thrive your garden plants? How look the trees? How spring the brocoli and the fenochio? Hard names to spell! How did the poppies bloom? And how is the great room approved? What parties have you had of pleasure? What in the grotto? What upon the Thames? I would know how all your hours pass, all you say, and all you do; of which I should question you yet farther, but my paper is full and spares you. My brother Ned * is wholly yours, so my father desires to be, and every soul here whose name is Digby. My sister will be yours in particular. What can I add more? I am, &c.

* Edward Digby, third son of William, Lord Digby. After the death of his brother, he supplied his seat in Parliament, and married Charlotte, daughter of Sir Stephen Fox. *Bowles.*

LETTER XV.

TO MR. DIGBY.

October 10.

I WAS upon the point of taking a much greater journey than to Bermudas, even to

> That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
> No traveller returns!

A fever carried me on the high gallop towards it for six or seven days—but here you have me now, and that is all I shall say of it: since which time an impertinent lameness kept me at home twice as long; as if Fate should say, (after the other dangerous illness,) "You shall neither go into the other world, nor any where you like in this." Else who knows but I had been at Homelacy?

I conspire in your sentiments, emulate your pleasures, wish for your company. You are all of one heart and one soul, as was said of the primitive Christians: it is like the kingdom of the just upon earth; not a wicked wretch to interrupt you, but a set of tried, experienced friends, and fellow-comforters, who have seen evil men and evil days, and have, by a superior rectitude of heart, set yourselves above them, and reap your reward. Why will you ever of your own accord, end such a millenary year in London? transmigrate (if I may so call it) into other creatures, in that scene of folly militant, wher you may reign for ever at

Home-lacy in sense and reason triumphant? I appeal to a third lady in your family, whom I take to be the most innocent, and the least warped by idle fashion and custom of you all; I appeal to her, if you are not every soul of you better people, better companions, and happier, where you are? I desire her opinion under her hand in your next letter, I mean Miss Scudamore's.* I am confident if she would or durst speak her sense, and employ that reasoning which God has given her, to infuse more thoughtfulness into you all, those arguments could not fail to put you to the blush, and keep you out of town, like people sensible of your own felicities. I am not without hopes, if she can detain a parliament man and a lady of quality from the world one winter, that I may come upon you with such irresistible arguments another year, as may carry you all with me to the Bermudas,† the seat of all earthly happiness, and the new Jerusalem of the righteous.

Do not talk of the decay of the year; the season is good when the people are so. It is the best time in the year for a painter; there is more variety of colours in the leaves; the prospects begin to open, through the thinner woods over the valleys, and

* Afterwards Duchess of Beaufor; at this time very young. *Pope.*

She was afterwards much talked of, for a particular intrigue. *Warton.*

† About this time the Rev. Dean Berkeley conceived his project of erecting a settlement in Bermuda for the propagation of the Christian faith, and introduction of ciences into America. *Pope.*

through the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven: the dews of the morning impearl every thorn, and scatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth; the frosts are fresh and wholesome: what would you have? The moon shines too, though not for lovers these cold nights, but for astronomers.

Have you not reflecting telescopes,* whereby ye may innocently magnify her spots and blemishes? Content yourselves with them, and do not come to a place where your own eyes become reflecting telescopes, and where those of all others are equally such upon their neighbours. Stay you at least, (for what I have said before relates only to the ladies; do not imagine I will write about any eyes but theirs;) stay, I say, from that idle, busy-looking Sanhedrim, where wisdom or no wisdom is the eternal debate, not (as it lately was in Ireland) an accidental one.

If, after all, you will despise good advice, and resolve to come to London, here you will find me, doing just the things I should not, living where I should not, and as worldly, as idle, in a word, as much an Anti-Bermudanist as any body. Dear Sir, make the ladies know I am their servant, you know I am Yours, &c.

* These instruments were just then brought to perfection. *Pope.*

LETTER XVI.

TO MR. DIGBY.

Aug. 12.

I HAVE been above a month strolling about in Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire, from garden to garden, but still returning to Lord Cobham's with fresh satisfaction. I should be sorry to see my Lady Scudamore's, till it has had the full advantage of Lord B***'s improvements; and then I will expect something like the waters of Riskins, and the woods of Oakley together, which (without flattery) would be at least as good as any thing in our world: for as to the hanging gardens of Babylon, the paradise of Cyrus, and the Sharawaggis of China,* I have little or no ideas of them, but, I dare say, Lord B*** has, because they were certainly both very great and very wild. I hope Mrs. Mary Digby is quite tired of his lordship's *Extravagante Bergerie:* and that she is just now sitting, or rather reclining on a bank, fatigued with overmuch dancing and singing at his unwearied request and instigation. I know your love of ease so well, that you might be in danger of being too quiet to enjoy quiet, and too philosophical to be a philosopher; were it not for the ferment Lord B*** will put you into. One of his lordship's maxims is, that a total abstinence from

* See Sir W. Temple's account of them, vol. iii. of his Essays: but above all, Sir W. Chambers's description of them, and the heroic epistle addressed to him. *Warton.*

intemperance or business, is no more philosophy, than a total consopiation* of the senses is repose; one must feel enough of its contrary to have a relish of either. But, after all, let your temper work, and be as sedate and contemplative as you will, I will engage you shall be fit for any of us, when you come to town in the winter. Folly will laugh you into all the customs of the company here; nothing will be able to prevent your conversion to her, but indisposition, which, I hope, will be far from you. I am telling the worst that can come of you; for as to vice, you are safe; but folly is many an honest man's, nay, every good-humoured man's lot: nay, it is the seasoning of life; and fools (in one sense) are the salt of the earth: a little is excellent, though indeed a whole mouthful is justly called the devil.

So much for your diversions next winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at present, than I shall then; for if there be on earth an image of paradise, it is such perfect union and society as you all possess. I would have my innocent envies and wishes of your state known to you all; which is far better than making you compliments, for it is inward approbation and esteem. My Lord Digby has in me a sincere servant, or would have, were there any occasion for me to manifest it.

* One of the few new words he ever used. *Warton.*

LETTER XVII.

TO MR. DIGBY.

December 28, 1724.

It is now the season to wish you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another: but both these you know how to make yourself, by only continuing such a life as you have been long accustomed to lead. As for good works, they are things I dare not name, either to those that do them, or to those that do them not; the first are too modest, and the latter too selfish, to bear the mention of what are become either too old-fashioned, or too private, to constitute any part of the vanity or reputation of the present age. However, it were to be wished people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes, merely in case any of them should by chance come into fashion again; as ancient fardingales revive in modern hooped petticoats, which may be properly compared to charities, as they cover a multitude of sins.

They tell me that at Coleshill certain antiquated charities and obsolete devotions are yet subsisting: that a thing called Christian cheerfulness, (not incompatible with Christmas-pies and plum-broth,) whereof frequent is the mention in old sermons and almanacks, is really kept alive and in practice: that feeding the hungry, and giving alms to the poor, do yet make a part of good house-keeping,

in a latitude not more remote from London than fourscore miles: and lastly, that prayers and roast beef actually made some people as happy as a whore and a bottle. But here in town, I assure you, men, women, and children have done with these things. Charity not only begins, but ends, at home. Instead of the four cardinal virtues, now reign four courtly ones: we have cunning for prudence, rapine for justice, time-serving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance. Whatever you may fancy, where you live in a state of ignorance, and see nothing but quiet, religion, and good-humour, the case is just as I tell you where people understand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

I wish that heaven would open the eyes of men, and make them sensible which of these is right; whether, upon a due conviction, we are to quit faction, and gaming, and high-feeding, and all manner of luxury, and to take to your country way; or you to leave prayers, and almsgiving, and reading, and exercise, and come into our measures. I wish (I say) that this matter was as clear to all men as it is to Your affectionate, &c.

LETTER XVIII.*

TO THE HON. EDWARD DIGBY.

DEAR SIR, *April* 21, 1726.

I HAVE a great inclination to write to you, though I cannot by writing, any more than I could by words, express what part I bear in your sufferings. Nature and esteem in you are joined to aggravate your affliction: the latter I have in a degree equal even to yours, and a tie of friendship approaches near to the tenderness of nature; yet, God knows, no man living is less fit to comfort you, as no man is more deeply sensible than myself of the greatness of the loss. That very virtue which secures his present state from all the sorrows incident to ours, does but aggrandize our sensation of its being removed from our sight, from our affection, and from our imitation; for the friendship and society of good men does not only make us happier, but it makes us better. Their death does but complete their felicity before our own, who probably are not yet arrived to that degree of perfection which merits an immediate reward. That your dear brother and my dear friend was so, I take his very removal to be a proof; Providence would certainly lend virtuous men to a world

* This was written, it appears very clearly, to Edward Digby, on the death of his brother Robert, Pope's correspondent. He became Lord Digby, and was father of Edward and Henry, the late Lords, of Robert, the present Admiral Digby, of William, the late Dean of Durham, and grandfather to the present Lady Ilchester, Mrs. Newbolt, &c. *Bowles.*

that so much wants them, as long as in its justice to them it could spare them to us. May my soul be with those who have meant well, and have acted well to that meaning! And, I doubt not, if this prayer be granted, I shall be with him. Let us preserve his memory in the way he would best like, by recollecting what his behaviour would have been, in every incident of our lives to come, and doing in each just as we think he would have done; so we shall have him always before our eyes, and in our minds, and (what is more) in our lives and manners. I hope when we shall meet him next, we shall be more of a piece with him, and consequently not to be evermore separated from him. I will add but one word that relates to what remains of yourself and me, since so valued a part of us is gone; it is to beg you to accept, as yours by inheritance, of the vacancy he has left in a heart, which (while he could fill it with such hopes, wishes, and affections for him as suited a mortal creature) was truly and warmly his; and shall (I assure you in the sincerity of sorrow for my own loss) be faithfully at your service while I continue to love his memory, that is, while I continue to be myself.

Mr. Digby died in the year 1726, and is buried in the church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, with an epitaph written by the author. *Pope.*

His sister Mary died of the small pox, 1729. Elizabeth, who was probably Pope's favourite, married Sir John Dolben; died 1730. *Bowles.*

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

DR. ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Of Bishop Atterbury's birth, education, and talents, something has already been said in the course of these volumes. He appears to have acted sincerely *from his conscience;* although it has been said, that *disappointed ambition* was the chief cause which made him take so direct a line in politics, in opposition to the reigning powers. Whatever may be thought of his conduct in this respect, his classical attainments, his talents, his eloquence, his taste, and his various learning, together with his warmth of friendship, and domestic *tenderness*, interest us strongly in his behalf. No man was more popular; and we may readily imagine, there were few of whom Walpole was more afraid. He knew his talents, his decided principles, his powerful elocution, and his great popularity. He therefore proceeded with the greatest caution; but when, according to Mr. Coxe, he was convinced of the truth and danger of the conspiracy, he took an active part in conducting the prosecution. The event is well known; Atterbury was sent to the Tower, and exiled. "It was apprehended," says Mr. Coxe, "that his removal on board the ship which was to convey him into banishment, would have been the signal of insurrection; but no tumults took place. Walpole, in a letter to Townsend, dated Whitehall, June 20, 1723, thus speaks of his embarkation: "The late Bishop of Rochester went away on Tuesday. The crowd that attended him was not more than was expected; but great numbers of boats attended him to the water's side. Nothing very *extraordinary*, but the Duke of Wharton's behaviour, who went on board the vessel with him, and a free conversation betwixt his *holiness* and Williamson, with menaces of a day of vengeance."

It evidently appears, that Walpole felt some uneasiness, till Atterbury had left the kingdom. The conversation respecting the "day of vengeance" was, perhaps, more the suggestion of his own ideas, than a circumstance founded in fact. It is totally unlike the dignified manliness which Atterbury exhibited, and the exquisite sensibility of tenderness and of silent regret which his writings breathe. See the conclusion of his affecting letter on leaving his country:

"Some natural tears he dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before him!" *Bowles.*

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

DR. ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

LETTER I.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO MR. POPE.

December, 1716.

I RETURN your preface,* which I have read twice with pleasure. The modesty and good sense there is in it, must please every one that reads it. And since there is nothing that can offend, I see not why you should balance a moment about printing it—always provided, that there is nothing said there which you may have occasion to unsay hereafter: of which you yourself are the best and the only judge. This is my sincere opinion, which I give, because you ask it; and which I would not give, though asked, but to a man I value as much as I do you; being sensible how improper it is, on many accounts, for me to interpose in things of this nature, which I never understood well, and

* The general preface to Mr. Pope's Poems, first printed 1717, the year after the date of this letter. *Pope.*

now understand somewhat less than ever I did. But I can deny you nothing: especially since you have had the goodness often, and patiently, to hear what I have said against rhyme, and in behalf of blank verse;* with little discretion, perhaps, but, I am sure, without the least prejudice: being myself equally incapable of writing well in either of those ways, and leaning therefore to neither side of the question, but as the appearance of reason inclines me. Forgive me this error, if it be one; an error of above thirty years' standing, and which therefore I shall be very loth to part with. In other matters which relate to polite writing, I shall seldom differ from you: or, if I do, shall, I hope, have the prudence to conceal my opinion. I am, as much as I ought to be, that is, as much as any man can be, Your, &c.

* It appears that Atterbury had naturally a relish for great and legitimate poetry; but he was led to doubt his own judgment, from the ascendency of Pope's fame, and the success of his versification. He had taste to point out the beauties of Milton's Samson Agonistes; but even here he had so great a deference for the opinion of Pope, that he requested him to put it into *his own metre*. *Bowles.*

It is not likely that a request, so totally contradictory to the sentiments contained in the above letter, was ever made by Atterbury to Pope. In a subsequent letter, (No. XVIII.) he requests Pope to *review* and *polish* the *Samson Agonistes*, but not *to put it into his own metre*.

LETTER II.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Feb. 18, 1717.

I HOPED to find you last night at Lord Bathurst's, and came but a few minutes after you had left him. I brought *Gorboduc** with me; and Dr. Arbuthnot telling me he should see you, I deposited the book in his hands: out of which, I think, my Lord Bathurst got it before we parted, and from him therefore you are to claim it. If Gorboduc should still miss his way to you, others are to answer for it; I have delivered up my trust. I am not sorry your Alcander† is burnt; had I known your intentions, I would have interceded for the first page, and put it, with your leave, among my curiosities. In truth, it is the only instance of that kind I ever met with, from a person good for any thing else, nay, for every thing else to which he is pleased to turn himself.

Depend upon it, I shall see you with great pleasure at Bromley; and there is no request you can make to me, that I shall not most readily comply

* A tragedy written in the reign of Edward the Sixth (and much the best performance of that age) by Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset, and Lord Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth. It was then very scarce, but lately reprinted by R. Dodsley in Pall-Mall. *Pope.*

† An Heroic Poem, writ at fifteen years old. *Pope.*

Dr. Johnson says, this poem was burnt by the persuasion of Atterbury. The present letter implies the reverse. C. *Bowles.*

with. I wish you health and happiness of all sorts, and would be glad to be instrumental in any degree towards helping you to the least share of either. I am always, every where, most affectionately and faithfully Your, &c.

LETTER III.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Bromley, Nov. 8, 1717.

I HAVE nothing to say to you on that melancholy subject, with an account of which the printed papers have furnished me, but what you have already said to yourself.

When you have paid the debt of tenderness you owe to the memory of a father, I doubt not but you will turn your thoughts towards improving that accident to your own ease and happiness. You have it now in your power to pursue that method of thinking and living which you like best.* Give me leave, if I am not a little too early in my applications of this kind, to congratulate you upon it; and to assure you that there is no man living who wishes you better, or would be more pleased to contribute any ways to your satisfaction or service.

I return you your Milton, which, upon collation, I find to be revised and augmented in several places, as the title-page of my third edition

* Alluding to Pope's conforming to the church of England; a subject on which Atterbury was particularly earnest with him.

pretends it to be. When I see you next, I will shew you the several passages altered, and added by the author, beside what you have mentioned to me.

I protest to you, this last perusal of him has given me such new degrees, I will not say of pleasure, but of admiration and astonishment, that I look upon the sublimity of Homer, and the majesty of Virgil, with somewhat less reverence than I used to do. I challenge you, with all your partiality, to shew me in the first of these any thing equal to the Allegory of Sin* and Death, either as to the greatness and justness of the invention, or the height and beauty of the colouring. What I looked upon as a rant† of Barrow's,‡ I now begin to think a serious truth, and could almost venture to set my hand to it:

> Hæc quicunque legit, tantum cecinisse putabit
> Mæoniden Ranas, Virgilium Culices.

But more of this when we meet. When I left the

* Though Addison censures the introduction of such an allegory in an epic poem, yet at the same time he highly extols the bold and sublime imagery it contains. Lord Kaimes joins with Voltaire and the French critics, as might be expected, in condemning it. They fastidiously call it nauseous and disgusting. *Warton.*

† The rant is not Barrow's, but Marvel's. *Bowles.*

‡ What would Atterbury have thought of the gross misrepresentations and tasteless censures of his acquaintance Voltaire on Milton, had he lived to have read the article, Epopée, in the Questions sur l'Encyclopédie, in which he says, "Les Grecs recommandaient aux poëtes de sacrifier aux *Graces;* Milton a sacrifié au *Diable?*" I have never met with a French writer, or a Frenchman, that had any true taste for Milton. *Warton.*

town the Duke of Buckingham continued so ill that he received no messages; oblige me so far as to let me know how he does: at the same time I shall know how you do, and that will be a double satisfaction to Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

MY LORD, *Nov.* 20, 1717.

I AM truly obliged by your kind condolence on my father's death, and the desire you express that I should improve this incident to my advantage. I know your lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that wish both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true, I have lost a parent for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie: I thank God another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender nature. *Genetrix est mihi;* and excuse me if I say with Euryalus,

nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but sure it is a virtuous one. At least I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parent's life and happiness, than I am of any speculative point whatever.

Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?

For she, my lord, would think this separation more grievous than any other, and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the success of such an adventure; for an adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive divinity. Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows: this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks so justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one, the part of *joining* with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy, but I think it would not be so, to *renounce* the other.

Your lordship has formerly advised me to read the best controversies between the churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old, for I loved reading, and my father had no other books; there was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of King James the Second. I warmed my head with them, and the consequence was, that I found myself a Papist and a Protestant by turns, according to the last book I read.* I am afraid most seekers are in the same case, and when they stop, they are not so

* This is an admirable picture of every reader busied in religious controversy, without possessing the *principles* on which a right judgment of the points in question is to be regulated.
Warburton.

properly converted, as outwitted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion.* And after all, I verily believe your lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another; and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day, and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the *temporal* side of the question, I can have no dispute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But, if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides it is a real truth, I have less inclination (if possible) than ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I begun my life where most people end theirs, with a disrelish of all that

* It appears from this, how earnest Atterbury was respecting Pope's renouncing Popery. Coxe has an anecdote highly to his credit in this instance; and which must certainly do away one of the many charges alleged against him by the violence of party, namely, a want of sincerity in his religion:

"One thing highly honourable ought not to be omitted; he remained at all times true to the Protestant religion, and regular in its duties. He reprobated with warmth the conduct of the Duke of Wharton, Lords North and Grey, and others, who had sacrificed their religion with a view to obtain the Pretender's favour: he even quarrelled with the Duke of Berwick, who proposed giving a Catholic preceptor to the young Duke of Buckingham, and used his influence over the Duchess to place none but Protestants about the person of her son." *Memoirs of Walpole*, vol. i. p. 303. *Bowles.*

the world call ambition. I do not know why it is called so, for to me it always seemed to be rather *stooping* than *climbing*. I will tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over princes and states. I am a Catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see, are not a Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spanish Catholic, but a true Catholic: and not a king of whigs, or a king of tories, but a King of England; which God of his mercy grant his present Majesty may be, and all future Majesties. You see, my lord, I end like a preacher: this is *Sermo ad Clerum*, not *ad Populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and sincere thanks, ever Your, &c.

LETTER V.

TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Sept. 23, 1720.

I HOPE you have some time ago received the sulphur, and the two volumes of Mr. Gay, as instances (how small ones soever) that I wish you both health and diversion. What I now send for your perusal, I shall say nothing of; not to forestal by a single word what you promised to say upon that subject. Your lordship may criticise from Virgil to these tales;* as Solomon wrote of every thing, from the cedar to the hyssop. I have some cause, since I last waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be had, were mankind wise enough to go thither to consult you: the fate of the South-sea scheme has, much sooner than I expected, verified what you told me.† Most people thought the time would come, but no man prepared for it; no man considered it would come *like a thief in the night*; exactly as it happens in the case of our death. Methinks God has punished the avaricious, as he often punishes sinners, in their own way, in the very sin itself: the thirst of gain was their crime; that thirst continued became their punishment and ruin. As for the few who have the good fortune to remain, with half

* The Arabian Tales, mentioned in the following letter. *Bowles.*

† See Life of Pope, prefixed to this edition, chap. v.

of what they imagined they had, (among whom is your humble servant,) I would have them sensible of their felicity, and convinced of the truth of old Hesiod's maxim, who, after half of his estate was swallowed by the *directors* of those days, resolved, that *half* to be *more than the whole.*

Does not the fate of these people put you in mind of two passages, one in Job, the other from the Psalmist?

Men shall groan out of the CITY, *and hiss them out of their* PLACE.*

They have dreamed out their dream, and awaking have found nothing in their hands.

Indeed the universal poverty, which is the consequence of universal avarice, and which will fall hardest upon the guiltless and industrious part of mankind, is truly lamentable. The universal deluge of the S. Sea, contrary to the old deluge, has drowned all except a few *unrighteous* men: but it is some comfort to me that I am not one of them, even though I were to survive and rule the world by it. I am much pleased with a thought of Dr. Arbuthnot's; he says the government and South-Sea company have only locked up the money of the people, upon conviction of their lunacy (as is usual in the case of lunatics,) and intend to restore them as much as may be fit for such

* The reader will search in vain for this last passage in the book of Job. The first clause occurs in chap. xxiv. ver. 12. "They have dreamed," &c. is not in the book of Psalms, although something like it is in the prophecy of Isaiah. C. *Bowles.*

people, as fast as they shall see them return to their senses.

The latter part of your letter does me so much honour, and shews me so much kindness, that I must both be proud and pleased, in a great degree; but I assure you, my Lord, much more the last than the first. For I certainly know and feel, from my own heart, which truly respects you, that there may be a ground for your partiality, one way; but I find not the least symptoms in my head, of any foundation for the other.

In a word, the best reason I know for my being pleased is, that you continue your favour toward me; the best I know for being proud would be, that you might cure me of it; for I have found you to be such a physician, as does not only *repair*, but *improve*. I am, with the sincerest esteem, and most grateful acknowledgment, Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

The Arabian Tales and Mr. Gay's books I received not till Monday night, together with your letter; for which I thank you. I have had a fit of the gout upon me ever since I returned hither from Westminster on Saturday night last: it has found its way into my hands as well as legs, so that I have been utterly incapable of writing. This is the first letter that I have ventured upon; which

will be written, I fear, *vacillantibus literis*, as Tully says Tyro's letters were, after his recovery from an illness. What I said to you in mine about the Monument, was intended only to quicken, not to alarm you. It is not worth your while to know what I meant by it: but when I see you, you shall. I hope you may be at the Deanery towards the end of October, by which time I think of settling there for the winter. What do you think of some such short inscription as this in Latin, which may, in a few words, say all that is to be said of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deserves?

IOHANNI DRYDENO,
CVI POESIS ANGLICANA
VIM SVAM AC VENERES DEBET;
ET SI QVA IN POSTERVM AVGEBITVR LAVDE,
EST ADHVC DEBITVRA:
HONORIS ERGO P. &c.

To shew you that I am as much in earnest in the affair, as you yourself, something I will send you too of this kind in English. If your design holds of fixing Dryden's name only below, and his busto above, may not lines like these be graved just under the name?

This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's ashes just,
Here fix'd his name, and there his laurel'd bust;
What else the Muse in marble might express,
Is known already; praise would make him less.

Or thus:

More needs not; where acknowledg'd merits reign,
Praise is impertinent, and censure vain.

This you will take as a proof of my zeal at least, though it be none of my talent in poetry. When you have read it over, I will forgive you, if you should not once in your lifetime again think of it.

And now, Sir, for your *Arabian Tales.* Ill as I have been, almost ever since they came to hand, I have read as much of them as ever I shall read while I live.* Indeed they do not please my taste; they are writ with so romantic an air, and, allowing for the difference of eastern manners, are yet, upon any supposition that can be made, of so wild and absurd a contrivance, (at least to my northern understanding,) that I have not only no pleasure, but no patience, in perusing them. They are to me like the odd paintings on Indian screens, which at first glance may surprize and please a little; but, when you fix your eye intently upon them, they appear so extravagant, disproportioned, and monstrous, that they give a judicious eye pain, and make him seek for relief from some other object.

They may furnish the mind with some new images, but I think the purchase is made at too great an expense: for to read those two volumes through, liking them as little as I do, would be a terrible penance; and to read them with pleasure would be dangerous on the other side, because of the infection. I will never believe, that you have any keen relish of them, till I find you write worse

* How contemptuously soever the Bishop thought of those Tales, yet was Addison very fond of them, and we know how beautifully he imitated them. *Warton.*

than you do, which I dare say, I never shall. Who that *Petit de la Croix* is, the pretended author of them,* I cannot tell: but observing how full they are in the descriptions of dress, furniture, &c., I cannot help thinking them the product of some

* Not the *pretended author*, but the real translator, of an Arabic MS. in the French King's library. What he has given in ten small volumes, is not more than the tenth part of the original. The Eastern people have been always famous for this sort of Tales, in which much fine morality is often conveyed; not indeed in a story always representing real life and manners, but what the eastern superstitions have made pass for such amongst the people. Their great genius for this kind of writing appears from what the translator has here given us. But the policy of some of the latter princes of the east greatly hurt the elegance and use of the composition, by setting all men upon composing in this way, to furnish matter for their coffee-houses and public places of resort; which were enjoined to entertain their customers with a rehearsal of these works, in order to divert them from politics, and matters of state. The collection in question is so strange a medley of sense and nonsense, that one would be tempted to think it the compilation of some coffee-man, who gathered indifferently from good and bad. The contrivance he has invented of tying them together is so blunderingly conducted, that after such an instance of the want of common sense one can wonder at no absurdity we find in them. The tales are supposed to be told to one of the Kings of Persia of the dynasty of the Sassanides, an ancient race before Mahomet, and yet the scene of some of them is laid in the Court of *Haroun Alraschid* the 26th caliph, and the 5th of the race of the *Abassides*. These, where the scene is so laid, are amongst the best; and it may be easily accounted for. *Alraschid* was one of the most magnificent of the caliphs, and the greatest encourager of letters; so that it was natural for men of genius in after-times to do this honour to his memory. But the bishop talks of Petit de la Croix. M. Galland was the translator of the *Arabian Tales*. The name of the other is to the collection called the *Persian Tales*, of which I have nothing to say.

Warburton.

woman's imagination: and, believe me, I would do any thing but break with you, rather than be bound to read them over with attention.

I am sorry that I was so true a prophet in respect of the S. Sea; sorry, I mean, as far as your loss* is concerned: for in the general I ever was and still am of opinion, that had that project taken root and flourished, it would by degrees have overturned our constitution. Three or four hundred millions was such a weight, that whichsoever way it had leaned, must have borne down all before it. But of the dead we must speak gently; and therefore, as Mr. Dryden says somewhere, *Peace be to its manes!*

Let me add one reflection, to make you easy in your ill luck. Had you got all that you have lost beyond what you have ventured, consider that your superfluous gains would have sprung from the ruin of several families that now want necessaries! A thought, under which a good and good-natured man that grew rich by such means, could not, I persuade myself, be perfectly easy. Adieu, and believe me, ever Your, &c.

* Pope's loss has never been ascertained. Dr. Johnson seems to think it was imaginary, or that he lost only what he dreamed he should have gained. The above passage, and others in his Correspondence, shew, however, that he was a real loser, of perhaps the half of the property risked. C. *Bowles.*

LETTER VII.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

March 26, 1721.

You are not yourself gladder you are well than I am; especially since I can please myself with the thought, that when you had lost your health elsewhere, you recovered it here. May these lodgings never treat you worse, nor you at any time have less reason to be fond of them!

I thank you for the sight of your Verses,* and with the freedom of an honest, though perhaps injudicious friend, must tell you, that though I could like some of them, if they were any body's else but yours, yet as they are yours, and to be owned as such, I can scarce like any of them. Not but that the four first lines are good, especially the second couplet; and might, if followed by four others as good, give reputation to a writer of a less established fame: but from you I expect something of a more perfect kind, and which the oftener it is read, the more it will be admired. When you barely exceed other writers, you fall much beneath yourself: it is your misfortune now to write without a rival, and to be tempted by that means to be more careless, than you would otherwise be in your composures.

Thus much I could not forbear saying, though I

* Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt. *Pope.*

have a motion* of consequence in the House of Lords to-day, and must prepare for it. I am even with you for your ill paper; for I write upon worse, having no other at hand. I wish you the continuance of your health most heartily; and am ever Your, &c.

I have sent Dr. Arbuthnot the Latin MS.† which I could not find when you left me; and I am so angry at the writer for his design, and his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear sending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief reasoner of that philosophic farce is a *Gallo-Ligur*, as he is called—what that means in English or French, I cannot say—but all he says is in so loose and slippery and trickish a way of reasoning, that I could not forbear applying the passage of Virgil to him:

* The appeal respecting the Dormitory, of which Mr. Nichols gives some account in his Notes on "Atterbury's Epistolary Correspondence;" a work to which I owe a few other illustrations of these Letters. C. *Bowles.*

† Written by Huetius, Bishop of Avranches. He was a mean reasoner; as may be seen by a vast collection of fanciful and extravagant conjectures, which he called a *Demonstration;* mixed up with much reading, which his friends called learning; and delivered (by the allowance of all) in good Latin. This not being received for what he would give it, he composed a treatise *Of the Weakness of the Human Understanding:* a poor system of scepticism; indeed little other than an abstract of *Sextus Empiricus.* *Warburton.*

A much more useful undertaking was his directing and superintending the Dauphin edition of the Classics. The commentary on his own life is entertaining. *Warton.*

Vane Ligur, frustraque animis elate superbis,
Nequicquam patrias tentâsti lubricus artes!

To be serious, I hate to see a book gravely written, and in all the forms of argumentation, which proves nothing, and which says nothing; and endeavours only to put us into a way of distrusting our own faculties, and doubting whether the marks of truth and falsehood can in any case be distinguished from each other. Could that blessed point be made out, (as it is a contradiction in terms to say it can,) we should then be in the most uncomfortable and wretched state in the world; and I would in that case be glad to exchange my reason with a dog for his instinct, to-morrow.

LETTER VIII.

L. CHANCELLOR HARCOURT TO MR. POPE.

December 6, 1722.

I CANNOT but suspect myself of being very unreasonable in begging you once more to review the inclosed. Your friendship draws this trouble on you. I may freely own to you, that my tenderness makes me exceeding hard to be satisfied with any thing which can be said on such an unhappy subject. I caused the Latin epitaph to be as often altered before I could approve it.

When once your epitaph is set up, there can be no alteration of it; it will remain a perpetual mo-

nument of your friendship, and, I assure myself, you will so settle it, that it shall be worthy of you. I doubt whether the word, *denied*, in the third line, will justly admit of that construction which it ought to bear, viz. renounced, deserted, &c. *denied* is capable, in my opinion, of having an ill sense put upon it, as too great uneasiness, or more good-nature, than a wise man ought to have. I very well remember you told me, you could scarce mend those two lines, and therefore I can scarce expect your forgiveness for my desiring you to reconsider them.

> Harcourt stands dumb, and Pope is forc'd to speak.

I cannot perfectly, at least without farther discoursing you, reconcile myself to the first part of that line; and the word *forc'd* (which was my own, and, I persuade myself, for that reason only submitted to by you) seems to carry too doubtful a construction for an epitaph, which, as I apprehend, ought as easily to be understood as read. I shall acknowledge it as a very particular favour, if at your best leisure you will peruse the inclosed and vary it, if you think it capable of being amended, and let me see you any morning next week.

I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

September 21, 1721.

I AM now confined to my bed-chamber, and to the matted room wherein I am writing, seldom venturing to be carried down even into the parlour to dinner, unless when company to whom I cannot excuse myself comes, which I am not ill pleased to find is now very seldom. This is my case in the sunny part of the year: what must I expect, when

inversum contristat Aquarius annum?

"if these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" Excuse me for employing a sentence of scripture on this occasion; I apply it very seriously. One thing relieves me a little under the ill prospect I have of spending my time at the Deanery this winter; that I shall have the opportunity of seeing you oftener; though, I am afraid, you will have little pleasure in seeing me there. So much for my ill state of health, which I had not touched on, had not your friendly letter been so full of it. One civil thing, which you say in it, made me think you had been reading Mr. Waller;* and possessed of that image at the end of his copy, *à la malade,* had you not bestowed it on one who has no right to the least

* Whom the bishop so happily imitated in his lines on *Flavia's Fan.* *Warton.*

part of the character. If you have not read the verses lately, I am sure you remember them, because you forget nothing.

> With such a grace you entertain,
> And look with such contempt on pain, &c.

I mention them not upon account of that couplet, but one that follows; which ends with the very same rhymes and words *(appear* and *clear)* that the couplet but one after that does; and therefore in my Waller there is a various reading of the first of these couplets; for there it runs thus:

> So lightnings in a stormy air,
> Scorch more than when the sky is fair.

You will say that I am not very much in pain, nor very busy, when I can relish these amusements, and you will say true; for at present I am in both these respects very easy.

I had not strength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave,* else I would have done it, to have

* There are four or five letters of the Bishop to *Prior*, in Nichols's Collection, full of affection and regard. One, in a vein of irony, containing a pleasing compliment on his *Solomon* and *Alma*. Another (vol. ii. p. 58,) abounding in hackneyed quotations from Virgil; which I mention on account of a wonderful unscholar-like comparison of a line of Virgil and Homer; the former of which he prefers,—dum spiritus *hos* regit artus,—to the φιλα γυνατα of Homer; *friendly* knees, he says; whereas φιλα signifies no more than *sua* genua, or than *hos* joined to artus. Two severe epigrams against Atterbury have been ascribed to Prior, and are both inserted in the late collection of his works.

> Meek Francis lies here, friend. Without stop or stay,
> As you value your peace, make the best of your way.

Though

shewn his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He is buried, as he desired, at the feet of Spenser, and I will take care to make good in every respect what I said to him when living; particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph; which, while we were in good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Westminster.

Though at present arrested by Death's caitiff paw,
If he stirs, he may still have recourse to the law:
And in the King's Bench should a verdict be found
That by livery and seisin his grave is his ground,
He will claim to himself what is strictly his due,
And an action of trespass will straightway ensue,
That you, without right, on his premises tread,
On a simple surmise that the owner is dead.

The other was occasioned by the funeral of the Duke of Buckingham, whom Prior survived but a few months.

"I have no hopes," the Duke he says, and dies;
"In sure and certain hopes," the prelate cries:
Of these two learned peers, I pr'ythee, say, man,
Who is the lying knave, the priest or layman?
The duke he stands an infidel confess'd;
"He's our dear brother," quoth the lordly priest.
The duke, though knave, still "Brother dear," he cries,
And who can say, the reverend prelate lies?

There cannot be a stronger proof of Atterbury's restless and ambitious temper, than is exhibited in the letter written to him by his father, 1690, in vol. i. of Nichols's Collection, p. 11. In the British Museum there is one letter of Pope to Prior, in commendation of his poem, intitled Damon, a little piece of true humour.

Warton.

As Atterbury survived Prior many years, the above epitaphs (if by Prior) must have been written in Atterbury's lifetime, in the same manner as Sannazarius frequently amused himself in writing satirical epitaphs on persons then living.

I am pleased to find you have so much pleasure, and (which is the foundation of it) so much health at Lord Bathurst's: may both continue till I see you! May my Lord have as much satisfaction in building the house in the wood,* and using it when built, as you have in designing it! I cannot send a wish after him that means him more happiness, and yet, I am sure, I wish him as much as he wishes himself. I am, &c.

LETTER X.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Bromley, October 15, 1721.

NOTWITHSTANDING I write this on Sunday even, to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning, yet, I foresee, it will not reach you till Wednesday morning. And before set of sun that day I hope to reach my winter-quarters at the deanery. I hope, did I say? I recal that word, for it implies desire; and, God knows, that is far from being the case. For I never part with this place but with regret, though I generally keep here what Mr. Cowley calls the worst of company in the world, my own; and see either none beside, or what is worse than none, some of the *Arrii*, or *Sebosi* of my neighbourhood; characters, which

* The rough sketch of this design is in the British Museum. *Bowles.*

Tully paints so well in one of his Epistles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent interruption they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named those gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place, and by pointing it out to you, give you the pleasure of perusing the epistle, which is a very agreeable one, if my memory does not fail me.

I am surprized to find that my Lord Bathurst and you are parted so soon; he has been sick, I know, of some late transactions; but should that sickness continue still in some measure, I prophesy, it will be quite off by the beginning of November. A letter or two from his London friends, and a surfeit of solitude, will soon make him change his resolution and his quarters. I vow to you, I could live here with pleasure all the winter, and be contented with hearing no more news than the London Journal, or some such trifling paper, affords me, did not the duty of my place require, absolutely require, my attendance at Westminster; where, I hope, the prophet will now and then remember he has a bed and a candlestick. In short, I long to see you, and hope you will come, if not a day, at least an hour sooner to town than you intended, in order to afford me that satisfaction. I am now, I thank God! as well as ever I was in my life, except that I can walk scarce at all without crutches: and would willingly compound the matter with the gout, to be no better, could

I hope to be no worse, but that is a vain thought; I expect a new attack long before Christmas. Let me see you therefore while I am in a condition to relish you, before the days (and the nights) come, when I shall (and must) say, I have no pleasure in them.

I will bring your small volume of Pastorals along with me, that you may not be discouraged from lending me books, when you find me so punctual in returning them. Shakespear shall bear it company, and be put into your hands as clear and as fair as it came out of them, though you, I think, have been dabbling here and there with the text. I have had more reverence for the writer and the printer, and left every thing standing just as I found it. However, I thank you for the pleasure you have given me in putting me upon reading him once more before I die.

I believe I shall scarce repeat that pleasure any more, having other work to do, and other things to think of, but none that will interfere with the offices of friendship, in the exchange of which with you, Sir, I hope to live and die

Your, &c.

P. S. Addison's works came to my hands yesterday. I cannot but think it a very odd set of incidents, that the book should be dedicated by a dead man* to a dead man;† and even that the new pa-

* Mr. Addison. † Mr. Craggs.

tron* to whom Tickell chose to inscribe his verses, should be dead also before they were published. Had I been in the editor's place I should have been a little apprehensive for myself, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it. You see, when I am conversing with you, I know not how to give over, till the very bottom of the paper admonishes me once more to bid you adieu.

LETTER XI.

TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

MY LORD, *Feb.* 8, 1721-2.

It is so long since I had the pleasure of an hour with your lordship, that I should begin to think myself no longer *Amicus omnium horarum*, but for finding myself so in my constant thoughts of you. In those I was with you many hours this very day, and had you (where I wish and hope one day to see you really) in my garden at Twitnam. When I went last to town, and was on wing for the deanery, I heard your lordship was gone the day before to Bromley, and there you continued till after my return hither. I sincerely wish you whatever you wish yourself, and all you wish your friends or family. All I mean by this word or two, is just to tell you so, till in person I find you as I desire, that is, find you well. Easy, resigned,

* Lord Warwick.

and happy you will make yourself, and (I believe) every body that converses with you; if I may judge of your power over other men's minds and affections, by that which you will ever have over those of Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Feb. 26, 1721-2.

PERMIT me, dear Sir, to break into your retirement, and to desire of you a complete copy of these verses on Mr. Addison;* send me also your last resolution, which shall punctually be observed in relation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am again solicited by another lord, to whom I have given the same answer as formerly. No small piece of your writing has been ever sought after so much. It has pleased every man without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now therefore know where your real strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed. For my part I should be so glad to see you finish something of that kind, that I could be content to be a little sneered at in a line or so, for

* An imperfect copy was got out, very much to the author's surprize, who never would give any. *Pope.*

This Mr. *Spence* doubted, says Dr. Warton; and well indeed he might. Where Mr. Spence *doubted*, who seemed to doubt of nothing that Pope told him, the rest of the world may be fairly allowed to do so too, even of the man who said,

He held a lie, in verse or prose, the same. *Bowles.*

the sake of the pleasure I should have in reading the rest. I have talked my sense of this matter to you once or twice, and now I put it under my hand, that you may see it is my deliberate opinion. What weight that may have with you I cannot say. But it pleases me to have an opportunity of shewing you how well I wish you, and how true a friend I am to your fame, which I desire may grow every day, and in every kind of writing, to which you will please to turn your pen. Not but that I have some little interest in the proposal, as I shall be known to have been acquainted with a man that was capable of excelling in such different manners, and did such honour to his country and language; and yet was not displeased sometimes to read what was written by his humble servant.

LETTER XIII.

TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

March 14, 1721-2.

I WAS disappointed (much more than those who commonly use that phrase on such occasions) in missing you at the deanery, where I lay solitary two nights. Indeed I truly partake in any degree of concern that affects you, and I wish every thing may succeed as you desire in your own family, and in that which, I think, you no less account your own, and is no less your family, the whole world. For I take you to be one of the true friends of it, and to your power its protector. Though the noise

and daily bustle for the public be now over, I dare say, a good man is still tendering its welfare; as the sun in the winter when seeming to retire from the world, is preparing benedictions and warmth for a better season. No man wishes your lordship more quiet, more tranquillity, than I, who know you should understand the value of it. But I do not wish you a jot less concerned or less active than you are, in all sincere, and therefore warm, desires of public good.

I beg the kindness (and it is for that chiefly I trouble you with this letter) to favour me with notice as soon as you return to London, that I may come and make you a proper visit of a day or two: for hitherto I have not been your visitor, but your lodger, and I accuse myself of it. I have now no earthly thing to oblige my being in town (a point of no small satisfaction to me) but the best reason, the seeing a friend. As long, my lord, as you will let me call you so, (and I dare say you will, till I forfeit what, I think, I never shall, my veracity and integrity,) I shall esteem myself fortunate, in spite of the South-sea, poetry, popery, and poverty.

I cannot tell you how sorry I am, you should be troubled anew by any sort of people. I heartily wish, *Quod superest, ut tibi vivas*—that you may teach me how to do the same: who, without any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live as foolishly as if I were a great man.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIV.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

March 16, 1721-2.

As a visitant, a lodger, a friend, or under what other denomination soever, you are always welcome to me; and will be more so, I hope, every day that we live: for to tell you the truth, I like you as I like myself, best when we have both of us least business. It has been my fate to be engaged in it much and often, by the stations in which I was placed: but God, that knows my heart, knows I never loved it; and am still less in love with it than ever, as I find less temptation to act with any hope of success. If I am good for any thing, it is *in angulo cum libello;* and yet a good part of my time has been spent, and perhaps must be spent, far otherwise. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty in my post, or in any respect, how little soever I may like my employment, and how hopeless soever I may be in the discharge of it.

In the mean time the judicious world is pleased to think that I delight in work which I am obliged to undergo, and aim at things which I from my heart despise; let them think as they will, so I might be at liberty to act as I will, and spend my time in such a manner as is most agreeable to me. I cannot say I do so now, for I am here without any books, and if I had them could not use them to

my satisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a more melancholy manner;* and how long, or how little a while it may be so taken up God only knows, and to his will I implicitly resign myself in every thing. I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

MY LORD, *March* 19, 1721-2.

I AM extremely sensible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in absence, even among thoughts of much nearer concern to yourself on the one hand, and of much more importance to the world on the other, which cannot but engage you at this juncture. I am very certain of your good will, and of the warmth which is in you inseparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twitenham is a fresh instance of that partiality. I hope the advance of the fine season will set you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a mount, in a point of view to shew you the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I shall be in danger to boast, like Nebuchadnezzar, of the things I have made, and to be turned to converse, not with the beasts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I shall take to be no great punishment. For indeed I

* In his lady's last sickness. *Warburton.*

heartily despise the ways of the world, and most of the great ones of it.

Oh keep me innocent, make others great!

And you may judge how comfortably I am strengthened in this opinion, when such as your lordship bear testimony to its vanity and emptiness. *Tinnit, inane est;* with the picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the best thing I have the luck to remember, in that great poet Quarles; not that I forget the devil at bowls, which I know to be your lordship's favourite cut, as well as favourite diversion.

The situation here is pleasant, and the view rural enough, to humour the most retired, and agree with the most contemplative. Good air, solitary groves, and sparing diet, sufficient to make you fancy yourself (what you are in temperance, though elevated into a greater figure by your station) one of the fathers of the desert. Here you may think (to use an author's words, whom you so justly prefer to all his followers, that you will receive them kindly, though taken from his worst work)*

That in Elijah's banquet you partake,
Or sit a guest with Daniel, at his pulse.

I am sincerely free with you, as you desire I

* The *Paradise Regained.* I suppose this was in compliment to the bishop. It could never be his own opinion. *Warburton.*

The superlative sublimity of the Paradise Lost has eclipsed the milder beauties of the Paradise Regained; for beauties it has, and in no small abundance. *Warton.*

should, and approve of your not having your coach here, for if you would see Lord C*** or any body else, I have another chariot, besides that little one you laughed at when you compared me to Homer in a nut-shell. But if you would be entirely private, nobody shall know any thing of the matter. Believe me, my Lord, no man is with more perfect acquiescence, nay, with more willing acquiescence, (not even any of your own sons of the church,)

Your obedient, &c.

LETTER XVI.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

April 6, 1722.

UNDER all the leisure in the world, I have no leisure, no stomach to write to you. The gradual approaches of death are before my eyes.* I am convinced that it must be so; and yet make a shift to flatter myself sometimes with the thought that it may possibly be otherwise. And that very thought, though it is directly contrary to my reason, does for a few moments make me easy—however, not easy enough in good earnest to think of any thing, but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore wonder not that I do not answer your kind letter: I shall answer it too soon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation. When I do so, no conveniences will be wanting: for I

* His lady's last illness. She died April 26, 1722. *Bowles.*

will see nobody but you and your mother, and the servants. Visits to statesmen always were to me, and are now more than ever, insipid things; let the men that expect, that wish to thrive by them, pay them that homage; I am free. When I want them they shall hear of me at their doors: when they want me, I shall be sure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will despise me so much, and I shall court them so little, that we shall both of us keep our distance.

When I come to you, it is in order to be with you only; a president of the council, or a star and garter, will make no more impression upon my mind, at such a time, than the hearing of a bagpipe, or the sight of a puppet-shew. I have said to Greatness some time ago—*Tuas tibi res habeto: Egomet curabo meas.* The time is not far off when we shall all be upon the level; and I am resolved, for my part, to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them now; for he is so, that neither seeks nor wants them. Let them have more virtue and less pride, and then I will court them as much as any body. But till they resolve to distinguish themselves some way else than by their outward trappings, I am determined (and, I think, I have a right) to be as proud as they are; though I trust in God, my pride is neither of so odious a nature as theirs, nor of so mischievous a consequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking. When I sat down to write I intended

only to excuse myself for not writing, and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer, when I must dislodge. I am preparing for it; for I am at this moment building a vault in the Abbey, for me and mine. It was to be in the Abbey, because of my relation to the place; but it is at the west door of it; as far from kings and Cæsars as the space will admit of.

I know not but I may step to town to-morrow, to see how the work goes forward; but, if I do, I shall return hither in the evening. I would not have given you the trouble of this letter but that they tell me it will cost you nothing, and that our privilege of franking* (one of the most valuable we have left) is again allowed us. Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Bromley, May 25, 1722.

I HAD much ado to get hither last night, the water being so rough that the ferry-men were unwilling to venture. The first thing I saw this morning after my eyes were open, was your letter, for the freedom and kindness of which I thank

* Dr. Warton says, "This is a peevish sentiment; surely more privileges were left; or rather, what privileges were taken away?" But Atterbury alludes here only to the temporary suspension of the privilege of franking, by a dissolution of Parliament. This has not escaped Mr. Nichols's accurate research. C. *Bowles.*

you. Let all compliments be laid aside between us for the future; and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my power, as one that truly values you, and wishes you all manner of happiness. I thank you and Mrs. Pope for my kind reception, which has left a pleasing impression upon me that will not soon be effaced.

Lord Bolingbroke has pressed me terribly to see him at Dawley, and told me in a manner betwixt kindness and resentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twitenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it: and must expect that ill health will render a good share of it useless; and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cherished, and not thrown away in compliment. You know the motto of my sun-dial, *Vivite, ait, fugio.* I will, as far as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unnecessary avocations and amusements. There are those that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like: if they persist in their intentions, I must apply myself to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can. But withal, that shall not hinder me from employing myself also in a way which they do not like. The givers of trouble one day shall have their share of it another; that at last they may be induced to let me be quiet, and live to myself with the few (the very few) friends I like; for that is the point, the single point I now aim at: though, I know, the generality of the world who are unac-

quainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverse of this character belongs to me. I do not know how I have rambled into this account of myself; when I sat down to write, I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been sure without my telling you, that my right hand is at ease; else I should not have overflowed at this rate. And yet I have not done, for there is a kind intimation in the end of yours, which I understood, because it seems to tend towards employing me in something that is agreeable to you. Pray explain yourself, and believe that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earnest on such an occasion than I, for I love you, as well as esteem you.

All the while I have been writing, Pain and a fine thrush have been severally endeavouring to call off my attention, but both in vain; nor should I yet part with you, but that the turning over a new leaf frights me a little, and makes me resolve to break through a new temptation, before it has taken too fast hold on me. I am, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

June 15, 1722.

You have generally written first, after our parting; I will now be before-hand with you in my inquiries, how you got home, and how you do, and

whether you met with Lord * * *, and delivered my civil reproach to him, in the manner I desired; I suppose you did not, because I have heard nothing either from you, or from him on that head; as, I suppose, I might have done if you had found him.

I am sick of these men of quality; and the more so, the oftener I have any business to transact with them. They look upon it as one of their distinguishing privileges, not to be punctual in any business, of how great importance soever; nor to set other people at ease, with the loss of the least part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpose? or how can I alter it?

I long to see the original MS. of Milton; but do not know how to come at it, without your repeated assistance.

I hope you will not utterly forget what passed in the coach about Samson Agonistes.* I shall

* Dr. Johnson thought differently about this Tragedy; written evidently and happily in the style and manner of *Eschylus;* and said, "that it was deficient in both requisites of a *true* Aristotelic *middle.* Its intermediate parts have neither *cause* nor *consequence;* neither *hasten* nor *retard* the *catastrophe.*" To which opinion the judicious Mr. Twining accedes. What Dr. Warburton said of it is wonderfully ridiculous; that Milton "chose the subject for the sake of the satire on bad wives;" and that the subjects of this tragedy, and Paradise Lost, were not very different, "the fall of two heroes by a woman." *Milton,* in this drama, has given an example of every *species* of *measure* which the English language is capable of exhibiting; not only in the *Choruses,* but in the dialogue part. The chief parts of the *Dialogue* (though there is a great variety of measure in the *Choruses* of the Greek Tragedies) are in Iambic verse. I recollect but three places in which *Hexameter* verses are introduced in the Greek Tragedies, once in the *Tra-*

not press you as to time, but, some time or other, I wish you would review, and polish* that piece. If upon a new perusal of it (which I desire you to make) you think as I do, that it is written in the very spirit of the ancients, it deserves your care, and is capable of being improved, with little trouble, into a perfect model and standard of tragic poetry —always allowing for its being a story taken out of the bible; which is an objection that at this time of day I know is not to be got over.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIX.

TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

July 27.

I HAVE been as constantly at Twitenham as your lordship has at Bromley, ever since you saw

chiniæ, once in the *Philoctetes* of *Sophocles*, and once in the *Tröades* of Euripides. Voltaire wrote an opera on this subject of Samson, 1732, which was set to music by Rameau, but was never performed. He has inserted Choruses to Venus and Adonis; and the piece finishes by introducing Samson, actually pulling down the Temple, on the stage, and crushing all the assembly, which Milton has flung into so fine a narration; and the opera is ended by Samson's saying, "J'ai réparé ma honte, et j'expire en vainqueur." And yet this was the man that dared to deride the irregularities of Shakespeare. *Warton.*

* What are we to think of a poem of Milton *polished*, even by Pope? Pope, however, did not *presume* to touch it; but the request of Atterbury must ever remain a monument, I will not say of his *want* of *taste*, (for no one seems more pleased with Milton,) but of the *submission* of his *taste*, and almost faculties, where poetry was concerned, to Pope. *Bowles.*

Lord Bathurst. At the time of the Duke of Marlborough's funeral, I intend to lie at the deanery, and moralize one evening with you on the vanity of human glory.

The Duchess's* letter† concerns me nearly, and you know it, who know all my thoughts without disguise. I must keep clear of flattery; I will, and as this is an honest resolution, I dare hope your lordship will not be so unconcerned for my keeping it, as not to assist me in so doing. I beg therefore you would represent thus much at least to her Grace, that as to the fears she seems touched with, [That the Duke's memory should have no advantage but what he must give himself, without being beholden to any one friend] your lordship may certainly, and agreeable to your character, both of rigid honour and Christian plainness, tell her, that no man can have any other advantage: and that all offerings of friends in such a case pass for nothing. Be but so good as confirm what I

* The Duchess of Buckingham. *Warburton.*

† The Duchess of Buckingham was natural daughter of James II. "Atterbury, when at Paris," says Mr. Coxe, "frequently met her in the Bois de Boulogne, for the *ostensible* purpose of giving her his advice concerning the education of her son.‡ The real object of these conferences was not discovered until her arrival at Rome, when she prevailed on her brother § to remove Hay and Murray, and invest Atterbury with the principal management of his affairs." *Bowles.*

‡ The "*Patriot*" youth, on whom Pope wrote the epitaph.

§ The Pretender. *Bowles.*

have represented to her, that an inscription in the ancient way, plain, pompous, yet modest, will be the most uncommon, and therefore the most distinguishing manner of doing it. And so, I hope, she will be satisfied, the Duke's honour be preserved, and my integrity also: which is too sacred a thing to be forfeited, in consideration of any little (or what people of quality may call great) honour or distinction whatever, which those of their rank can bestow on one of mine; and which indeed they are apt to over-rate, but never so much, as when they imagine us under any obligation to say one untrue word in their favour.

I can only thank you, my lord, for the kind transition you make from common business, to that which is the only real business of every reasonable creature. Indeed I think more of it than you imagine, though not so much as I ought. I am pleased with those Latin verses extremely, which are so very good that I thought them yours, till you called them an Horatian Cento, and then I recollected the *disjecta membra poetæ*. I will not pretend I am so totally in those sentiments which you compliment me with, as I yet hope to be: you tell me I have them, as the civilest method to put me in mind how much it fits me to have them. I ought, first, to prepare my mind by a better knowledge even of good profane writers, especially the moralists, &c. before I can be worthy of tasting that supreme of books, and sublime of all writings;

in which, as in all the intermediate ones, you may (if your friendship and charity toward me continue so far) be the best guide to Your, &c.*

LETTER XX.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

July 30, 1722.

I HAVE written to the duchess† just as you desired, and referred her to our meeting in town for a further account of it. I have done it the rather because your opinion in the case is sincerely mine; and if it had not been so, you yourself should not have induced me to give it. Whether, and how far she will acquiesce in it, I cannot say, espe-

* For some remarks on the subject alluded to in the latter part of this letter, the reader may refer to the Life of Pope, prefixed to this edition, chap. iv. and v.

† The Duchess of Buckingham. *Warburton.*

Of this lady the late Lord Orford has left a very amusing character, in his Reminiscences. The following anecdote relates to the subject of her correspondence with Atterbury and Pope. She made a funeral for her husband, as splendid as that of the great Marlborough. She renewed that pageant for her only son, a weak lad, who died under age, and for herself; and prepared and decorated waxen dolls of him, and of herself, to be exhibited in glass-cases in Westminster Abbey. It was for the procession at her son's burial, that she wrote to old Sarah of Marlborough, to borrow the triumphal car that had transported the corpse of the duke. "It carried my Lord Marlborough," replied the other, "and shall never be used for any body else." "I have consulted the undertaker," replied the Duchess of Buckingham, "and he tells me I may have a finer for twenty pounds." Orford's Works, vol. iv. p. 317. C. *Bowles.*

cially in a case where she thinks the duke's honour concerned; but should she seem to persist a little at present, her good sense (which I depend upon) will afterwards satisfy her that we are in the right.

I go to-morrow to the deanery, and, I believe, I shall stay there, till I have said dust to dust, and shut up that last scene * of pompous vanity.†

* This was the funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, at which the Bishop officiated as Dean of Westminster, in Aug. 1722. *Pope.*

† His portrait has been elegantly drawn by Lord Chesterfield. "Of all the men I ever knew in my life (and I knew him extremely well,) the late Duke of Marlborough possessed the graces in the highest degree, not to say engrossed them: and indeed he got the most by them; for I will venture (contrary to the custom of profound historians, who always assign deep causes for great events) to ascribe the better half of the Duke of Marlborough's greatness and riches to those graces. He was eminently illiterate; wrote bad English, and spelled it still worse. He had no share of what is commonly called parts; that is, he had no brightness, nothing shining in his genius. He had, most undoubtedly, an excellent good plain understanding, with sound judgment. But these alone would probably have raised him but something higher than they found him, which was page to King James II.'s Queen. There the graces protected and promoted him; for while he was ensign of the Guards, the Duchess of Cleveland, then favourite mistress to king Charles II. struck by those very graces, gave him five thousand pounds; with which he immediately bought an annuity for his life, of five hundred pounds a-year, of my grandfather, Halifax; which was the foundation of his subsequent fortunes. His figure was beautiful; but his manner was irresistible by either man or woman. It was by this engaging, graceful manner, that he was enabled, during all his wars, to connect the various and jarring powers of the Grand Alliance, and to carry them on to the main object of the war, notwithstanding their private and separate views, jealousies, and wrong-headednesses. Whatever court he went to, (and he was often obliged to go him-

It is a great while for me to stay there at this time of year: and I know I shall often say to myself, while I am expecting the funeral:

O Rus, quando ego te aspiciam! quandoque licebit
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!*

In that case I shall fancy I hear the ghost of the dead, thus entreating me:

At tu sacratæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Ossibus et capiti inhumato
Particulam dare——
Quanquam festinas, non est mora longa; licebit,
Injecto ter pulvere, curras.

There is an answer for me somewhere in *Hamlet* to this request, which you remember, though I do not. *Poor ghost! thou shalt be satisfied!*——or something like it. However that be, take care

self to some resty and refractory ones,) he as constantly prevailed, and brought them into his measures." *Warton.*

* This Letter, as indeed are many of them, is crowded, even to affectation, with very trite quotations from Horace and Virgil. The Bishop appears to have been rather a polite than profound scholar. One of his best compositions is a Preface to *Waller*'s Poems, written 1690; in which is a rational and powerful defence of blank verse, and one of the earliest encomiums on the Paradise Lost; which HE, and not Lord *Somers*, had the great merit of procuring to be printed in folio by subscription. He wrote a large part of *Boyle*'s Dissertation on Phalaris, against *Bentley;* but complained afterwards of the coldness and ingratitude with which his labours, on this occasion, were treated by Mr. *Boyle.* Never was there a more complete victory than was gained over him by Bp. *Hoadly*, for his perverse and groundless interpretation of the text, "If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable." *Hoadly* also powerfully attacked him on the doctrine of *Passive Obedience:* a doctrine so singularly absurd, as scarce indeed to merit a serious refutation. *Warton.*

that you do not fail in your appointment, that the company of the living may make me some amends for my attendance on the dead.

I know you will be glad to hear that I am well: I should always, could I always be here—

Sed me
Imperiosa trahit Proserpina: vive, valeque.

You are the first man I sent to this morning, and the last man I desire to converse with this evening, though at twenty miles distance from you:

Te, veniente die, te, decedente, requiro.

LETTER XXI.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

DEAR SIR, *The Tower, April* 10, 1723.

I THANK you for all the instances of your friendship, both before, and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me; and will please myself with the thought, that I still live in your esteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accident of life, no distance of time, or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me; who have loved and valued you, ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so; as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he

sent me, which was much to the purpose, if any thing can be said to be to the purpose, in a case that is already determined. Let him know my Defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any body, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the despatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both! and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me, ever pursue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider.* You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter, with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily and not without some degree of concern apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

Some natural tears he dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before him, where to chuse
His place of rest, and *Providence* his guide.†

* Pope was called upon, and examined before the House of Lords, on the point above referred to.

† He repeated these lines to some of the upper scholars of Westminster school, who went to visit him in the Tower.

Warton.

LETTER XXII.

TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

April 20, 1723.

It is not possible to express what I think,* and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for some time past: and shall think of nothing so long for the time to come. The greatest comfort I had was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey, to which I had brought that person† to consent, who only could have hindered me, by a tie which, though it may be more tender, I do not think more strong, than that of friendship. But I fear there will be no

* Whatever our author's opinion might be, it is now but too manifest, from the curious collection of the bishop's letters, published by Mr. *J. Nichols*, 1783, in three vols. 8vo. and enlarged to 5 vols. in 1789, particularly in pages 148 and 167 of vol. i. that he was engaged in a treasonable correspondence with the Pretender. In these volumes are many entertaining letters to M. *Thiriot*, the intimate friend of *Voltaire*, in the last edition of whose works are above a hundred letters to this M. *Thiriot*, who was allowed to dine with Voltaire every day, during his imprisonment in the Bastile, for six months, 1725: just before Voltaire came to England, where he was so well received, and got a very large and liberal subscription to his *Henriade*, and lived much with Lord Peterborough and Lord Bolingbroke. I will take occasion to add, that *Thiriot* was in correspondence for thirty years with the great king of *Prussia*, but never received from that monarch any thing *but compliments*. In one of these letters, Atterbury observes to Thiriot, that the Abbé du Bos, in his Reflections on Poetry and Painting, furnished Voltaire with the hint of his poem on the Ligue. Vol. i. p. 179. *Warton.*

† Pope's mother. *Bowles.*

way left me to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely esteem and value you: no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authorize it, or secret conveyance to secure it; which no bills can preclude, and no kings prevent; a way that can reach to any part of the world where you may be, where the very whisper or even the wish of a friend must not be heard, or even suspected. By this way I dare tell my esteem and affection of you, to your enemies in the gates, and you, and they, and their sons, may hear of it.

You prove yourself, my lord, to know me for the friend I am; in judging that the manner of your defence, and your reputation by it, is a point of the highest concern to me: and assuring me, it shall be such, that none of your friends shall blush for you. Let me further prompt you to do yourself the best and most lasting justice; the instruments of your fame to posterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that Providence has appointed you to some great and useful work, and calls you to it this severe way? You may more eminently and more effectually serve the public even now, than in the stations you have so honourably filled. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon.* Is it not the latter, the disgraced part of

* Clarendon indeed wrote his best works in his banishment; but the best of Bacon's were written before his disgrace; and the best of Cicero's after his return from exile. *Warburton.*

their lives, which you most envy, and which you would choose to have lived?

I am tenderly sensible of the wish you express, that no part of your misfortune may pursue me. But, God knows, I am every day less and less fond of my native country, (so torn as it is by party-rage,) and begin to consider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleasing hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully assure you, that in the mean time there is no one, living or dead, of whom I shall think oftener or better than of you. I shall look upon you as in a state between both, in which you will have from me all the passions and warm wishes that can attend the living, and all the respect and tender sense of loss, that we feel for the dead. And I shall ever depend upon your constant friendship, kind memory, and good offices, though I were never to see or hear the effects of them: like the trust we have in benevolent spirits, who, though we never see or hear them, we think, are constantly serving us, and praying for us.

Whenever I am wishing to write to you, I shall conclude you are intentionally doing so to me. And every time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never shall suffer to be forgotten (nay, to be but faintly remembered) the

honour, the pleasure, the pride I must ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have distinguished me, how cordially you have advised me! In conversation, in study, I shall always want you, and wish for you; in my most lively and in my most thoughtful hours I shall equally bear about me the impressions of you; and perhaps it will not be in this life only, that I shall have cause to remember and acknowledge the friendship of the Bishop of Rochester.

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

May 17, 1723.

ONCE more I write to you as I promised,* and this once, I fear, will be the last! The curtain will

* There is an anecdote, so uncommon and remarkable, lately mentioned in Dr. Maty's Memoirs of the Earl of Chesterfield, and which he gives in the very words of that celebrated nobleman, that I cannot forbear repeating it in this place: "I went," said Lord Chesterfield, "to Mr. Pope, one morning at Twickenham, and found a large folio Bible, with gilt clasps, lying before him upon his table; and, as I knew his way of thinking upon that book, I asked him, jocosely, if he was going to write an answer to it? It is a present, said he, or rather a legacy, from my old friend, the Bishop of Rochester. I went to take my leave of him yesterday in the Tower, where I saw this Bible upon his table. After the first compliments, the bishop said to me, "My friend Pope, considering your infirmities, and my age and exile, it is not likely that we should ever meet again; and therefore I give you this legacy to remember me by it."—"Does your lordship abide by it yourself?"—"I do."—"If you do, my lord, it is

soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good-night.

but lately. May I beg to know what new light or arguments have prevailed with you now, to entertain an opinion so contrary to that which you entertained of that book all the former part of your life?"—The bishop replied, "We have not time to talk of these things; but take home the book: I will abide by it, and I recommend you to do so too, and so God bless you!"—Charity and justice call on us, not hastily to credit so marvellous a tale, without the strongest testimony for its truth. And, for the sake of justice, I here insert a letter, from a very respectable man, which I received on this subject.

"Rev. Sir, *South Moulton, Devonshire, May* 28, 1782.

"You will be surprized at this address from a person who hath not the honour of being known to you, even by name; but the occasion of my writing will, I trust, plead for my freedom.

"I have this week had the long-wished-for satisfaction of reading your . . . . . Essay on the Works of Pope. *Mine* will add nothing to the applause, which your writings have received from readers of taste and judgment. But the design of this letter is not to pay you a compliment. You need it not: and I have something to communicate to you, which I am sure you will be better pleased with.

"In quoting a certain 'uncommon anecdote,' respecting Bishop Atterbury, from Dr. Maty's Memoirs of Lord Chesterfield, you very candidly acknowledge that it ought not to be credited too hastily. When I first read it in the work from whence you have extracted it, I was much startled at it: but recollecting from *what* source it issued, I was led to suspect its truth. The story is a very insidious one; and perfectly in Lord Chesterfield's manner!—It is airy, and gay, and arch: but no disguise can cover an infidel's malignity. I would not judge hastily of any man's motives: nor call the veracity of any man in question without the clearest evidence. But it is on the clearest evidence, and with the fullest conviction, that I scruple not to pronounce this story, concerning Bishop Atterbury's infidelity, to be groundless.

"The anecdote relates, that this remarkable conversation be-

May you enjoy a state of repose in this life, not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have be-

tween Atterbury and Pope took place *but a few days* before the bishop went into exile; whereas it appears from a letter dated *nine months before* this event, that the bishop had, with equal piety and generosity, interested himself so far in the spiritual welfare of his friend Mr. Pope, as to recommend to him the study of the Holy Scriptures; and softening his zeal by his urbanity, had so won on the esteem and affection of Pope, as to draw from him the most grateful and liberal acknowledgements. The letter I refer to is the 19th, of the collection of those between Atterbury and Pope. At the conclusion is the following very remarkable passage: 'I ought *first*,' says Mr. Pope, 'to prepare my mind for a better knowledge, *even* of good profane writers, especially the moralists, &c. *before* I can be worthy of tasting *that supreme of books*, and *sublime of all writings;* in which, as in all the intermediate ones, *you* may, if your friendship and charity towards me continue so far, be the *best guide* to Your, &c.'

"This letter bears date July 27, 1722. The bishop did not go into exile till nearly three quarters of a year afterwards. The last letter of Pope to that bishop previous to his exile, is dated April 20, 1723. It must have been about this time that Pope paid him a visit in the Tower: but whether *such* a conversation took place as hath been pretended, may be safely, for the bishop's credit, submitted to the determination of every man of common sense, after reading the above extract.

"I communicated these hints last winter to my very esteemed friend Mr. Moore, one of the canons of the church of Exeter, and he wished me to communicate them to the public, in order to check the insolence of certain gentlemen, who, arrogating all the good sense in the world to themselves, would insinuate that a man of genius, if he professes to be a Christian, must be a hypocrite. I had an intention of complying with Mr. Moore's request; but a variety of other engagements put it quite out of my head, till the remembrance was recalled by your publication. I would not presume to dictate to you: your better judgment will decide whether it would be proper for you to take notice of those hints, and to mould them into a form that may be worthy of the public eye, in the next edition of your ingenious essay. My motive in

lieved is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But upon the

thus simply offering them to your notice, arose from an honest wish to remove *unmerited* obloquy from the dead.

" I should sincerely rejoice if it was in my power to remove, with equal ease and success, the cloud which, in some other respects, still obscures the lustre of the bishop's memory.

" I have the honour to be, with great esteem,

" Reverend Sir,

" Your very humble Servant,

" S. BADCOCK."

Warton.

This letter, from that unfortunate and learned man, S. Badcock, sufficiently vindicates the bishop's fame, respecting Lord Chesterfield's shallow and unfeeling reflections; and it ought to teach us, how little reason we have to rely (particularly in times of party violence) on stories which may be easily *fabricated*, but not so easily disproved, against any character. When the *good name* of a respectable individual is concerned, no " ipse dixit" ought to have the least weight, unless it is strengthened and confirmed by more unequivocal testimonies.

It gives me pleasure, that I am enabled, through the kindness of Parry Okeden, Esq. to present to the public the inscription written in the Bible given by Atterbury in the Tower to Pope.

Pope presented this Bible to his friend Ralph Allen, of Prior Park. It is now in the possession of the Dowager Lady Hawarden, to whose late husband it descended on his marriage with a co-heiress of Mr. Allen. In the blank leaf at the beginning is the following inscription in the hand-writing of Pope:

Franciscus Episcopus Roffensis,
Vir admodum venerandus et amicissimus,
Alexandro Pope dono dedit,

whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your studies; they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all posterity: and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life but a censure or critic on the past? Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: the boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility; and you will never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than those toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of avarice.

Jun. 17, 1723, Anno Exilii 1°.
Cape dona extrema tuorum!
Obiit vir venerandus Lutetiis
Mense Februario, Anno Domini 1731-2.
Exilio 8°, Ætatis 71°.

Mar. 30, 1739.

A. Pope, Radulpho Allen, viro de se
Atque omnibus hominibus bene merito
In usum sacelli sui Widcombiensis
Dedit—— *Bowles.*

The imputations on the religious tenets of Atterbury and Pope, to which the anecdote of Dr. Maty has given rise, have been particularly noticed and considered in the Life of Pope prefixed to the present edition, chap. v.

At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents not to serve a party or a few, but all mankind. Your genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it; to shine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember it was at such a time, that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death. But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished in the noblest minds; but revenge never will harbour there. Higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men, whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life,* as one just upon

* The bishop of Rochester went into exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which happened at Paris, on the fifteenth day of February in the year 1732. *Pope.*

the edge of immortality; where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views, and all mean retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration.

I am with the greatest sincerity, and passion for your fame aswell as happiness, Your, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Paris, Nov. 23, 1731.

You will wonder to see me in print; but how could I avoid it? The dead and the living, my friends and my foes, at home and abroad, called upon me to say something; and the reputation of an History* which I and all the world value, must have suffered, had I continued silent. I have printed it here, in hopes that somebody may venture to reprint it in England, notwithstanding

* E. of Clarendon's. *Warburton.*

Dr. *John Burton*, Fellow of Eton College, published a complete vindication of the authenticity of this invaluable History of *Clarendon*; a history written with almost unparalleled dignity of style and manner; though perhaps, in some instances, leaning to a partiality for the character of his unfortunate, but unwise master. It has been very lately proved, that there were some omissions made in the Oxford edition of this history. *Warton.*

those two frightening words at the close of it.* Whether that happens or not, it is fit you should have a sight of it, who, I know, will read it with some degree of satisfaction, as it is mine, though it should have (as it really has) nothing else to recommend it. Such as it is, *Extremum hoc munus morientis habeto;* for that may well be the case, considering that within a few months I am entering into my seventieth year: after which, even the healthy and the happy cannot much depend upon life, and will not, if they are wise, much desire it. Whenever I go, you will lose a friend who loves and values you extremely, if in my circumstances I can be said to be lost to any one, when dead, more than I am already whilst living. I expected to have heard from you by Mr. Morice, and wondered a little that I did not; but he owns himself in a fault, for not giving you due notice of his motions. It was not amiss that you forbore writing, on a head wherein I promised more than I was able to perform. Disgraced men fancy sometimes that they preserve an influence, where, when they endeavour to exert it, they soon see their mistake. I did so, my good friend, and acknowledge it under my hand. You sounded the coast, and found out my error, it seems, before I was aware of it: but enough on this subject.

* The Bishop's name set to his Vindication of Bishop Smalridge, Dr. Aldrich, and himself, from the scandalous reflections of Oldmixon, relating to the publication of Lord Clarendon's History. Paris, 1731, 4to. since reprinted in England. *Pope.*

What are they doing in England to the honour of letters: and particularly what are you doing? *Ipse quid audes? Quæ circumvolitas agilis Thyma?* Do you pursue the moral plan you marked out, and seemed sixteen months ago* so intent upon? Am I to see it perfected ere I die, and are you to enjoy the reputation of it while you live? Or do you rather choose to leave the marks of your friendship, like the legacies of a will, to be read and enjoyed only by those who survive you? Were I as near you as I have been, I should hope to peep into the manuscript before it was finished. But, alas! there is, and will ever probably be, a great deal of land and sea between us. How many books have come out of late in your parts, which you think I should be glad to peruse? Name them: the catalogue, I believe, will not cost you much trouble. They must be good ones indeed, to challenge any part of my time, now I have so little of it left. I, who squandered whole days heretofore, now husband hours when the glass begins to run low, and care not to misspend them on trifles. At the end of the lottery of life, our last minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, rise in their valuation. They are not of so much worth perhaps in themselves as those which preceded, but we are apt to prize them more, and with reason. I do so, my dear friend, and yet think the most precious minutes of my life are well employed in reading what you write. But this is a satisfaction I cannot

* So that the plan for the Essay on Man was laid 1729. *Warton.*

much hope for, and therefore must betake myself to others less entertaining. Adieu! dear Sir, and forgive me engaging with one, whom you, I think, have reckoned among the heroes of the Dunciad.* It was necessary for me either to accept of his dirty challenge, or to have suffered in the esteem of the world by declining it.

My respects to your mother; I send one of these papers for Dean Swift, if you have an opportunity, and think it worth while to convey it. My country at this distance seems to me a strange sight, I know not how it appears to you, who are in the midst of the scene, and yourself a part of it; I wish you would tell me. You may write safely to Mr. Morice, by the honest hand that conveys this, and will return into these parts before Christmas; sketch out a rough draught of it, that I may be able to judge whether a return to it be really eligible, or whether I should not, like the chemist in the bottle, upon hearing Don Quevedo's account of Spain, desire to be corked up again.

After all, I do and must love my country, with all its faults and blemishes; even that part of the constitution which wounded me unjustly, and itself through my side, shall ever be dear to me. My last wish shall be like that of father Paul, *Esto perpetua!* And when I die at a distance from it, it will be in the same manner as Virgil describes the expiring Peloponnesian,

Sternitur——et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

* Oldmixon.

Do I still live in the memory of my friends, as they certainly do in mine? I have read a good many of your paper-squabbles about me, and am glad to see such free concessions on that head, though made with no view of doing me a pleasure, but merely of loading another. I am, &c.

LETTER XXV.*

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

Montpelier, Nov. 20, 1729.

I AM not yet master enough of myself, after the late wound I have received, to open my very heart to you, and I am not content with less than that, whenever I converse with you. My thoughts are at present vainly, but pleasingly employed, on what I have lost, and can never recover. I know well I ought, for that reason, to call them off to other subjects, but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving them the rein a little, and suffering them to spend their force, I hope in some time to check and subdue them. *Multis fortunæ*

* The original of this letter, as published by Mr. Nichols, begins thus: "Yes, dear Sir, I have had all you designed for me, and have read all (as I read whatever you write) with esteem and pleasure. But your last letter, full of friendship and goodness, gave me such impressions of concern and tenderness, as neither I can express, nor you, perhaps, with all the force of your imagination, fully conceive." One or two more variations will be noticed. C. *Bowles.*

vulneribus perculsus, huic uni me imparem sensi, e pene succubui. This is weakness, not wisdom, own; and on that account fitter to be trusted t the bosom of a friend, where I may safely lodg all my infirmities. As soon as my mind is in som measure corrected and calmed, I will endeavour t follow your advice, and turn it to something of us and moment; if I have still life enough left to d any thing that is worth reading and preserving. I the mean time I shall be pleased to hear that yo proceed in what you intend, without any such me lancholy interruptions as I have met with. You mind is as yet unbroken by age and ill accident your knowledge and judgment are at the height use them in writing somewhat that may teach th present and future times, and if not gain equall the applause of both, may yet raise the envy of th one, and secure the admiration of the other.* Em ploy not your precious moments and great talent on little men and little things; † but choose a sub ject every way worthy of you, and handle it as yo can, in a manner which nobody else can equal o imitate. As for me, my abilities, if I ever had any are not what they were: and yet I will endeavou to recollect and employ them.

——gelidus tardante senectâ
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effœto in corpore vires.

* "Remember, Virgil died at 52, and Horace at 58; and a bad as both their constitutions were, yours is yet more delicat and tender." Orig. C. *Bowles.*

† It is to be wished that our author had attended to this judi cious admonition. *Warton.*

However, I should be ungrateful to this place, if I did not own that I have gained upon the gout in the south of France, much more than I did at Paris; though even there I sensibly improved.* I believe my cure had been perfected, but the earnest desire of meeting one I dearly loved,† called me abruptly to Montpelier; where after continuing two months, under the cruel torture of a sad and fruitless expectation, I was forced at last to take a long journey to Toulouse; and even there I had missed the person I sought, had she not, with great spirit and courage, ventured all night up the Garonne to see me, which she above all things desired to do before she died. By that means she was brought where I was, between seven and eight in the morning, and lived twenty hours afterwards; which time was not lost on either side, but passed in such a manner as gave great satisfaction to both, and such as, on her part, every way became her circumstances and character. For she had her senses to the very last gasp, and exerted them to give me, in those few hours, greater marks of duty and love than she had done in all her lifetime, though she had never been wanting in either.‡ The last words she said to me were the kindest of

* In the original is a long paragraph, giving an account of his case having been mismanaged by a physician, who prescribed a milk diet. C. *Bowles.*

† His daughter, Mrs. Morice.

‡ This passage probably suggested Pope's epitaph in dialogue between the bishop and his daughter, on which Dr. Johnson has made so unjust and unfeeling a remark.

all; a reflection on the goodness of God, whic had allowed us in this manner to meet once mor before we parted for ever. Not many minutes afte that, she laid herself on her pillow, in a sleepin posture,

Placidâque ibi demum morte quievit.

Judge you, sir, what I felt, and still feel on this oc casion, and spare me the trouble of describing it At my age, under my infirmities, among utte strangers, how shall I find out proper reliefs an supports? I can have none, but those with whicl Reason and Religion furnish me, and those I la hold on, and grasp as fast as I can. I hope tha He, who laid the burden upon me (for wise an good purposes no doubt), will enable me to bea it, in like manner, as I have borne others, witl some degree of fortitude and firmness.

You see how ready I am to relapse into an ar gument which I had quitted once before in thi letter. I shall probably again commit the same fault, if I continue to write; and therefore I stop short here, and with all sincerity, affection, and esteem, bid you adieu! till we meet either in this world, if God pleases, or else in another.*

I am, &c.

* His body was brought to England, and interred on May 12, 1732, in his vault in Westminster Abbey: his bowels were in an urn thus inscribed:

"In hâc urnâ depositi sunt cineres,
"Francisci Atterbury Episcopi Roffensis."

The Inscription was intended to be longer, containing very severe sarcasms on his trial and banishment, and ending thus:

" Cavete Posteri!
" Hoc Facinus, conscivit, aggressus est, perpetravit, (Episcoporum præcipuè suffragiis adjutus,) Robertus iste Walpole,
" Quem nulla nesciet Posteritas!"

Epistolary Correspondence published by Mr. Nichols, vol. i. p. 302.

Warton.

Is it possible to read this, and some of the foregoing letters of Atterbury, breathing such unaffected tenderness, yet such as becomes *a man*, at a time too when he was under infirmities, among strangers, bowed by age and sorrows, without tears?

Sunt lacrymæ rerum
Et mentem mortalia tangunt.

His lines respecting himself, on his translation of the Georgics, are sweet and pathetic:

——Hæc ego lusi
Ad Sequanæ ripas, *Thamesino a flumine longe*,
Jam senior, fractusque, sedet *ipsâ morte* MEORUM,
Quos colui, PATRIÆQUE memor, nec DEGENER usquam.

Thus Englished by himself:

——Thus on the banks of Seine,
Far from my native home, I pass my hours,
Broken *with years and pain*; yet *my firm heart*
Regards my FRIENDS and COUNTRY e'en in DEATH.

Also in couplets, worthy his friend Pope:

Thus where the Seine thro' realms of slavery strays,
With sportive verse I wing my tedious days,
Far from Britannia's happy climate torn,
Bow'd down with age, and with diseases worn:
Yet e'en in death I act a steady part,
And still my friends and country share my heart.

I cannot help thinking, that there were some traits like similarity of character, though their political principles were diametrically opposite, in Atterbury and Milton. Milton, on many accounts, was a favourite with Atterbury. Both were *hostile* to the respective governments under which they lived; both had a warmth of high and indignant animation; both a magnanimity, but the magnanimity of the *one* was awful and severe, that of the *other* mingled

with the tenderest social feelings; the *Father* and *Friend* in Atterbury, predominating over the *Patriot* and the *Man*. Atterbury's delight in Milton's poetry, arose from a congeniality of taste; and had he not so professedly regarded Pope *as unrivalled*, he would himself, I think, from the extracts here given, have been a pathetic poet. In genius, in deep learning, in comprehensive talents, Atterbury, no doubt, must appear *far inferior* to Milton; but there was something *approaching* to Milton in particular features of his character; and the firmness which appears in his writings, under sickness, exile, and domestic calamity, draws the resemblance nearer, when we think on them both,

(On evil tongues though fall'n, and evil days!)

still wooing the consolations of the Muse.

When Atterbury's corpse was brought over from France, in order for interment in Westminster Abbey, the resentment of party still seemed to operate. Mr. Morice, his son-in-law, was taken into custody the same evening he landed with the remains of Atterbury, and was closely examined before the Duke of Newcastle. The vessel was also strictly searched by the custom-house officers. The coffin was even arrested, and searched.

On the 12th of May 1732, the body was taken from the undertaker's, *late* at night, and interred about one in the morning, in the most private manner, attended only by Mr. Morice, his son-in-law, and, much to their honour, his two late chaplains, Dr. Savage and Mr. Moore. What increased the public feelings on the occasion was, that Mrs. Oldfield the actress, about the same time, lay in state, and was sung by a full choir to her grave.

In speaking of Atterbury, I have spoken of him *only* as a *man*. His *political principles* were such as would have entailed on us the most odious and arbitrary power; from which we were rescued by the firmness and wisdom of the ministry, and particularly Sir Robert Walpole. *Bowles.*

LETTERS

TO

MR. BETHEL.

It is remarkable, that notwithstanding the acknowledged anxiety of Pope for the establishment of his literary fame, he should have selected his nearest friends for qualifications which have little or no connexion with that object, and have preferred plain good sense, integrity, and fidelity, to superiority of talent and splendor of reputation; a circumstance which may perhaps incline us to give credit to the asseveration he so frequently makes, that he was still more desirous of being esteemed a good man, than a great poet. Such seems to have been the basis of his friendship with Mr. Bethel; a gentleman of good fortune in Yorkshire, with whom he maintained an uninterrupted intercourse to the close of his life. It would, perhaps, be impossible to point out a more striking or a more delicate compliment, than that which he has paid to Mr. Bethel, in the Essay on Man; where, under the appearance of noticing an infirmity, he insinuates so high an opinion of his worth, as to suppose that if any thing could change the course of nature, it would be for the important object of alleviating the complaint of such a person.

" Shall burning Etna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recal her fires?
On air and sea new motions be impress'd,
O blameless Bethel, to relieve thy breast?

He has also introduced him as an interlocutor in the second satire of the second book of Horace, as

—— " One not vers'd in schools;
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.

On the publication of the first edition of his poems in 1717, Pope presented a copy (being one of 100 copies printed in quarto for presents to his friends) to Mr. Bethel, with the following inscription:

Viro, antiquâ probitate et amicitiâ prædito,
Hugoni Bethel,
Munusculum Alexandri Pope.
Te mihi junxerunt nivei sine crimine mores,
Simplicitas sagax, ingenuusque pudor,
Et bene nota fides, et candor frontis honestæ,
Et studia studiis non aliena meis.

Mr. Bowles acknowledges that these verses are elegant; but thinks that Pope could not be the author of them, because at

fourteen years old he was unacquainted with Latin quantity, as appears by his writing *malĕa* for *malĕa;* an argument by no means conclusive, when we recollect that Pope, who only began to educate himself when he was twelve years of age, was upwards of twenty-nine when this inscription was written. It is not however improbable that these verses may be found in some modern writer of Latin poetry.

The few letters which remain of this correspondence, and which are now first given under a separate head, rank among the best in the collection, and manifest the confidence which Pope had, as well in the judgment, as in the attachment of his friend. The editor had entertained hopes of being enabled to add to this valuable portion of the correspondence, through the kind recommendations of General Dowdeswell and Miss Dowdeswell, collateral relations to the friend of Pope, to W. J. Bethel, Esq., late high-sheriff of the county of York, who has obligingly furnished the editor with several original letters from Pope to Mr. Slingsby Bethel, a younger brother of Mr. Hugh Bethel, and then a merchant in London; which, although not of sufficient importance to lay before the public, as relating chiefly to money transactions, &c., have been useful in ascertaining dates and circumstances in the Life of Pope. A single letter addressed to Mr. Hugh Bethel by Pope, when nearly at the last extremity, appears amongst them, and has been added, by the kind permission of the possessor, to the present collection.

LETTERS

TO

MR. BETHEL.

LETTER I.

TO HUGH BETHEL, ESQ.

July 12, 1723.

I ASSURE you unfeignedly any memorial of your good-nature and friendliness is most welcome to me, who knew those tenders of affection from you are not like the common traffic of compliments and professions, which most people only give that they may receive; and is at best a commerce of vanity, if not of falsehood. I am happy in not immediately wanting the sort of good offices you offer; but, if I did want them, I should not think myself unhappy in receiving them at your hands. This really is some compliment, for I would rather most men did me a small injury, than a kindness. I know your humanity, and, allow me to say, I love and value you for it: it is a much better ground of love and value, than all the qualities I see the world so fond of: they generally admire in the wrong place, and generally most admire the things they do not comprehend, or the things they

can never be the better for. Very few can receive pleasure or advantage from wit which they seldom taste, or learning which they seldom understand, much less from the quality, high birth, or shining circumstances of those to whom they profess esteem, and who will always remember how much they are their inferiors. But humanity and sociable virtues are what every creature wants every day, and still wants more the longer he lives, and most the very moment he dies. It is ill travelling either in a ditch or on a terrace; we should walk in the common way, where others are continually passing on the same level, to make the journey of life supportable by bearing one another company in the same circumstances. Let me know how I may convey over the Odysseys for your amusement in your journey, that you may compare your own travels with those of Ulysses: I am sure yours are undertaken upon a more disinterested, and therefore a more heroic motive. Far be the omen from you, of returning as he did, alone, without saving a friend.

There is lately printed a book* wherein all human virtue is reduced to one test, that of truth, and branched out in every instance of our duty to God and man. If you have not seen it, you must,

* Mr. Wollaston's excellent book of the *Religion of Nature delineated*. The queen was fond of it, and that made the reading of it, and the talking of it, fashionable. *Warburton.*

Pope also read it attentively; as appears by many passages taken from it, in the Essay on Man. *Warton.*

and I will send it, together with the Odyssey. The very women read it, and pretend to be charmed with that beauty which they generally think the least of. They make as much ado about *truth*, since this book appeared, as they did about *health* when Dr. Cheyne's came out; and will doubtless be as constant in the pursuit of one, as of the other. Adieu.

LETTER II.

August 9, 1726.

I NEVER am unmindful of those I think so well of as yourself; their number is not so great as to confound one's memory. Nor ought you to decline writing to me, upon an imagination, that I am much employed by other people. For though my house is like the house of a Patriarch of old, standing by the highway side, and receiving all travellers, nevertheless I seldom go to bed without the reflection, that one's chief business is to be really at home: and I agree with you in your opinion of company, amusements, and all the silly things which mankind would fain make pleasures of, when in truth they are labour and sorrow.

I condole with you on the death of your relation, the Earl of C.* as on the fate of a mortal man.

* William, Earl of Cadogan, Viscount Cavesham. He died July 17, 1726. C. *Bowles.*

Esteem I never had for him, but concern and humanity I had: the latter was due to the infirmity of his last period, though the former was not due to the triumphant and vain part of his course. He certainly knew himself best at last, and knew best the little value of others, whose neglect of him, whom they so grossly followed and flattered in the former scene of his life, shewed them as worthless as they could imagine him to be, were he all that his worst enemies believed of him. For my own part, I am sorry for his death, and wish he had lived long enough to see so much of the faithlessness of the world, as to have been above the mad ambition of governing such wretches as he must have found it to be composed of.

Though you could have no great value for this great man, yet acquaintance itself, the custom of seeing the face, or entering under the roof, of one that walks along with us in the common way of the world, is enough to create a wish at least for his being above ground, and a degree of uneasiness at his removal. It is the loss of an object familiar to us: I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up, that I remembered ever since I was a child. And add to this the reflection (in the case of such as were not the best of their species) what their condition in another life may be, it is yet a more important motive for our concern and compassion. To say the truth, either in the case of death or life, almost every body and

every thing is a cause or object for humanity, even prosperity itself, and health itself; so many weak, pitiful incidentals attend on them.

I am sorry any relation of yours is ill, whoever it be, for you do not name the person. But I conclude it is one of those to whose houses, you tell me, you are going, for I know no invitation with you is so strong as when any one is in distress, or in want of your assistance: the strongest proof in the world of this was your attendance on the late earl. I have been very melancholy for the loss of Mr. Blount.* Whoever has any portion of good-nature will suffer on these occasions: but a good mind rewards its own sufferings. I hope to trouble you as little as possible, if it be my fate to go before you. I am of old Ennius's mind, *Nemo me decoret lachrymis.* I am but a *lodger* here: this is not an abiding city, I am only to stay out my lease; for what has perpetuity and mortal man to do with each other? But I could be glad you could take up with an inn at Twitenham, as long as I am host of it: if not, I would take up freely with any inn of yours.—Adieu, dear Sir: let us while away this life; and (if we can) meet in another.

* Who died July, 1726, at his house in Devonshire-street, London. C. *Bowles.*

LETTER III.

June 24, 1727.

You are too humane and considerate; things few people could be charged with. Do not say you will not expect letters from me; upon my word I can no more forbear writing sometimes to you, than thinking of you. I know the world too well, not to value you who are an example of acting, living, and thinking, above it, and contrary to it.

I thank God for my mother's unexpected recovery, though my hope can rise no higher than from reprieve to reprieve, the small addition of a few days to the many she has already seen. Yet so short and transitory as this light is, it is all I have to warm or shine upon me; and when it is out, there is nothing else that will live for me, or consume itself in my service. But I would have you think this is not the chief motive of my concern about her. Gratitude is a cheap virtue, one may pay it very punctually, for it costs us nothing, but our memory of the good done. And I owe her more good than ever I can pay, or she at this age receive, if I could. I do not think the tranquillity of the mind ought to be disturbed for many things in this world; but those offices that are necessary duties, either to our friends or ourselves, will hardly prove any breach of it; and as much as they take away from our indolence and ease of body, will contribute to our peace and quiet of

mind by the content they give. They often afford the highest pleasure; and those who do not feel that, will hardly ever find another to match it, let them love themselves ever so dearly. At the same time it must be owned, one meets with cruel disappointments in seeing so often the best endeavours ineffectual to make others happy, and very often (what is most cruel of all) through their own means. But still, I affirm, those very disappointments of a virtuous man are greater pleasures, than the utmost gratifications and successes of a mere self-lover.

The great and sudden event which has just now happened,* puts the whole world (I mean this whole world) into a new state. The only use I have, shall, or wish to make of it, is to observe the disparity of men from themselves in a week's time; the desultory leaping and catching of new motions, new modes, new measures; and that strange spirit and life, with which men broken and disappointed resume their hopes, their solicitations, their ambitions! It would be worth your while as a philosopher, to be busy in these observations, and to come hither to see the fury and bustle of the bees this hot season, without coming so near as to be stung by them. Your, &c.

* The death of K. George the First, which happened the 11th of June, 1727. *Warburton.*

LETTER IV.

June 17, 1728.

AFTER the publishing my boyish letters to Mr. Cromwell, you will not wonder if I should forswear writing a letter again while I live; since I do not correspond with a friend upon the terms of any other free subject of this kingdom. But to you I can never be silent, or reserved; and, I am sure, my opinion of your heart is such, that I could open mine to you in no manner which I could fear the whole world should know. I could publish my own heart too, I will venture to say, for any mischief or malice there is in it; but a little too much folly or weakness might (I fear) appear, to make such a spectacle either instructive or agreeable to others.

I am reduced to beg of all my acquaintance to secure me from the like usage for the future, by returning me any letters of mine which they may have preserved; that I may not be hurt, after my death, by that which was the happiness of my life, their partiality and affection to me.

I have nothing of myself to tell you, only that I have had but indifferent health. I have not made a visit to London. Curiosity and the love of dissipation die apace in me. I am not glad nor sorry for it, but I am very sorry for those who have nothing else to live on.

I have read much, but writ no more. I have

small hopes of doing good, no vanity in writing, and little ambition to please a world not very candid or deserving. If I can preserve the good opinion of a few friends, it is all I can expect, considering how little good I can do even to them to merit it. Few people have your candour, or are so willing to think well of another from whom they receive no benefit, and gratify no vanity. But of all the soft sensations, the greatest pleasure is to give and receive mutual trust. It is by belief and firm hope, that men are made happy in this life, as well as in the other. My confidence in your good opinion, and dependance upon that of one or two more, is the chief cordial drop I taste, amidst the insipid, the disagreeable, the cloying, or the dead-sweet, which are the common draughts of life. Some pleasures are too pert, as well as others too flat, to be relished long; and vivacity in some cases is worse than dulness. Therefore indeed for many years I have not chosen my companions for any of the qualities in fashion, but almost entirely for that which is the most out of fashion, sincerity. Before I am aware of it, I am making your panegyric, and perhaps my own too; for next to possessing the best qualities, is the esteeming and distinguishing those who possess them. I truly love and value you, and so I stop short.

LETTER V.

August 9, 1733.

You might well think me negligent or forgetful of you, if true friendship and sincere esteem were to be measured by common forms and compliments. The truth is, I could not write then, without saying something of my own condition, and of my loss of so old and so deserving a parent, which really would have troubled you; or I must have kept a silence upon that head, which would not have suited that freedom and sincere opening of the heart which is due to you from me. I am now pretty well; but my home is uneasy to me still, and I am therefore wandering about all this summer. I was but four days at Twickenham since the occasion that made it so melancholy. I have been a fortnight in Essex, and am now at Dawley, (whose master is your servant,) and going to Cirencester to Lord Bathurst. I shall also see Southampton with Lord Peterborough. The court and Twitenham I shall forsake together. I wish I did not leave our friend,* who deserves more quiet, and more health and happiness, than can be found in such a family. The rest of my acquaintance are tolerably happy in their various ways of life, whether court, country, or town; and Mr. Cleland is as well in the park, as if he were in Paradise. I heartily hope Yorkshire is the same to you; and that no evil, moral or physical, may come near you.

* Mrs. B. *Warburton.*

I have now but too much melancholy leisure, and no other care but to finish my Essay on Man. There will be in it one line that may offend you, I fear; and yet I will not alter or omit it, unless you come to town and prevent me before I print it, which will be in a fortnight in all probability. In plain truth, I will not deny myself the greatest pleasure I am capable of receiving, because another may have the modesty not to share it. It is all a poor poet can do, to bear testimony to the virtue he cannot reach; besides that, in this age, I see too few good examples not to lay hold on any I can find. You see what an interested man I am. Adieu.

LETTER VI.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CONTINUE ill, and have been the worse for the same northerly winds that have affected you so much. This day they are getting into another quarter, and I hope will continue out of the bad one. I have had the bishop's book as a present, and have read it with a good deal of pleasure; but my own doctors having disagreed with your Yorkshire Dr. Thomson, on the use of waters in a dropsical asthma, I am at present confined only to gum ammoniac, sal volatile, and sena, in small quantities, and to take comfortable things, rather than

* Now first printed.

much physic. I have severely suffered, but am obliged to your brother for the wine, which was very good. I long to see you, whenever you can come. I am utterly unable to come to you. I am now so weak that I can hardly read or write at present,* but shall as soon as I can. I feel all my friendship for all my friends as strongly as ever, and for you as much as any. Heaven preserve you! A. POPE.

* In this letter Pope has been obliged to have recourse to the pen of a friend. It is in all probability the last of his correspondence.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

AARON HILL, ESQ.

FROM 1726 TO 1739.

THE correspondence between Pope and Aaron Hill was first given under a distinct head in the works of Pope by Dr. Warton; but with such a disregard to chronological order, as might readily be supposed to mislead the reader. Thus the last letter there inserted is that which bears the date of Jan. 28, 1730—1; in which Pope is attacked by Hill with great severity and strength of argument. Hence it would appear, that Pope was unable to make any reply; whereas, by referring back to Letter IV. in Warton's edition, we find a letter from Pope, dated Feb. 5, 1730—1, in which he vindicates himself against these charges, to the entire satisfaction of Hill, between whom and Pope a friendly intercourse was continued for several years afterwards, marked by a series of favours on the part of Pope, in correcting the dramatic works, and promoting the interests of Hill, for which the latter was unbounded in his acknowledgments. In the same correspondence, we find letters without their answers, and answers without the letters that gave rise to them; and the same observation applies also to the subsequent edition of Mr. Bowles.

In the present edition an attempt has been made to correct these errors, and to supply these deficiencies by giving the letters in their proper order, and filling up the chasms in the correspondence from other sources, in order that the subject may be understood, and the letters mutually illustrate each other; a task the more necessary, as the controversy between these writers has been considered as redounding more to the discredit of Pope, than any other in which he was ever engaged. Of the transactions that took place between Pope and Hill, some account may be found in the Life of Pope prefixed to this edition, chap. vii.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

AARON HILL, ESQ.

LETTER I.

MR. POPE TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, (1727.)

THE little thing which you take so kindly, is but a very small part of what I owe you; and whatever my studies, or (to use a properer word) idleness, are capable of producing, ought to be returned you in mere gratitude for the pleasure I have received from your own writings; in which, give me leave to say, your good-will to me in particular is as distinguishable, as the obligation you lay on the public in general. I am very happy in the envy and silly attacks of such people as have awakened the generosity of so powerful a defender. Nor am I ashamed of those weaknesses of mine, which they have exposed in print, (the greatest of which was my thinking too candidly of them, to whom I wrote my letters with so much unguarded friendliness and freedom,*) since you have found a way to turn those weaknesses into virtue,

* Alluding to the publication of his letters to Mr. Cromwell in 1727.

by your partial regard of them. The eye of candour, like the sun, makes all the beauties which it sees; it gives colour and brightness to the meanest objects purely by looking on them. I agree with you, that there is a pleasure in seeing the nature and temper of men in the plainest undress; but few men are of consequence enough to deserve or reward that curiosity. I shall indeed (and so will all mankind) be highly pleased to see the great Czar of Muscovy in this light, drawn by himself, like an ancient master, in rough strokes, without heightening or shadowing. What a satisfaction to behold that perfect likeness, without art, affectation, or even the gloss of colouring, with a noble neglect of all that finishing and smoothing, which any other hand would have been obliged to bestow on so principal a figure!* I write this to a man whose judgment I am certain of, and therefore am as certain you will give the world this great depositum, just as you have received it. There will be no danger of your dressing this Mars too finely, whose armour is not gold, but adamant, and whose style in all probability is much more strong than it is polished. I congratulate you, that this great treasure is fallen into your hands; and I congratulate all Europe, that it is to be de-

* In consequence of his poem intitled the Northern Star, written in 1718, Hill had been presented with a gold medal; and was requested by the Empress Catherine to write the life of the Emperor, for which materials were to be sent him from Russia; but the death of the Empress prevented the undertaking.

livered to them through the hands of one, who will think it sacrilege to touch upon, much less to alter, any great lines of such an original.

I can make you no better return for your great compliment upon me (which it would be arrogance in me to shew to any other, and dangerous even to remember myself) but by telling you, that it is honour enough to reward all my studies, to find my character and reputation is part of the care of that person to whom the fame and glory of Peter Alexiowitz was committed.

Sir,

I am forced to make use of another hand than my own in this letter, having received a wound cross all the veins of my right hand, by which the tendons of two fingers are separated; however, it was a fine paid for my life, which has been very narrowly saved, and which may now continue me some years longer.*

Dear Sir,

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

TO MR. HILL.

SIR, *January* 5, 1730-1.

I WAS unwilling to answer your too obliging letter (which puts much too great a stress upon

* The accident here referred to happened in September, 1726, some time after which this letter appears to have been written.

my opinion) till I had read your play with the attention it deserves: I mean, not once, but several times over. In a word, to comply with my judgment, will cost you no trouble, except to your modesty; which is, *to act it as soon as possible.* Nothing but trifles have I to object, and which were such as did not once stop me at the first reading; the spirit, design, and characters, carrying me on, without stop, check, or even intermission. You certainly are master of the art of the stage, in the manner of forming and conducting the design, which I think impossible to be mended; of that great part, and of the other, the raising the passions, I will say nothing to you, who know them so much better than myself. I would only point out a few particularities in thought or expression, as material as excepting to a button on your coat, or a loose hair. Two or three lines I have with great timorousness written on one of your blank leaves in black lead, half afraid to be legible, and not without some hope, that before you see them, they may be vanished: so may perhaps my objections, every one of them. Shall I see you soon, to tell you these nothings? Whenever I shall see you, I hope to find we can employ the time better, than I, in telling, or you, in hearing them. Or must I return you the play now? Your orders will be obeyed as soon as you give them. I really rejoice at your lady's recovery: I would have her and you think the air of Richmond is particularly good to re-establish

her. Pray let Miss Hill know, I am ready to believe all the good things her own father can see in her: I can safely trust both his *judgments* and his *affections*. I am, truly, Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER III.

FROM MR. HILL.

SIR, *Petty France, Westminster, Jan.* 18, 1731.

I WISH the *Plain Dealers* may be worth a place in your library, since, being most of them mine, they are too much your due, to deserve your thanks, and too insignificant to reward your notice.

I send you with them a little present, still more due to you; because it was derived from your inspiration three or four years since, in a small branch of my family, not then eleven years old. She came to me one day in my study, to return me your poems, and supply herself with some new book, as usual; being willing to try her taste, I gave her Blackmore's Prince Arthur, and told her very gravely, that it was so extraordinary a poem, that the author had been *knighted* for writing it. She took it, with great expectation, and shut herself up in her closet the whole remainder of that day. But next morning I was surprized to see the book upon a table, placed purposely in my way, with the paper I enclose you sticking out between the leaves of it.

You have more right than I to the verses, be-

cause they are the effect of your own genius, outworking nature, and creating judgment, in an infant, who could see you, but as she saw the *sun*, by a light of your own lending.

You have them, as they came out of her hand, without the least retouching or alteration. I will remark but two things; first, that the eight concluding lines (at an age too weak for *art*, and speaking the language of pure truth and nature) contain a forceful example of the influence of *good* poetry and of *bad*, which might have given *rest* to the *muse of Sir Richard Blackmore*, had he lived to see and consider it. And the *second* remark (which I make with most pleasure) is, how natural it is in my family to love and admire you.

If, after this, I should inform you that I have a gentle complaint to make to, and against you, concerning a paragraph in the notes of a late edition of the Dunciad, I fear you would think your crime too little to deserve the punishment of so long a letter, as you are doomed to, on that subject,* from,

Sir,

Your most humble, and
Most obedient Servant,
A. HILL.

* This observation gave rise to the controversy between Pope and Hill, which was carried on for some time with considerable warmth.

LETTER IV.

TO MR. HILL.

SIR, *January 26*, 1730-1.

I AM obliged to you for your compliment, and can truly say I never gave you just cause of complaint. You once mistook on a bookseller's idle report, and publicly expressed your mistake; yet you mistook a second time, that two initial letters, only, were meant of you, though every letter in the alphabet was put in the same manner: and, in truth, (except some few,) those letters were set at random, to occasion what they did occasion, the suspicion of bad and jealous writers, of which number I could never reckon Mr. Hill, and most of whose names I did not know.*

Upon this mistake you were too ready to attack me, in a paper of very pretty verses, in some public journal. I should imagine the Dunciad meant you a real compliment, and so it has been thought by many, who have asked, to whom that passage made that oblique *panegyric*.† As to the notes, I am weary of telling a great truth, which is, that I am not author of them; though I love truth so

* In the *Art of Sinking in Poetry* Pope has a class of geniuses which he denominates FLYING *fishes*, "who now and then rise upon their fins, and fly out of the profund; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom." Amongst the initials intended as examples, we find the letters A. H.

† The panegyric certainly outweighs the censure, and is indeed highly beautiful and poetical. *Bowles.*

well, as fairly to tell you, Sir, I think even that note a commendation, and should think myself not ill used *to have the same words said of me:* therefore, believe me, I never was other than friendly to you, in my own mind.

Have I not much more reason to complain of *The Caveat?** Where, give me leave, Sir, to tell you, with the same love of truth, and with the frankness it inspired, (which, I hope, you will see, through this whole letter,) I am falsely abused, in being represented "*sneakingly to approve, and want the worth to cherish or befriend men of merit.*" It is, indeed, Sir, a very great error. I am sorry the author of that reflection knew me no better, and happened to be unknown to those who could have better informed him: for I have the charity to think he was misled only by his ignorance of me, and the benevolence to forgive the worst thing that ever (in my opinion) was said of me, on that supposition.

* Hill had written a complimentary poem to Pope in the form of an allegory, intitled, "*The Progress of Wit, a Caveat;*" to which, in consequence of the supposed attack upon him in the Dunciad, he afterwards prefixed the following lines, scarcely less severe than Pope's own verses upon Addison:

Tuneful *Alexis*, on the *Thame*'s fair side,
The ladies plaything, and the muse's pride;
With merit popular, with wit polite,
Easy tho' vain, and elegant tho' light;
Desiring and deserving others' praise,
Poorly accepts a fame he ne'er repays;
Unborn to cherish, sneakingly approves,
And wants the soul to spread the worth he loves.

I do faithfully assure you, I never was angry at any criticism made on my poetry by whomsoever. If I could do Mr. Dennis any humane office, I would, though I were sure he would abuse me personally to-morrow; therefore it is no great merit in me, to find, at my heart, I am your servant. I am very sorry you ever was of another opinion. I see, by many marks, you distinguished me from my cotemporary writers: had we known one another, you had distinguished me from others, as a *man*, and no ill, or ill-natured one. I only wish you knew, as well as I do, how much I prefer qualities of the heart to those of the head. I vow to God, I never thought any great matters of my poetical capacity; I only thought it a little better, comparatively, than that of some very mean writers, who are too proud. But, I do know *certainly*, my moral life is *superior* to that of most of the *wits* of these days. This is a silly letter, but it will shew you my mind honestly, and, I hope, convince you, I can be, and am, Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER V.

FROM MR. HILL.

SIR, *January* 28, 1730-1.

YOUR answer regarding no part of mine but the conclusion, you must pardon my compliment to the close of yours, in return; if I agree

with you, that your letter is *weaker*, than one would have expected.

You assure me that I did not know you so well as I might, had I happened to be known to others, who could have instructed my ignorance; and I begin to find, indeed, that I was less acquainted with you than I imagined: but your last letter has enlightened me, and I can never be in danger of mistaking you, for the future.

Your enemies have often told me that your *spleen* was, at least, as distinguishable as your *genius;* and it will be kinder, I think, to believe them, than impute to rudeness or ill-manners the return you were pleased to make, for the civility with which I addressed you.

I will therefore suppose you to have been *peevish*, or in *pain*, while you were writing me this letter: and, upon that supposition, shall endeavour to undeceive you. If I did not love you, as a good *man*, while I esteem you, as a good *writer*, I should read you without reflection: and it were doing too much honour to *your* friends, and too little to my *own discernment*, to go to *them* for a character of your mind, which I was able enough to extract from your writings.

But, to imitate your love of truth, with the frankness you have taught me, I wish the *great* qualities of your heart were as strong in you as the *good* ones: you would then have been above that emotion and bitterness, wherewith you re-

member things which want weight to deserve your anguish.

Since you were not the writer of the notes to the Dunciad, it would be impertinent to trouble you with the complaint I intended. I will only observe, that the author was in the *right*, to believe me capable of a second *repentance*; but, I hope, I was incapable of that second *sin*, which should have been previous to his supposition. If the initial letters A. H. were not *meant* to stand for my name, yet they were, everywhere, read so, as you might have seen in Mist's Journal, and other public papers; and I had shewn Mr. Pope an example, how reasonable I thought it to clear a mistake publicly, which had been publicly propagated.* One note, among so many, would have done me this justice: and the generosity of such a proceeding could have left no room for that offensive "*sneakingly*," which, though perhaps too harsh a word, was the properest a man could chuse, who was satirizing an approbation, that he had never observed warm enough to declare itself to the world, but in defence of the *great*, or the *popular*.

* The *reasonableness* of the request is so manifest, that it seems impossible to justify the conduct of Pope. He either *did* or *did not know*, that the letters A. H. would be *applied* to *Aaron Hill*. If he knew it, and wished the impression so to remain with the public, he asserted to Hill what he knew was false; if he did not really mean Hill, it was unhandsome not fairly and explicitly to explain it, according to Hill's request. *Bowles.*

He has explained it in the following letter, which is misplaced in the editions of Warton and Bowles.

Again, if the author of the notes knew, that A. H. related not to me, what reason had he to allude to that character as mine, by observing, that I had published pieces bordering upon *bombast;* a circumstance so independent on any other purpose of the note, that I should forget to *whom* I am writing, if I thought it wanted explanation.

As to your oblique panegyric, I am not under so blind an attachment to the *goddess* I was devoted to in the Dunciad, but that I knew it was a *commendation;* though a dirtier one than I wished for; who am neither fond of some of the company in which I was listed; the noble reward, for which I was to become a diver; the allegoric muddiness, in which I was to try my skill; nor the institutor of the games you were so kind to allow me a share in.

Since, however, you could see so clearly, that I ought to be satisfied with the praise, and forgive the dirt it was mixed with, I am sorry it seemed not as reasonable that you should pardon me for returning your compliment with more and opener praise, mixed with less of that dirtiness, which we have both the good taste to complain of.

The *Caveat,** Sir, was mine. It would have been ridiculous to suppose you ignorant of it. I cannot think you need be told, that it meant you no harm; and it had scorned to appear under

* A pamphlet of Hill's, in which he threatened retaliation. *Bowles.*

Not a pamphlet, but the poem before referred to.

the borrowed name it carries, but that the whimsical turn of the preface would have made my own a contradiction. I promise you, however, that for the future I will publish nothing without my name, that concerns you or your writings. I have now almost finished, *An Essay on Propriety and Impropriety, in Design, Thought, and Expression, illustrated by Examples, in both kinds, from the Writings of Mr. Pope;* and, to convince you how much more pleasure it gives me, to distinguish your *lights*, than your *shades;* and that I am as willing as I ought to be, to see and acknowledge my faults; I am ready, with all my heart, to let it run thus, if it would otherwise create the least pain in you: *An Essay on Propriety and Impropriety, &c. illustrated by Examples, of the first, from the Writings of Mr. Pope, and of the last, from those of the author.*

I am sorry to hear you say, you never thought any great matters of your *poetry*. It is, in my opinion, the characteristic you are to hope your *distinction* from: to be *honest*, is the duty of every *plain man!* Nor, since the *soul* of poetry is sentiment, can a *great poet* want *morality*. But your *honesty* you possess in common with a *million*, who will never be *remembered;* whereas your *poetry* is a peculiar, that will make it impossible you should be forgotten.

If you had not been in the *spleen* when you wrote me this letter, I persuade myself you would not, immediately after censuring the *pride* of

writers, have asserted, that you, *certainly, know* your moral life, above that of most of the wits of these days: at any other time, you would have remembered that *humility* is a moral virtue. It was a bold declaration; and the *certainty* with which you know it, stands in need of a better *acquaintance* than you seem to have had with the *tribe;* since you tell me, in the same letter, that many of their *names* were *unknown* to you.

Neither would it appear, to your own reason, at a cooler juncture, over-consistent with the morality you are so sure of, to scatter the letters of the whole alphabet annexed at random to characters of a light and ridiculous cast,* confusedly, with intent to provoke jealous writers into resentment, that you might take occasion, from that resentment, to expose and depreciate their characters.

The services you tell me, you would do Mr. Dennis, even though he should abuse you in return, will, I hope, give him some title to expect an exertion of your recommendatory influence in his behalf. A man, so *popular* as you, might secure him a great subscription. This would merit to be called a *service;* and, the more the world should find you abused in the works you had recommended, so much the more glorious proof would they see, that your morals were, in truth, as superior as you represent them, to those of your cotemporaries. Though you will pardon me the *pride*

* Alluding to the initials in the Treatise on the Bathos.
Bowles.

of wondering a little, how this declaration came to be made to *me*, whose condition not standing in need of such services, it was not, I think, so necessary you should have taken the trouble to talk of them.

Upon the whole, Sir, I find, I am so sincerely your *friend*, that it is not in your own power to make me your *enemy:* else, that unnecessary air of neglect and superiority, which is so remarkable in the turn of your letter, would have nettled me to the quick; and I must triumph, in my turn, at the strength of my own heart, who can, after it, still find, and profess myself, most affectionately and sincerely Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

TO MR. HILL.

SIR, *Parson's Green, Feb.* 5, 1730-1.

SINCE I am fully satisfied we are each of us sincerely and affectionately servants to the other, I desire we may be no further misled by the warmth of writing on this subject. If you think I have shewn too much *weakness*, or if I think you have shewn too much *warmth*, let us forgive one another's temper. I told you I thought my letter a silly one; but the more I thought so, the more in sending it I shewed my trust in your good disposition toward me. I am sorry you took it to have

an air of *neglect*, or *superiority*; because I know in my heart, I had not the least thought of being any way superior to Mr. Hill; and, far from the least design to shew neglect to a gentleman who was shewing me civility, I meant in return to shew him a better thing, sincerity; which I am sorry should be so ill expressed as to seem rudeness. I meant but to complain as frankly as you, that all complaints on both sides might be out, and at a period for ever: I meant by this to have laid a surer foundation for your opinion of me for the future, that it might no more be shaken by mistakes or whispers.

I am sure, Sir, you have a higher opinion of my poetry than I myself. But I am so desirous you should have a just one of me every way, that I wish you understood both my temper in general, and my justice to you in particular, better than I find my letter represented them. I wish it the more, since you tell me how ill a picture my enemies take upon them to give, of the mind of a man they are utter strangers to. However, you will observe, that much *spleen* and *emotion* are a little inconsistent with *neglect*, and an opinion of *superiority*. Towards them, God knows, I never felt any emotions, but what bad writers raise in all men, those gentle ones of laughter or pity: that I was so open, concerned, and serious, with respect to you only, is sure a proof of regard, not neglect. For in truth, nothing ever vexed me, till I saw

your epigram against Dr. S. and me come out in their papers: and this, indeed, did vex me, to see, *one swan among the geese.*

That the letters A. H. were applied to you in the papers,* I did not know, for I seldom read them; I heard it only from Mr. Savage, as from yourself, and sent my assurances to the contrary. But I do not see how the annotator on the D. could have rectified that mistake, *publicly*, without particularizing *your name*, in a book where I thought it too good to be inserted. No doubt he has applied that passage in the D. to you, by the story he tells; but his mention of *bombast, only* in some of your *juvenile pieces*, I think, was meant to shew, that passage hinted only at that *allegorical muddiness*, and not at any *worse sort of dirt*, with which some other writers were charged. I hate to say what will not be believed: yet when I told you, "Many asked me to *whom* that oblique praise was meant," I did not tell you I answered it was *you*. Has it escaped your observation, that the name is a syllable too long?† Or, if you will have it a Christian name, is there any other in the whole book? Is there no author of two syllables

* Was there a human being who ever *doubted*, that the letters in the Bathos, A. H. meant Aaron Hill? What must we think of Pope, asserting this so solemnly? Let not this observation be called "unfriendliness" to Pope's character; it is due to *truth* and *justice*, so to speak. *Bowles.*

† This was the case in the first editions, in which the lines were:

Next * * tried, but hardly snatch'd from sight,
Instant buoys up, and rises into light.

whom it will better fit, not only as getting out of the allegorical muddiness, but as having been dipped in the dirt of party-writing, and recovering from it betimes? I know such a man, who would take it for a compliment, and so would his patrons too. But I ask you not to believe this, except you are vastly inclined to it. I will come closer to the point: would you have the note left out? It shall. Would you have it expressly said, you were not meant? It shall, if I have any influence on the editors.

I believe the note was meant only as a gentle rebuke, and friendlily. I understood very well the *Caveat* on your part to be the same; and complained (you see) of nothing but two or three lines reflecting on my behaviour and temper to other writers; because I knew they were not true, and you could not know they were.

You cannot in your cool judgment think it fair to fix a man's character on a point, of which you do not give one instance? Name but the man, or men, to whom I have unjustly omitted approbation or encouragement, and I will be ready to do them justice. I think I have publicly praised all the best writers of my time, except yourself, and such as I have had no fair opportunity to praise. As to the great and popular, I have praised but few, and those at the times when they were least popular. Many of those writers have done nothing else but flattered the great and popular, or been worse employed by them in party-

stuff. I do indeed think it no great pride in me, to speak about them with some air of superiority; and this, Sir, must be the cause (and no other) that made me address that declaration of my temper towards them, to you, who had accused me of the contrary, not, I assure you, from the least imagination of any resemblance between you and them, either in merit or circumstances.

I named Mr. Dennis, because you distinguish him from the rest: so do I. But, moreover, he was uppermost in my thoughts, from having endeavoured (before your admonition) to promote his affair with Lord Wilmington, Lord Lansdown, Lord Blandford, and Mr. Pulteney, &c. who promised me to favour it. But it would be unjust to measure my good-will by the effects of it on the great, many of whom are the last men in the world who will pay tributes of this sort, from their own ungiving nature; and many of whom laugh at me when I seriously petition for Mr. Dennis. After this, I must not name the many whom I have fruitlessly solicited: I hope yet to be more successful. But, Sir, you seem too iniquitous* in your conceptions of me, when you fancy I called such things services. I called them but humane offices: services I said I would render him, if I could. I would ask a place for life for him; and I have; but that is not in my power: if it was, it would be a service, and I wish it.

* This singular use of the word "*iniquitous*" for "*unjust*," seems never to have been generally adopted.

I mentioned the possibility of Mr. D.'s abusing me for forgiving him, because he actually did, in print, lately represent my poor, undesigning subscriptions to him, to be the effect of fear, and desire to stop his critiques upon me. I wish Mr. Hill would, for once, think so candidly of me, as to believe me sincere in one declaration, that "I desire no man to belie his own judgment in my favour." Therefore, though I acknowledge your generous offer to give examples of imperfections rather out of your own works than mine, in your intended book, I consent, with all my heart, to your confining them to mine; for two reasons: the one, that I fear your sensibility that way is greater than my own (by observing you seem too concerned at that hint given by the notes on the D. of a little fault in the works of your youth only): the other is a better, namely, that I intend to amend by your remarks, and correct the faults you find, if they are such as I expect from Mr. Hill's cool judgment.

I am very sensible, that my poetical talent is all that may (I say not, will) make me remembered: but it is my morality only that must make me beloved, or happy: and if it be any deviation from greatness of mind, to prefer friendships to fame, or the honest enjoyments of life to noisy praises, I fairly confess that meanness. Therefore it is, Sir, that I much more resent any attempt against my moral character, which I know to be unjust, than any to lessen my poetical one, which, for all I know, may be very just.

Pray, then, Sir, excuse my weak letter, as I do your warm one. I end as I begun. You guessed right, that I was sick when I wrote it: yours are very well written, but I have neither health nor time to make mine so. I have writ a whole book of retractations of my writings (which would greatly improve your criticisms on my errors), but of my life and manners I do not yet repent one jot, especially when I find in my heart I continue to be, without the least acrimony, (even as little as I desire you should bear to myself,) sincerely, Sir,

Yours affectionately.

If I did not acknowledge as I ought, both the father's agreeable present, and the daughter's pretty one, which you sent me, I very ill expressed myself. If Miss Urania Hill has not my 4to edition of the Odyssey, I beg your leave to send it her. You had sooner heard from me, but I saw yours, here, but three days ago. I return home to-morrow.

LETTER VII.

FROM MR. HILL.

SIR, *Westminster, Feb.* 10, 1731.

I AM obliged to you for your letter from Parson's Green, and come heartily into the proposal it begins with. A mutual resolution to forget in each other the appearance of every thing that has been distasteful to either, agrees, I am sure,

with the affection I feel for you at my heart, where it is founded on a natural strength, both of reason, and of inclination.

The Caveat began originally with the vision. I added not, till after it was finished, those lines, among which are the unlucky ones that displeased you. I was fearful lest, without something of that kind, by way of introduction, the reader might think himself pushed too abruptly into the allegory. But I confess it was unreasonable in me to cover your praise, which I delighted in, under the veil of an allegory, and explain my censure too openly, in which I could take no pleasure.

The truth is, I loved you so well, or thought of you so often, that it was not easy for me, in any humour, to write verse, and not dwell upon you. Have you never been jealous of a favourite mistress? Have you never, under a pique at her supposed neglect, said what she could no more deserve, than you could think she did, upon cooler reflexion? And have you not found, after all, that you were nevertheless her lover?

Your offer is very kind, to prevail on the editor of the Dunciad, to leave out the note, or declare that I was not meant in it; but I am satisfied. It is over, and deserves no more of your application.

I agree with you, it is morality makes us beloved. I know it from the effect of your writings, where I but admire the harmony and the elegance, while I love the generosity and the candor of the sentiments. I prefer too, as you do, friendship,

and the honest enjoyments of life, to fame and noisy praises; but I am glad you are happier than you wish to be, who enjoy both benefits together.

Yet, if there were nothing desirable in fame, there could be nothing detestable in slander; and your honest uneasiness, at being thought worse than you are, would, in that case, be in danger of passing for a weakness.

I know, however, that you consider praise in a nobler light than vanity. There is, in fame, the prolongation of a good man's example, which his natural life, being too short to extend so far as he wishes, that defect is supplied by the second life he receives from his memory.

I have seen and been ashamed of that low turn, which Mr. Dennis gave to your good nature. Where a man's passions are too strong for his virtues, his suspicion will be too hard for his prudence. He has often been weak enough to treat you in a manner that moves too much indignation against himself, not to leave it unnecessary for you also to punish him. Neither of us would chuse him for a friend; but none of the frailties of his temper, any more than the heavy formalities of his style, can prevent your acknowledging there is often weight in his arguments, and matter, that deserves encouragement, to be met with in his writings.

I will soon, sir, convince you, that my sensibility is not so tender as you suppose it to be; I am so far from an inclination to defend some pieces, which I was too much a boy when I published, that I

embrace all occasions of exposing them, myself, to the contempt they have merited. Let me appeal, for one instance, to the Plain Dealer, No. X., wherein you may see I am so unnatural a parent, as to have lost all my primitive fondness, of an offspring, you may imagine to be still my favourite.

I am already too much obliged, not to blush at your mention of the Odyssey, with a view of sending it to my daughter, and she is too inquisitive a lover of what gives her instruction, with delight, to have been satisfied without finding in her closet whatever she had heard you had published.

As a proof, how determined I am to throw nothing upon the world that may give you cause of complaint, I will send you in manuscript the Essay on Propriety, as soon as it is finished. I do the same now by a smaller piece I am about to publish, because you will find yourself concerned in some part of it; and I will alter and give a general turn to any particular that relates to you, if you but mark the place with a ✠, when you send back the paper to,

Sir,

Your most humble,

And most obedient servant,

A. Hill.

LETTER VIII.

TO MR. HILL.

SIR, *February* 15, 1731.

EVER since I returned home, I have been in almost roaring pain, with a violent rheumatism in my shoulder, so that all I am able to do is to return you thanks for yours. The satisfaction it gave me is proportioned to the regard I have for you. I will not praise your poem further than to say, the generosity of its sentiments must charm every man: its other merit you know well.* You will pardon the few doubts I start in the interlinings; they are such as you can efface as easily as they may deserve. I wish to tell my Lord Peterborough (who has so long honoured me with so particular and familiar an acquaintance) the honour done him.

I am very desirous to leave out that *Note,* if you like so. The two lords, and one gentleman, who really took and printed that edition, I can (I doubt not) bring easily to it.

The chief objection I have to what you say of myself in this poem, is, that the praise is too strong. I may well compound for the rest.

Suffer me to send the young lady the *Odyssey,* full of faults as I know it to be, before she grows old enough to know how mean a present it is. I am, with great truth, sir, Your, &c.

* Probably a Poem of Aaron Hill's, intitled, *Advice to the Poets,* in which Pope is highly complimented.

LETTER IX.

TO MR. HILL.

SIR, *March* 2, 1731.

I AM extremely pleased with the favour you have done me in sending me your Poem, and the more, as it gives me the opportunity of assuring you I never did, or meant you the least injury; in which I should have fully satisfied you long since, had you asked me the question. I remember Mr. Lintot shewed me a piece of yours, of which (he said) you desired my opinion. I was just then in a great hurry, going a journey out of town upon business for a few days; and therefore told him I would call for it in a day or two, to read carefully: however, I cast my eye on some parts of it, which I liked, and told him so. This was all, to the best of my memory, that passed between us; and you may imagine it was some surprize to me when I saw your Preface a very short time after. I think it incumbent on any well-meaning man to acquit himself of an ill-grounded suspicion in another, who perhaps means equally well, and is only too credulous. I am sincerely so far from resenting this mistake, that I am more displeased at your thinking it necessary to treat me so much in a style of compliment as you do in your letter. I will say nothing of the poem you favour me with, for fear of being in the wrong; but I am sure the person

who is capable of writing it can need no man to judge it. I am, with all respect, Sir,

Your, &c.

I received yours but four days since, it being directed to Chiswick, where I have not lived this twelvemonth.

LETTER X.

TO MR. HILL.

DEAR SIR, *Twickenham, March* 14, 1731.

I AM not more happy, nor feel a greater ease in comparison of my former pain, in the recovery from my rheumatism, than in that from your displeasure. Be assured, no little offenders ever shall be distinguished more by me.* Your dedication pleases me almost equally with the poem; our hearts beat just together, in regard to

* Alluding apparently to a passage in Hill's poem, in which he advises Pope to disregard the feeble attacks of his enemies:

" Let half-soul'd poets still on poets fall,
And teach the willing world to scorn them all;
But let no muse, pre-eminent as thine,
Of voice melodious, and of force divine,
Stung by wit's wasps, all rights of rank forego,
And turn, and snarl, and bite, at every foe—
—No; like thy own Ulysses, make no stay;
Shun monsters, and pursue thy streamy way—
—Wing'd by the muse's God, to rise sublime,
What has thy fame to fear from peevish rhyme?
Shalt thou, decreed till Time's own death, to live,
Yet want the noblest courage, to forgive?"

men of power and quality: but a series of infirmities (for my whole life has been but one long disease) has hindered me from following your advices. I this day have writ to Lord Peterborough a letter with your poem. The familiarity in which we have lived some years, makes it not unusual, in either him or me, to tell each other any thing that pleases us: otherwise you might think it arrogant in me to pretend to put so good a thing into his hands, in which I have no merit. Your mention of our friend Mr. Mallet I thank you for, and should be glad he would give me an opportunity of thanking you in person, who am, with sincerity, Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER XI.

TO MR. HILL.

DEAR SIR, *Twickenham, April* 4, 1731.

It is a serious pleasure to me to find you concerned that I should do your good sense and discernment the justice it deserves. It is impossible for me not to think just what you would have me on this head; the whole spirit and meaning of your poem shews all little thoughts to be strangers to your soul. I happen to know many particulars relating to the Earl of Peterborough's conduct, and just glory, in that scene you draw so well: but no man ought (I think) to attempt what you aim at, or can pretend to do him more ho-

nour than what you yourself here have done,* except himself. I have long pressed him to put together many papers lying by him, to that end. On this late occasion he told me you had formerly endeavoured the same, and it comes into my mind, that on many of those papers I have seen an endorsement, A. H. which I fancy might be those you overlooked. My lord spoke of you with great regard, and told me how narrowly you both missed of going together on an adventurous expedition.† The real reason I carried him your poem was, that I imagined you would never send it him, of all mankind; and that I was truly pleased with it.

I am troubled to reflect, how unequal a correspondent I am to you, partly through want of health, (for I have since had a fever,) partly through want of spirits, and want of solitude; for the last thing we poets care to own, is the other want, that of abilities.

But I am sensibly pleased with your letter, not only with that which seemed to prompt it, but with the things said in it: and I thank you for both. Believe me desirous to see you: when, and where, you shall determine; though I wish it were here. You will see a place seeming more fit for me than it is; looking poetical, yet too much in the

* Referring to a passage in Hill's *Advice to the Poets*, in which Lord Peterborough is alluded to with great applause. Hill also wrote a poem, intitled *Camillus*, addressed to Lord Peterborough, and celebrating his exploits in Spain.

† On an expedition to the West Indies. *Warton.*

world: romantic and not retired: however, I can lock up all avenues to it sometimes, and I know no better reason for doing so, or for shutting out the world, than to enjoy such a one as yourself.

I am, Sir, with esteem and sincerity,

Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

TO MR. HILL.

Sept. 1, 1731.

I COULD not persuade myself to write to you since your great loss,* till I hoped you had received some alleviation to it, from the only hand which can give any, that of Time. Not to have mentioned it, however fashionable it may be, I think unnatural, and in some sense inhuman; and I fear the contrary custom is too much an excuse, in reality, for that indifference we too usually have for the concern of another: in truth, that was not my case. I know the reason of one man is of little effect towards the resignation of another; and when I compared the forces of yours and mine, I doubted not which had the advantage, even though in your own concern. It is hard, that even in these tender afflictions, the greatness of the mind and the goodness are opposite to each other; and that while reason, and the consideration upon what conditions we receive all the goods of this life operate

* The death of Mrs. Hill.

towards our quiet, even the best of our passions (which are the same things with the softest of our virtues) refuse us that comfort. But I will say no more on this melancholy subject. The whole intent of this letter is to tell you how much I wish you capable of consolation, and how much I wish to know when you find yourself so. I would hope you begin to seek it to amuse your mind with those studies, of which Tully says, *Adversis perfugium et solatium præbent*, and to transcribe (if I may so express it) your own softnesses and generous passions into the hearts of others who more want them. I do not flatter you in saying I think your tragedy will do this effectually (to which I had occasion the other day to do justice to Mr. Wilks), or whatever else you chuse to divert your own passion with, and to raise that of your readers. I wish the change of place, or the views of nature in the country, made a part of your scheme. You once thought of Richmond; I wish you were there or nearer. I have thrice missed of you in town, the only times I have been there: my last month was passed at my Lord Cobham's, and in a journey through Oxfordshire. I wish you as susceptible at this time of these pleasures as I am. I have been truly concerned for you, and for your daughter, who I believe is a *true part* of you. I will trouble you no farther, but with the assurance that I am not unmindfully, Sir, yours, &c.

LETTER XIII.

TO MR. HILL.

DEAR SIR, *September* 3, 1731.

I HAVE been, and yet am, totally confined by my mother's relapse, if that can be called so, which is rather a constant and regular decay. She is now on her last bed, in all probability, from whence she has not risen in some weeks, yet in no direct pain, but a perpetual languor. I suffer for her, for myself, and for you, in the reflection of what you have felt at the side of a sick bed, which I now feel, and of what I probably soon shall suffer, which you now suffer, in the loss of one's best friend. I have wished (ever since I saw your letter), to ask you, since you find your own house a scene of sorrows, to pass some days in mine; which I begin to think I shall soon have the same melancholy reason to shun. In the mean time, I make a sort of amusement of this melancholy situation itself, and try to derive a comfort in imagining I give some to her. I am seldom prompted to poetry in these circumstances; yet I will send you a few lines I sent the other day from her bed-side to a particular friend. Indeed I want spirits and matter, to send you any thing else, or on any other subject. These too are spiritless, and incorrect.

> While ev'ry joy, successful youth! is thine,
> Be no unpleasing melancholy mine.

Me long, ah long! may these soft cares engage;
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts prolong a parent's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death.
Me, when the cares my better years have shown
Another's age, shall hasten on my own,
Shall some kind hands, like B***'s* or thine,
Lead gently down, and favour the decline?
In wants, in sickness, shall a friend be nigh,
Explore my thought, and watch my asking eye?
Whether that blessing be denied, or given,
Thus far, is right; the rest belongs to Heaven.†

Excuse this, in a man who is weak and wounded, but not by his enemies, but for his friends. I wish you the continuance of all that is yet dear to you in life, and am truly Yours, &c.

LETTER XIV.

FROM MR. HILL.

DEAR SIR, *Sept.* 17, 1731.

It will never be in my power to forget, how compassionate you have been, in calling and sending so often. It is plain, you have none of the fashionable want of feeling for the calamities of others; and, when I reflect, that you are kind enough to concern yourself for mine, it brings me

* Bolingbroke's. The lines were probably first addressed to Murray, who is called the "successful youth." *Bowles.*

† Afterwards used, with variations, as the conclusion of his Epilogue to the Satires, addressed to Arbuthnot. *Bowles.*

nearer to comfort, than either resignation or philosophy.

The part you are pleased to take in my loss of a wife, who had the misfortune of being a stranger to you, would have been as just as it is generous, had you been qualified to measure it, by an acquaintance with her virtues. It was one of those virtues, that she admired Mr. Pope, and knew why she admired him. She wished for nothing with more liveliness than the pleasure of seeing you, and (such is the illusion of our prospects!) the very day, on which she promised herself the enjoyment of that wish, she became insensible to all wishes, on this side eternity!

I chose a place for her in the abbey-cloister; the wall of the church above being so loaded with marble, as to leave me no room to distinguish her monument.

Give me leave to hope the benefit of your advice on this mournful occasion. I cannot suffer her to lie unnoticed, because a monument, in so frequented a place as Westminster-Abbey, restoring her to a kind of second life, among the living, it will be in some measure not to have lost her. But there is a low and unmeaning lumpishness in the vulgar style of monuments which disgusts me as often as I look upon them; and, because I would avoid the censure I am giving, let me beg you to say whether there is significance in the draught, of which I enclose you an aukward

scratch, not a copy: the flat table behind is black; the figures are white marble.

The whole of what you see here is but part of the monument; and will be surrounded by pilasters, arising from a pediment of white marble, having its foundation on a black marble mountain; and supporting a cornice and dome, that will ascend to the point of the cloister arch. About half way up a craggy path, on the black mountain, below will be the figure of Time in white marble, in an attitude of climbing, obstructed by little Cupids, of the same colour; some rolling rocks into his path, from above; some throwing nets at his feet and arms, from below; others in ambuscade, shooting arrows at him from both sides; while the Death you see in the draught will seem, from an opening between hills in relievo, to have found admission by a shorter way, and prevented Time, at a distance.*

I cannot forbear to inclose you an anonymous favour, which I received in a penny-post letter, from some kind hand disguised, that I should not guess at the obliger. I find in it a strong and touching simplicity; nature, nervous, and undressed; striking from and to the heart, without pomp or affectation. You will be pleased with these four verses, if my melancholy has not helped their impression on me. It is true they seem rather the moving words of a wife while dying, than the in-

* This laborious and quaint device to demonstrate *that death came before his due time*, is worthy of a place in Quarles's Emblems.

scription of her monument after death; but I have never been able to read them without emotion, and being charmed with them myself, I wished you a part of the pleasure.

I had heard of the obliging opinion you expressed of my tragedy, when you had lately an occasion of speaking to Mr. Wilks, concerning the affairs of the stage. I assure you, without compliment, I had rather it should please you singly than a dozen crowded audiences. And one thing I can be sure of in its favour—it will be the better for some marks of your pencil. If you would have the goodness to allow me to put a copy of it into your hands, and speak of it occasionally, with the same kind partiality, to some of those who can give success to tragedies, that alone might determine me to venture it on the stage next winter.

I have thoughts, about the middle of this month, of taking your advice and Tully's; I will try what change of place, and the pleasure of being nearer you can do, toward dispelling a grief that time seems to threaten increase of. I will fly from it, if I can, but the *atra cura post equitem* will sit too close to be parted with. I am, truly and unalterably,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate,

And most obedient servant,

A. Hill.

LETTER XV.

TO MR. HILL.

DEAR SIR, *Sept.* 29, 1731.

I RETURN you the inclosed* the day after I received it, lest it should retard your finishing the copy, now the year draws toward winter: and though I am in a great hurry, which allows me to say little, only to tell you, in my lord's name and my own, that we think you shew even more friendship and confidence in us, than we have hitherto been justly entitled to, from any use our opinion could be of, to a judgment so good as your own. We are fully satisfied; and it is but a word or two, that I *can* carp, with the utmost and most extended severity of a friend. It will be with infinitely greater promptitude and pleasure, that I shall speak (every where) my real approbation and esteem of the performance, in which I shall do no more than discharge my conscience. I wish sincerely I could as well serve you in promoting its success, as I can testify it deserves all success. You will, I am sure, be so candid and so reasonable, as to conclude I would not decline writing your epilogue on any but a just reason, and indeed (to me) an invariable maxim, which I have held these twenty years. Every poetical friend I have, has had my word, I never would; and my leave to take the same refusals I made

* Mr. Hill's tragedy of *Athelwold*.

him, ill, if ever I wrote one for another; and this very winter, Mr. Thomson and Mr. Mallet excuse me, whose tragedies either are to appear this season, or the next. I fancy the latter, as I have seen or heard of no more but a first act, yet, of each.

I have lately had an address of another kind from a man of letters, which gives me more embarrassment, and in the conduct whereof I could wish I had your advice, though I hardly know how to ask it. I hope soon to see the critical work you promised me, in which I hope to have some further occasion of proving to you the real deference I have to your sentiments, and esteem for your person. I am, Dear Sir, your, &c.

LETTER XVI.

FROM MR. HILL.

DEAR SIR, *Sept.* 30, 1731.

You are very good and obliging: your last letter came not to my hands until yesterday; I will thank you for it, in person, one day next week, if possible, and give you notice a day before.

My daughter, under encouragement of your invitation, promises herself the pleasure of admiring your gardens; and wishes the weather may continue as it is, till I can give her the opportunity of an afternoon's walk in them.

My brother is writing over another copy of the tragedy,* which I will take the liberty to put, a second time, into your hands, as soon as it is ready. I propose no benefit to myself from it, leaving its profits to the players; but as I knew it necessary to prepare the expectation of persons of the first rank, if one would wish a play that kind of fame which noise can give it, and without which indeed it were to no purpose to have it brought on the stage, I am therefore greatly obliged by the hope you permit me to nourish, that you will suffer it to pass through your hand to the notice of some of those, who speaking of it with favour, will be a direction to others how far they may *dare* to be pleased with it. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged
And affectionate servant,
A. HILL.

LETTER XVII.

TO MR. HILL.

DEAR SIR, *October* 29, 1731.

THERE is an ill fate hangs upon me in relation to the pleasure I have often (from the very first time I saw you at Dr. Young's) proposed in our acquaintance. I really stayed that night in town, upon Bowry's notice, which he left in writing, that you should *be at home all* Wednesday,

* Athelwold.

and had dedicated three hours to you, or, more properly, to myself with you. I asked, particularly, for Miss Urania; but thought myself, though old enough, not familiar enough, to ask to see her. I desire your first notice, if you come this way; or rather, I wish you would take up your lodging with me. In the mean time, pray send the tragedy of *Athelwold* (for so I would call it), under cover, to the Countess of Suffolk, before Monday, at her lodgings in St. James's. I promised it her again; and, if you think it of any consequence that the K. should see it in manuscript, I think nothing more easy. In truth, all this is doing it no credit; it is only doing some to those who may commend it. I could not imagine in what parts it needed addition; sure every incident is well prepared: but no man can see so far into his own work as the author, if a good one; so little, if a bad or indifferent one. I am, with truth, Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

MR. HILL TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

MADAM, *Oct.* 30, 1731.

Mr. Pope has desired me to send this tragedy, in his name, to the lady in the world I should most wish to have it with, could any thing be found in it deserving the distinction.

It cannot be without delight that I put *Athelwold* into a hand, for which he would have been

proud to give up *Elfrid*'s; if in life I could have given him my sentiments, with the authority which his death has lent me.

I have no pretence to tax your condescension with any concern for the success of this play, or I should most earnestly wish your vote in its favour; though I have no meaner interest in its good or ill fortune, than the ambition of some power to please.

But whatever reception it may meet with from the public, it can never have been written in vain, since Mr. Pope has partiality enough to believe it will be agreeable to such a taste as the Countess of Suffolk's, whose servant I have the honour to be, With the utmost obedience,

and devotion,

A. HILL.

LETTER XIX.

TO MR. HILL.

DEAR SIR, *November* 12, 1731.

I SHALL have the pleasure (sick or well) to be at the first representation of your play to-morrow, with Lord Burlington and Lord Bathurst, and one or two more. Another noble lord, who understands you best, must be contented to read the two last acts in his study: but Sir William Wyndham, with Mr. Gay, and some others, will be there also, in another place, in his stead. I write this that I may not take up a minute of

your time in calling on me to-morrow; but, if you will send to the office to-night for places for four people, we will order a man or two to go to keep them for us. Lord Burlington comes on purpose to town. I am, with great truth, Yours, &c.

I have yet heard no account from court.

LETTER XX.

TO MR. HILL.

DEAR SIR, *Sat. Morn. Nov.* 14, 1731.

I CANNOT leave London without thanking you for the pleasure you gave me last night, by which I see you can as well make actors, as plays: yet I own I receive more pleasure from reading, than seeing your *Athelwold.* I thought the best part of the audience very attentive, and was told several ladies were moved to tears. It is a pity Mrs. Cibber's * voice and person were not a little higher; she speaks extremely just, and seems to be mistress of her part. I could not come soon enough for the prologue, but the epilogue is a very humorous one. I am ashamed to trouble you; but being gone out of town, and fearing the mistakes of servants, I beg a box may be had for Monday, the third night (if there be any empty), for Mrs. Blount, a particular friend of mine. I yesterday

* Mrs. Cibber was daughter of Dr. Arne; married to Theophilus Cibber, son of Pope's old antagonist, Colley. *Bowles.*

saw Lady Suffolk, and found, though their Majesties had not had time to read, yet they were possessed of a good opinion of the play; and she would not part with the copy, expecting it would be called for every day. I must once more acknowledge the very obliging manner in which you favoured the bookseller, as well as the particular generosity to him. I can add no more, but an assurance of the sincerity with which I am, Dear Sir,

Your, &c.

I am hastened away, on hearing my mother is not well: as soon as I return, I hope we may pass more time together.

LETTER XXI.

FROM MR. HILL.

DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 17, 1731.

I OUGHT sooner to have thanked you for the pleasure you have given me, by that excellent Letter to Lord Burlington. If the title had been *Of False Taste,* would it not have been properer?

We have poets whom heaven visits with a taste, as well as planters and builders. What other inducement could provoke some of them to mistake your epistolary relaxation of numbers for an involuntary defect in your versification?

We have printers, too, of better taste than morals, who like you so well that they cannot endure

you should be made a monopoly. The hawker's wind is upon you already; and your last incense to the muses is blown about the streets in thinner and less fragrant expansions. The pictures of your mind, like those of other great men's persons, are to be multiplied and extended, that we may have you at whole length and in miniature.

I send you a piece that is safe enough from this danger. *Athelwold* will have nothing to fear from the pirates; I believe I need not inform you how it dragged itself along, for two lean nights, after the first, as lame and as wounded as the snake in your poem; but not half so delightfully.

It would be affectation, not modesty, to deny that I am nettled at the monstrous reception which the town has given this tragedy. But I find there is a two-fold obligation upon a tragic writer, if he would engage attention at our theatres. He must make audiences as well as plays. He must become the solicitor of his own commendation. That is, in other words, if he desires to be known, he must deserve to be forgotten.

Bating the reverence due to fashion, this is putting the poet upon the foot of the prize-fighter. He must not only submit himself to be wounded for the public diversion, but must also march about with his drum, from one end of the town to the other, to stir up fools' curiosity, and draw together the company.

I should feel the liveliest indignation upon such an occasion as this in the cause of another: but as

the case is my own, I think,—and smile,—and am satisfied. I had rather be neglected to my mortification, than become popular to my infamy.

It is possible, after all, that some persons of rank and distinction to bespeak plays, and compel audiences, may be kind enough to *Athelwold*, to introduce him, now and then, into civiler company, for the sake of the players. It were a downright shame, if these good people who gave the tragedy all its merit of fine dressing and scening, should be suffered to lose their money, while the good for nothing author, who was guilty of the dull part of the entertainment, has lost nothing but his labour. But enough of this subject.

I hope the good lady whose illness hastened you home, found a recovery in your return. Who can blame her for missing you in a world so few are like you. Believe me, with much acknowledgment and esteem, Dear Sir,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

A. HILL.

LETTER XXII.

TO MR. HILL.

DEAR SIR, *Twickenham, Dec.* 22, 1731.

I THANK you for your tragedy,* which I have now read over a sixth time, and of which I

* This is the tragedy of which Hill speaks in his letter to Dodington; to whom he appeals from the *bad taste* of the town. *Bowles.*

not only preserve, but increase, my esteem. You have been kind to this age, in not telling the next, in your preface, the ill taste of the town, of which the reception you describe it to have given of your play (worse, indeed, than I had heard, or could have imagined,) is a more flagrant instance than any of those trifles mentioned in my Epistle; which yet, I hear, the sore vanity of our pretenders to taste flinches at extremely. The title you mention had been a properer to that Epistle. I have heard no criticisms about it, nor do I listen after them. *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil;* I mean, I think the verses to be so. But as you are a man of tender sentiments of honour, I know it will grieve you to hear another undeservedly charged with a crime his heart is free from: for, if there be truth in the world,* I declare to you, I never imagined the least application of what I said of Timon could be made to the Duke of Chandos, than whom there is scarce a more blameless, worthy, and generous, beneficent character, among all our nobility: and if I have not lost my senses, the town has lost them, by what I heard so late, as but two days ago,

* "If there be truth in the world!" This is strong language indeed: but we remember with pain, that Pope, in his first edition of Epistle to the Ladies, declared, "upon his honour," no one person *in particular* was intended. When the sale was found not so great as was expected, it was considered that this declaration was the cause. *Bowles.*

This declaration was made before the pointed characters of Philomedé, Atossa, and Cloe, were introduced into the Epistle, and was afterwards omitted.

of the uproar on this head. I am certain, if you calmly read every particular of that description, you will find almost all of them point blank the reverse of that person's *villa*. It is an awkward thing for a man to print, in defence of his own work, against a chimæra: you know not who, or what, you fight against: the objections start up in a new shape, like the armies and phantoms of magicians, and no weapon can cut a mist or a shadow. Yet it would have been a pleasure to me, to have found some friend * saying a word in my justification, against a most malicious falsehood. I speak of such as have known by their own experience, these twenty years, that I always took up their defence, when any stream of calumny ran upon them. If it gives the Duke one moment's uneasiness, I should think myself ill paid, if the whole earth admired the poetry; and believe me, would rather never have written a verse in my life, than that any one of them should trouble a truly good man. It was once my case before, but happily reconciled; and among generous minds nothing so endears friends, as the having offended one another.

I lament the malice of the age, that studies to see its own likeness in every thing; I lament the dulness of it, that cannot see an excellence: the first is my unhappiness, the second yours. I look upon the fate of your piece, like that of a great treasure, which is buried as soon as brought to

* This Mr. Cleland did for him, or Pope in Cleland's name. *Bowles.*

light; but it is sure to be dug up the next age, and enrich posterity.

I have been very sensible, on these two occasions, to feel them as I have done at a time, when I daily feared the loss of what is, and ought to be dearer to me than any reputation, *but that of a friend*, or than any thing of my own, *except my morals;* the loss of a most tender parent. She is alive, and that is all! I have perceived my heart in this, and you may believe me sincerely, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

FROM MR. HILL.

Dec. 23, 1731.

YOUR letter, dear Sir, which I have this moment received, occasions me a double pain. The fear which yours ends with, ought to give a beginning to mine; because I am too sincerely your friend not to feel myself first moved by what concerns you most nearly. I hope, however, your joy for that good lady's recovery, will be the next of your passions that will be touched upon this occasion.

Concerning your Epistle, it is no wonder that the malice of a little herd of censurers, whom your wit has made your enemies, would awaken a resentment of more consequence than their own. They are glad to mistake, if they can make others mistake

you: or, perhaps, they do not misunderstand you themselves, but are conscious they must seem to believe, what they would fix on the belief of others.

I am doubtful which of these is the case, because I confess at the first and second reading, I was myself mistaken in your purpose, and fell into the general construction that has been put upon the character of Timon; but upon a more deliberate examination of the particulars, discerned those disagreeing circumstances which have been remarked for your justification, with very good success, in yesterday's Daily Journal, and the Daily Post-boy of Wednesday, by a hand most able to do you justice.

That unguarded absence of caution, which is a mark by which one may be sure a purpose was either angry or generous, has prevented you from examining your piece before it was published with the sharpness of an eye that is watchful of occasion to slander, or you would have foreseen, that the unlucky name of Timon would be applied, as it has since been, from a present reverse (as is reported) to the splendor of that great man's fortune. This circumstance has not only helped on the mistake, but given it malignance, from a kind of pity, which some who hated his good fortune from the good uses he made of it, affect now to feel for his disappointments.

Two or three other likenesses concurred in the character; such as the hundred footsteps, the exact number of his domestics for some years at

Canons; and the pomp of the chapel, and its music; for whether jiggish or solemn, never struck the inquiry of a thousand, who remembered the duke's magnificence chiefly by that circumstance. And as to the many unresembling particulars, they are drowned, like the mistaken predictions of eleven months in an almanac, where the events of the twelfth come by chance to be accomplished.

I am of opinion that the duke himself can never be among the mistakers. It is with taste as it is with genius; a man who feels he has either will never too lightly believe it is questioned by another, whom he knows to possess it.

But that it is a rule with me, to consider the letters I receive from my friends as their own property still, though trusted to my possession, I could more effectually convince him how he ought to think, by letting him see how you think on this subject, in an easy, undesigning, natural indignation, expressed in a private letter, than by all the most laboured endeavours of yourself or your friends in public.

It cannot be difficult to dispossess the town of a notion, whose credit will gradually die away, in proportion to the daily discovery that is made of the malicious industry with which it was propagated. And I dare assert, that your friends are too many, and too sanguine, to let a slander be long-lived, that is levelled against your gratitude; I use this word by an authority which I borrow from

your own generosity, in the preface to your translation of the Iliad. I am so pleased to converse with you any way, that I forgot I have scarce room to declare myself, Dear Sir,

Your most faithfully
Affectionate servant,
A. HILL.

LETTER XXIV.

TO MR. HILL.

DEAR SIR, *Feb.* 5, 1731-2.*

I MADE a strong essay to have told you in person how very kindly I took your two last letters. The only hours I had in my power from a necessary care that brought me back immediately, I would have imposed on you. It will please you to know the poor woman† is rather better, though it may be but like the improvement of a light on the end of a dying taper, which brightens a little before it expires. Your hint about my title *Of False Taste*,‡ you will see, is made use of in the second edition. Your opinion also of my giving some public dissent or protest against the silly ma-

* This letter is in the former editions dated Feb. 5, 1730-1—which is before the Epistle to Lord Burlington was published. Its real date is 1731-2, as further appears from its noticing an observation of Mr. Hill's, in his letter of the 17th Dec. 1731, respecting the title of that Epistle.

† His mother. *Bowles.*

‡ The name of the poem in the first edition, afterwards called Epistle on Riches. *Bowles.*

licious misconstruction of the town, I agree to; but I think no one step should be taken in it, but in concert with the duke whom they injure.* It will be a pleasure felt by you, to tell you, his Grace has written to me the strongest assurance imaginable of the rectitude of his opinion, and of his resentment of that report, which to him is an impertinence, to me a villany.

I am afraid of tiring you, and (what is your best security) I have not time to do it. I will only just tell you, that many circumstances you have heard, as resemblances to the picture of Timon, are utterly inventions of liars; the number of servants never was a hundred, the paintings not of Verrio† or Laguerre, but Bellucci and Zaman; no such buffet, manner of reception at the study, terrace, &c.: all which, and many more, they have not scrupled to forge, to gain some credit to the application; and (which is worse) belied testimonies of noblemen, and of my particular friends, to con-

* Alludes to what was said of Canons, the seat of the Duke of Chandos. *Bowles.*

† These things were evidently done as *blinds;* but the "bell that summons you to all the *pride of prayer,*" &c. could be true of Canons, and *Canons* only. Canons was the only seat in England, where you could be "summoned to all the pride of prayer," in the way described, as the duke kept a regular choir, and had every thing in his chapel answering to Pope's description. *Bowles.*

That *Canons* was the *only* seat in England where you could be summoned to all the pride of prayer by a bell, is an assertion which must be taken to mean only, as far as Mr. Bowles's information extended.

demn me. In a word, the malice is as great as the dulness of my calumniators: the one I forgive, the other I pity, and I despise both. Adieu; the first day I am near you I will find you out, and shew you something you will like. My best good wishes are yours, and Miss Urania's. Your, &c.

LETTER XXV.

FROM MR. HILL.

SIR, *Jan.* 16, 1733.

I THANK you with a double pleasure for the present of your epistle, *Of the Use of Riches*, because it brought me a proof that you have good nature enough to remember one who must have seemed not to have deserved the distinction. But my reason for not acknowledging sooner the due sense I have of many other favours you have been so obliging as to intend me, is from an occasion I have in view of doing it very shortly.

I am sorry The Man of Ross, who is so beautifully your theme, is not, like the Thames to Sir John Denham, your example also. You will start, I make no doubt, at an accusation you are so unconscious of deserving. Yet we know ourselves too little; and I must, in spite of my friendship, join the world in its censure of this manifest defect in your conduct, who can suppose it sufficient, to shake over us, now and then, a thin sprinkling from stores so inexhaustibly rich and desirable!

I wish you an increase of happiness and of health in this and every new year; and am, Sir,

Your most faithful,

And obedient servant,

A. HILL.

LETTER XXVI.

FROM MR. HILL.

DEAR SIR, *May* 16, 1733.

I CAN assure you, with great truth and pleasure, that I never pass a day without thinking of you: and but for this, I should be ashamed to remember how long it is since I ought to have thanked you for an imitation not to be imitated. I must own, there is a spirit in the honest vivacity of that piece that charmed me to the soul. In your other writings I am pleased by the poet; I am here in love with the man.

I was lately looking among my papers, and met with the copy of some lines I sent you five or six years ago, from Newcastle, in one of my journeys to Scotland. It was loosely and negligently dressed; and designing to let it be seen in the world, I have brushed off the dust of the road, and I wish I could say, made it fit for your reception.

In a conversation a year or two since, concerning the affairs of the stage, you told me that there was a patent in the hands of one of the Davenants,

of which no use was made, and which you seemed to think it easy to procure an assignment of.

Methinks this must have been the Killigrew patent; for that which was granted to Sir William Davenant, is the patent under which Mr. Rich now acts.

I should be very much obliged to you for an information of what you know concerning this patent; you shall shortly have my reason for this curiosity in, Dear Sir, yours, &c.

A. HILL.

LETTER XXVII.

TO MR. HILL.

SIR, *Twickenham, May* 22, 1733.

YOUR very kind letter came hither in my absence, which occasioned my delay till now in acknowledging it. Your partiality to me, both as a poet, and as a man, is great; the former I deserve not, but the latter I will never forfeit. It would be wronging your modesty to say much of the verses you inclose, but it would be wronging sense and poetry, not to say they are fine ones, and such as I could not forget, having once seen them.

I have almost forgot what I told you of the patent; but at the time I told it, I could not well be mistaken, having just then had the account from Mr. Davenant the envoy: indeed I fancy it was only of his ancestor's patent that he spoke

(unless Sir William Davenant bought up Killigrew's). I know no way of coming to the knowledge of this affair, Mr. Davenant being now abroad, and I know not where. But if you would have me write about it, I will learn his direction.

I am at all times glad to hear of you, on any occasion. I would willingly wait on you in the Park, if I knew your times. I have called twice or thrice there in vain, without being heard. I guessed you were in the country. My sincere good wishes attend you; and your agreeable family, as far as I have seen of it, I cannot but wish well to. I am, dear Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO MR. POPE.

SIR, *Nov.* 7, 1733.

THOUGH I have, really, no skill in the French, and am (perhaps, for that reason) not over fond of the language, yet I read it with pleasure, in respect to the writers of that nation; and have seldom been more strongly delighted, than with the tragedy of *Zaire*.

I had seen nothing of M. Voltaire's before, except the *Henriade;* and whether it was from my own want of taste, or the poem's want of fire, I found it too cold for an epic spirit; so conceived

but a moderate opinion as to the dramatic attempts of the same author. But genius being limited, we act too rash and unreasonable a part, when we judge after so general a manner. Having been agreeably disappointed in *Zaire*, it was due, as an atonement, that I should contribute to widen his applause, whom I had thought of too narrowly.

I have, therefore, made this tragedy speak English, and shall bring it on the stage in a month or two; where, though I have no interest in its success, I should be vexed to have it miscarry; because it is certainly an excellent piece, and has not suffered, I hope, so much in the translation, as to justify a cold reception at London, after having run into the most general esteem at Paris. I will do all in my power to prepare the town to receive it, to which end I have given the profits to a gentleman whose acquaintance is too large for his fortune, and your good taste and good nature assure me of your willing concurrence so far, as not only to say of it what it deserves, but to say it at such times and in such manner as you know best how to chuse, in order to give your recommendation the intended good consequence.

Lord Bolingbroke was a patron of M. Voltaire, and can effectually advance the reception of his play amongst those who are most his friends, and best able to support it at its appearance. I have ventured to ask it in the author's behalf, and beg you would convey the letter and translation to my

lord's hands, as soon as you please, after you have read them.

I would desire you to excuse this trouble, if it were not to look like a distrust of that delight which I know it gives you, when you have an opportunity put into your hands to do a kind or a generous action.

The last time I had the pleasure of seeing you at Westminster, you were observing among some rude beginnings of rock-work, which I am designing in my garden, a little obelisk of Jersey shells, over a grotesque portico for Pallas, against the park wall. You then expressed some thoughts of improving such a use of those shells into a nobler obelisk, among your beauties at Twittenham. Allow me to bespeak for myself, against next spring, the permission of presenting you the shells, materials, and workmanship; that I may have the honour to plant in your gardens a probability of being sometimes remembered by the master of that growing paradise. In the mean time be so good to accept this smaller parcel, just enough, (if there is yet to come of the season half a week of dry weather without frost), to embellish your marine temple, by inserting them among the hollows, between those large shells which compose it; where being placed in oblique position, so as to lie open to the weather, they will enlighten the gravity, and catch a distant eye with a kind of shining propriety.

I ought never to end a letter to you without a wish for your perfect health, because it is impossible to think of you without a pain from the reflection, that you want it too often. I am,

Yours, &c.

A. HILL.

LETTER XXIX.

TO MR. HILL.

DEAR SIR, *Twickenham, Nov.* 13, 1733.

I WRIT to you a very hasty letter, being warmed in the cause of an old acquaintance, in which I was sure you would concur, I mean John Dennis, whose circumstances were described to me in the most moving manner. I went next day with the Lord to whom you directed your letter and play, which, at my return home, I received but yesterday. I thank you for your agreeable present to my grotto, for your more agreeable letter, and your most excellent translation of Voltaire,* to whom you have preserved all the beauty he had, and added the nerves he wanted. This short acknowledgment is all I can make just now: I am just taken up by Mr. Thomson, in the perusal of a new poem he has brought me: I wish you were with us. The first day I see London, I will wait on you, on

* Voltaire's *Zaire*, translated by Hill. If Pope spoke before contemptuously of Hill, he now makes ample amends by flattery. *Bowles.*

many accounts, but on none more than my being affectionately, and with true esteem,

Dear Sir, yours.

I desire Miss Urania will know me for her servant.*

LETTER XXX.

TO MR. HILL.

SIR, *June* 9, 1738.†

THE favour of yours, of May the 11th, had not been unacknowledged so long, but it reached me not till my return from a journey, which had

* From the date of the preceding letter, there appears to have been a cessation of the correspondence between Pope and Hill till 1738. The cause of this it is not easy to ascertain; but from the frequency with which Hill solicited the assistance, and called for the opinion of Pope on his writings, we may reasonably conjecture that Pope was desirous of being released from such importunity. That the feelings of Mr. Hill were in some degree hurt by this interruption of their acquaintance, may appear from a passage in a letter from him to Thomson, dated May 20, 1736, in which he says: "I am pleased to hear that Mr. Pope was so kind as to make any inquiries concerning me. I must allow such merit as his to entitle its possessors to think *when* they will and *what* they will of their friends. It is enough that I feel him through distance; I lose none of his force from the coldness of his friendship; on the contrary I am made sure, by some reasons I have to be convinced, we think differently of each other, that my esteem for *him* is the effect of his excellences, because it could have no ground to grow in if it were the return of partiality."—*V. Hill's Works*, vol. i. p. 317.

† The above letter from Pope to Hill is an answer to a very long epistle from Hill, dated 11th May, 1738, in which he renews the correspondence, by informing Pope that it was his intention

carried me from scene to scene, *where Gods might wander with delight.* I am sorry yours was attended with any thoughts less pleasing, either from the conduct towards you of the world in general, or of any one else in particular. As to the subject matter of the letter, I found what I have often done in receiving letters from those I most esteemed, and most wished to be esteemed by; a great pleasure in reading it, and a great inability to answer it. I can only say, you oblige me in seeming so well to know me again, as one extremely willing that the free exercise of criticism should extend over my own writings, as well as those of others, whenever the public may receive the least benefit from it; as I question not they

to publish *An Essay on Propriety in the thought and expression of Poetry,* (to which he has referred in one of his former letters) in which he intended to take his examples from the works of Pope; at the same time offering to send the manuscript to Twickenham for Pope's correction, being resolved, as he says, "to carry no example of his to the press in a manner against which he has any just cause of exception." In the same letter we find a vindication of some passages cited by Pope from Theobald, in the Treatise on the *Bathos,* and particularly of the expression,

"None but himself can be his parallel."

And of the lines,

"—— The obscureness of her birth,
Cannot eclipse the lustre of her *eyes,*
Which make her all one light."

The criticisms upon which by Pope, he considers as "rash, unweighed censures." This letter, which, as the writer justly observes, "had grown to *an unmerciful long one,*" extending to nearly *twenty* pages, and containing much diffuse and irrelevant matter, may be found in the Works of Aaron Hill, vol. i. p. 341.

will a great deal when exerted by you. I am sensible of the honour you do me, in proposing to send me your work before it appears; if you do, I must insist that no use in my favour be made of that distinction, by the alteration or softening of any censure of yours on any line of mine.

What you have observed in your letter I think just, only I would acquit myself in one point; I could not have the least pique to Mr. Theobald in what is cited in the treatise of the Bathos, from the play which I never supposed to be his. He gave it as Shakespear's, and I take it to be of that age: and indeed the collection of those, and many more of the thoughts censured there, was not made by me, but Dr. Arbuthnot. I have had two or three occasions to lament, that you seem to know me much better as a poet than as a man. You can hardly conceive how little either pique or contempt I bear to any creature, unless for immoral or dirty actions. Any mortal is at full liberty, unanswered, to write and print of me as a poet, to praise me one year, and blame me another; only I desire him to spare my character as an honest man, over which he can have no private, much less any pub lic right, without some personal knowledge of my heart, or the motives of my conduct: nor is it a sufficient excuse, to allege he was so or so informed, which was the case with those men.

I am sincere in all I say to you, and have no vanity in saying it. You really overvalue me greatly in my poetical capacity; and I am sure

your work would do me infinitely too much honour, even if it blamed me oftener than it commended; for the first you will do with lenity, the last with excess. But I could be glad to part with some share of any good man's admiration, for some of his affection, and his belief that I am not wholly undeserving to be thought what I am to you, Sir,

A most faithful affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER XXXI.

FROM MR. HILL.

SIR, *June* 17, 1738.

THE pleasure I was sure to receive with your letter, brought an unexpected chagrin in its company, from a vein of civil reproach that runs through it, which I can better discern than account for; since I must not suspect, without wronging my ideas of your equity, that you could be displeased at the freedom I took in my sentiments. If I believed they had given you the smallest offence, I would rather commit my essay, in its present rough state, to the flames, than transcribe it either for yourself or the public.

Indeed it was with a kind of foreboding reluctance that I censured any passage of yours; and to confess the truth frankly, I had only one reason for doing it. After I had convinced myself thoroughly, that propriety, in some of the lights I was considering it under, had been universally ne-

glected in poetry, I foresaw it would be impossible to establish the belief of a fact so unlikely, without citing the strongest examples. To do this from the works of our dead authors only, carried the face of a meanness I could not tell how to submit to. To draw formal citations from any pieces that had appeared of my own (though full enough God knows of absurdities, to have furnished more proof than I wanted) would have looked too assuming and silly. To borrow such instances out of other less faulty cotemporaries, not however reputed among the sparkling great luminaries of wit, would have induced a mistaken conclusion, that in the works of more masterly writers there were no such examples to be met with. And now—is there a good judge in England, except one, who will not see and acknowledge the necessity that threw me, unavoidably, upon your writings?

However, I am glad, at my heart, it was Dr. Arbuthnot who made that collection you mention; for I am almost unwilling to be found in the right, when I disapprove what your name has been stamped on; yet your own honest argument (that it is not enough to excuse a reporter of falsehoods, that he was told and believed what he published) must defend me against its advancer: for neither is it a sufficient excuse, that a writer, whose name, in the front of a book, has given weight to the censures it propagates, was not author of some of those censures, since whatever a man sets his hand to, he ought, first, to examine the truth of.

I am charmed, while I hear you disclaim that propensity to pique and contempt, which, to speak with the soul of a friend, seems to me the only spot on your character. We are all of us, in some lights or other, the dupes of our natural frailties: and when Mr. Pope, with the warmth that becomes a great mind, tells me how far he is from despising defects in men's genius, never feeling any contempt but for the dirt of their actions; I am sure he says nothing but what he firmly believes to be true. And yet there are pieces, well known to be his, many passages whereof no man, less apprized than himself of his heart's secret views and intentions, can read without being strongly convinced of a scorn that regards genius only; though if he loves you but half so sincerely as I do, you have no sooner disavowed the design than he concludes the imputation was groundless.

In the mean time it is a pity, that a thinker so humane and benevolent, should indulge an ambiguity in the turn of his expression, that scatters gall which his heart never licensed; since I believe it a general truth, that men of the openest and honestest natures, sooner catch fire at contempt than oppression. And as to any dirtiness in actions, which take birth from effect of such influence, we may conclude from those irresistible little sallies of fury, whereby even among undesigning and innocent infants, we see brother precipitated into outrage against brother, immediately upon any cold provocation of scorn, that there is nothing im-

moral in what may be done or declared too offensively, under impressions so violent, so involuntary, and natural.

After all this grave face of apology, I am an absolute stranger to the grounds upon which those men you refer to, proceeded. Nay, I am so for the most part, even to the measures by which they provoked you. All the reason, indeed, that I have for giving you any of my thoughts on the subject, is derived from your own starting into it (a little digressively) immediately after hinting some occasions you had to lament, that I knew you less justly as a man than a poet. I will appeal to impartial posterity, whether I do not know you much better in both lights, than ten thousand of those pretending esteemers, of whose affection you think yourself surer. It will never be in my will, nor my power, to transmit such a picture as yours without its best and most beautiful likeness. I shall leave to duller Dutch painters in criticism, their unenvied delight to draw monsters; and know very well, for my own part, that I should but disgrace the desired reputation of my pencil, if I missed the resemblance too widely, in a piece which must expect to be compared with originals of the same by many different masters.

Though I acquit you of any further allusion to me, than by that retrospect glance, *en passant*, I have affectionately caught the occasion of pointing out, to one of the least intentionally guilty among men, a seeming tartness of spirit in himself, which he

will easily find, when he looks for; and which whenever he does find, and guard against by submitting his wit to his philosophy, he will become the most unnatural good man in the world; for he will leave himself not a fault to be blamed for!

As to myself, who was born to mix sin with repentance, I plead guilty to all such indictments as you in that place present to my memory. I was always too perceptibly quick in my apprehension of contempts or indignities; a temper which would have been as unpardonable, as I confess it to be weak and self-mortifying; but that the fault, though of too swelling a nature, leaves no voids for admission of malice. It is an offensive, indeed, but reconcileable imbecility of mind: Shakespear felt and understood it very finely:

> "It carries anger as the flint does fire;
> Which being struck throws out a hasty spark,
> And then grows cold again."

Yet I will endeavour to redress this wrong bent in my temper, and make way for the rectification you are so good as to shew me my want of. And thus in commerce of friendship, as in traffic less generous, there is offered a mutual exchange of advantages; something always to give and to gain, and this makes both sides more rich and more satisfied. What a loss then have unsocial and vain dispositions, which by a sullen seclusion from these rights of reproof and plain dealing, cut off all the kind use of correction! Human nature,

let it be as susceptible of grace as it can, never yet wanted pride enough to make mortifications of this kind a requisite. Far from hating our friends for a little faithful, though unwelcome asperity, let us think him of all men unhappiest who has never been blessed with an enemy.

And now let me ask you (with a transition very fashionably abrupt and uncritical), how is your good and great friend, Lord B——, to be reached? You will scarce think I mean to be emulated! Ours is an age that exposes such an old-fashioned politician as he is to any fear sooner than that of a rival. I have a packet to send him a little too large for the post. It is a manuscript piece, which I purpose to dedicate to him when published. But it would be prudence and decency, as affairs stand at present, to wait his permission after reading it: not that there is any thing nice or exceptionable in the subject; and I am sure I have no need to add, though I speak of a dedication, that mine has no views, like a modern one. If you will be so kind as to think how it may reach my lord's hands, I shall in a few days send it open to yours; begging you first to peruse, and then give it a seal and a forwarding. If you will have the goodness to authorise such a trouble, please to do it under a direction, like your last, to, Sir, Yours, &c.

A. Hill.

LETTER XXXII.

TO MR. HILL.

SIR, *June* 20, 1738.

I SENT you as honest an answer as I could, to the letter you favoured me with; and am sorry you imagine any *civil reproach*, or *latent meaning*, where I meant to express myself with the utmost openness. I would assure you, if you please, by my oath, as well as my word, that I am in no degree displeased at any freedom you can take with me in a private letter, or with my writings in public. I again insist, that you alter or soften no one criticism of yours in my favour; nor deprive yourself of the liberty, nor the world of the profit, of your freest remarks on my errors.

In what I said, I gave you a true picture of my own heart, as far as I know it myself. It is true, I have shewn a *scorn* of some *writers;* but it proceeded from an experience that they were bad men, or bad friends, or vile hirelings; in which case, their being authors did not make them, to me, either more respectable, or more formidable. As for any other pique, my mind is not so susceptible of it as you have seemed, on each occasion, too much inclined (I think) to believe. What may have sometimes seemed a *neglect* of others, was rather a *laziness* to cultivate or contract new friends, when I was satisfied with those I had; or

when I apprehended their demands were too high for me to answer.

I thank you for the confidence you shew you have in me, in telling me what you judge amiss in my *nature*. If it be (as you too partially say) my only fault, I might soon be a perfect character: for I would endeavour to correct this fault in myself, and entreat you to correct all those in my writings. I see, by the specimen you generously gave me in your late letter, you are able to do it; and I would rather owe, and *own* I owe, that correction to your friendship, than to my own industry.

For the last paragraph of yours, I shall be extremely ready to convey what you promise to send me, to my Lord B. I am in hopes very speedily to see him myself, and will in that case be the bearer; if not, I shall send it by the first safe hand to him. I am truly glad of any occasion of proving myself, with all the respect that is consistent with sincerity, Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO MR. HILL.

SIR, *July* 21, 1738.

I NEED not assure you in many words, that I join my suffrage entirely with Lord B.'s in general, after a fourth reading your tragedy of *Cæsar*.

I think no characters were ever more nobly sustained than those of Cæsar and Brutus in particular. You excel throughout in the greatness of sentiment; and I add, that I never met with more striking sentences, or lively short reprizes. There is almost everywhere such a dignity in the scenes, that, instead of pointing out any one scene, I can scarce point out any that wants it, in any degree, except you would a little raise that of the *plebeians* in the last act. That dignity is admirably reconciled with softness, in the scenes between Cæsar and Calpurnia: and all those between Cæsar and Brutus are a noble strife between greatness and humanity. The management of the whole is as artful as it is noble. Whatever particular remarks we have made further, will be rather the subject of conversation than a letter, of which we shall both be glad of an opportunity, either here at Twickenham, or in town, as shall best suit your conveniency. Pray, Sir, let this confirm you in the opinion you kindly, and indeed justly, entertain of the wish I feel (and ever felt, notwithstanding mistakes) to be, and to be thought,

Sincerely your, &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

FROM MR. HILL.

SIR, *July* 31, 1738.

It was yesterday, before I had the pleasure of receiving your kind and obliging letter;

together with Lord B———'s, for which I have sent him my thanks in the inclosed. The coach brought your packet, a week past, from London: but I had made a little start, from my disagreeable situation in the skirt of a country town, with a view to resolve on a fitter, where I must content myself for some time with forty-seven miles distant from Twickenham, till, like the story they tell of a beast not worth naming, I have made myself lighter, as a means to be safer; that is (in plain English) till I have sold the best part of a too little fortune—very falsely so called, while it could not procure ease to its owner. As soon as this hard task is over, I shall be able with the greatest delight to assure you, in your own beautiful garden, what an impression you have made on me by your goodness.

Never was I more pleased and surprized, than at hearing you had Lord B——— at Twickenham: I mean, that you had him your guest there, in person; for I knew his idea dwelt with you. Yet, I fear, he is a blessing we are to hold, as we do summer; just to feel, and owe fruit to—and lose him. France is glad to draw strength from her neighbours; and will take pains to out-charm a dull climate, where she would leave as little spirit as possible.

As to the tragedy, you return me, of *Cæsar*, you will not easily imagine how glad I am you were pleased with it; and how much more so, that you tell it me with such a warmth of good-will and ge-

nerosity. But I am still further, if possible, obliged by your judicious and elegant corrections, hinted to me in such a number of places. Nor have I enough of true protestant zeal, to lose any one of your blessings, because (like a Papist as you are) you have given them me with the sign of the cross. No—I remember the effect of that sign, in the banner of Constantine, and I reverence it as a token of victory. As for that low scene of plebeians, in the last act, I will strike it quite out. It is the best way of mending a fault, which was committed without use or temptation. What a deal of dumb magic may be lodged in the path of a pencil! Yours, like its sable representative on the face of a dial, says nothing: and yet points out, and measures, and regulates, with the utmost exactness, as it passes! So salutary, and so necessary is the eye of a friend! How many improprieties might your reprehension have taught me to rectify! How many obscurities to clear up and enlighten! And, lastly, how many of the *ambitiosa ornamenta* (a poet's most dangerous, because most flattering favourites) might not such wholesome black lines of our Horace have given me resolution to cut off without mercy!

And so much for this tragedy; except that, as I design it for the stage this next winter, it would be infinitely kind in you (while I am a hermit on the back side of Parnassus) to speak what you think, where it properly offers, for its service, as well before the acting season, as in it.

Though I talk of the back side of Parnassus, I sometimes see company here, you would hardly expect, from the prospect; for where, but at an old fashioned country gentleman's, who lives in a hole at the foot of a hill, and a wood, like the cave of some captain of banditti, should I meet the other day, with Part the Second of *One thousand, seven hundred, thirty-eight!*

Stored with beauties, as every thing must be that you write for the public, shall I dare to confess, that I did not use to consider your works of this vein, as those from which you were surest of the love and admiration of posterity; but I find, in this satire, something inexpressibly daring and generous. It carries the acrimony of Juvenal, with the Horatian air of ease and serenity. It reaches heights the most elevated, without seeming to design any soaring. It is raised and familiar at once. It opposes just praise to just censure, and thereby doubles the power of either. It places the poet in a light for which nature and reason designed him, and atones all the pitiful sins of the trade; for, to a trade, and a vile one, poetry is irrecoverably sunk in this kingdom. What a pity, that our rottenness begins at the core, and is a corruption, not of persons alone, but of things! One would else strongly hope, from a ridicule so sharp, and so morally pointed, that wicked men might be laughed into something like penitence. But, alas! they are only bit by Tarantulas, who can be cured by the power of music. Not even

the harp of Apollo had a charm to expel vipers that have crept into the entrails.

Go on, however, to make war, with a courage that reproaches a nation's; and live (would you could!) just as long as till the virtues your spirit would propagate, become as general as the esteem of your genius! I am, with great obligation and truth, Sir, Your most obedient,

And most affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

LETTER XXXV.

TO MR. HILL.*

SIR, *September* 12, 1738.

I HAVE now little to say of your tragedy, which I return with my thanks for your indulgence to my opinion, which I see so absolutely deferred to, that I wish I had crossed less frequently. I cannot find another thing I think a fault in you.

But my lord thinks three things may yet be reconsidered. Brutus, on sight of the warrant signed for his death, takes at once the resolution of murdering Cæsar, as none of his father. Quere, Whether in the scene that follows between him and Cæsar, all tenderness on the side of Brutus, and all beyond the point of honour that friend-

* Some letters of acknowledgment from Hill to Pope, for the trouble he had taken in revising the Tragedy of *Cæsar*, are here omitted.

ship exacted, should not rather be avoided than heightened?

Another quere is, Whether it would not beget more indignation in the audience against Cassius, and more compassion for Cæsar, to shew that Cassius suspected Brutus to be Cæsar's son, and therefore exacted from Brutus the oath of sparing neither *father*, relation, &c.

The third thing is, Whether the efforts made by Cæsar to prevent the civil war, not only by the equal offer he made, while the matter was under debate in the senate, and which the consuls Lentulus and Marcellus refused to report to the senate, but by the message he sent to Pompey, when he was at Brundusium, to desire a meeting to settle the matter, and avoid the civil war.—*Vid. Cæs. Com. de Bell. Civili, lib.* 1. The mention of these somewhere in the play might help to remove the prepossession against Cæsar.

After our little cavils (for so we will rather call minute and verbal points of criticism) we owe you the justice to extol highly, what we highly approve, and you need not desire us to speak as we think: it is what we have (in different ways) done all our lives, where it was to our prejudice, and cannot but do here, where it is to our honour. I only wish you a stage, actors, and an audience worthy of you and it. I have often wished to live to see the day when prologues and epilogues should be no more. I wish a great genius would break through the silly, useless formality. But at

least I would have one try, to leave the audience *full* of the *effects* of a good tragedy, without an epilogue. Let me add another hint, concerning the apparatus and circumstantials of your play, (since I have nothing left more to wish in the play itself,) that you would intitle it barely, *The Tragedy of Cæsar*, and give no intimation of his being a patriot; for I fear, instead of preparing the audience, it might revolt them, and put all the little critics upon carping previously at the very design and character; which would appear by degrees, and with the proper preparations, in the piece on the stage. Another thing was a thought of my lord's, that it should be printed before acting, a day or two; for the sentiments are so thick-sown, and the sense so deep sometimes, that they require more attention and thought than the hearer may be apt to give on the first representation. I am not positive, either as to his, or my thought, but submit them to your consideration.

I have nothing to add, but to lament our unhappiness, that we cannot see you personally to confirm what these letters tell you of our real opinion of your work, esteem of its author, and wishes for your success, in this, and every thing.

I am, Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO MR. HILL.

DEAR SIR, *November* 5, 1738.

THIS is quite a letter of business, and therefore excuse it; I will not mix in it a word of affection, which I have not a moment's time to express, and will not prejudice the sacred idea of friendship.

It is near a month ago that I tried to see Mr. Thomson, to know the time of his tragedy: he was not within my reach; and therefore at last I wrote to him, and also to Mr. M——,* to let them both know the deference you paid them, and the heroic (I will not call it less) disinterestedness you expressed in regard to them. I have not yet been able to hear where they are, or any way to have an answer, further than I have learned it will be impossible for either of them to bring on their plays early (a friend of theirs telling me they are in no forwardness) till the middle or end of the winter; therefore you may have room. I wish from my soul you may get yours first, as well acted as it deserves. A better, that may eclipse it, or even worthily follow it, I hardly expect to see. But, upon this notice, I believe you may safely advance it, the sooner the better.

My Lord B.† is yet with me; more properly I yet belong to him, body as well as mind, for my

* Mallet. † Bolingbroke.

mind is everywhere his. I would to God you had any opportunity of seeing us before we part; my house should be yours, as much of it as is not his. I believe I shall soon go with him on a little journey before he quits England. You will forgive the abrupt conclusion of this; yet it may tell you all the longest and best written letter could tell you, that I am very sincerely, Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO MR. HILL.

DEAR SIR, *December* 8, 1738.

I HAVE been confirmed by Mr. Thomson as to the retardment of his play, of which he has written but two acts. I have since seen Mr. M——, who has finished his, but is very willing yours should be first brought on, in January as you propose, or after his in February, whichsoever may be most agreeable to you. He farther offers any assistance he can give you, in case of your own absence, as to treating with Mr. F—— (with whom he thinks you cannot be too careful or explicit), or attending the rehearsals for you, which he promises to undertake with all diligence, if you are not provided with another friend in that case. He has heard of some impertinence which may be apprehended from one person's refusal or unwillingness to act, and believes he can employ some proper influence to bring him to a right behaviour.

These, with any other services in which you may please to employ him, he bids me assure you, it will be a high satisfaction to him to engage in.

I must express, on my own part, a real regret to be so little useful to you. I can do no more than join with Lord B. in paying due praises to so meritorious a work; our suffrage is an airy tribute, from whence no solid good redounds to you; and I find myself still more inclined to the *man*, than the *author*, if I could be any way instrumental to the happiness or ease of so generous an one. I could almost wish myself a minister to patronize such a genius, and I could almost wish my lord one again, for no other reason; even though his country wants such an one, as well as his friends.

I have never once been able to see Mr. Thomson in person; when I do (and it shall be soon) he shall know how much he is obliged to you for that plan of an alteration of his tragedy, which is too good for me, with any honesty, to put upon him as my own. Believe me, sir, with great truth, and the warmest disposition to do you justice (before men and angels), Your, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

FROM MR. HILL.

January 26, 1738-9.

My letter, dear sir, had but the fate of its writer, when it laboured and longed to approach you, yet was kept distant by mistake and ill fortune.

Yours has warmed me with the spirit of gratitude for a concern it expresses so kindly. But I will give up all pursuit of my *Cæsar*, since Mr. Mallet and Mr. Thomson, with the aid of such powerful assistants, found it a difficulty to engage the manager into the resolution that must have been due to their tragedies. The first of the gentlemen just named has obliged me, with uncommon delicacy, by an offer so generously made me, when his own play was finished and ready. This was an act of friendship which I could not have deserved, if, as soon as I knew it, I had not from that moment declined any purpose of pressing the man of the stage about mine. Indeed, I should hate all the little I have of the poet, if I could not receive as much pleasure from another writer's success, as from my own; even were that other an enemy (of merit). But, since he is my friend, his success is my own, and as such I sincerely consider it.

There is only one thought that disturbs me. The respect I would publicly pay to a great name, so known and so dear to you, is held back by this inaccessible retrenchment that the devil of dulness has thrown up round our theatres; for I would not trespass so far against custom, as to dedicate to so chosen a patron, a tragedy that had never been acted. I will therefore address to the same loved name some different subject, after having examined which of three or four I have long had in hand, may be found least unworthy his no-

tice. Meanwhile, let my lord know, and let Mr. Pope know, that I look upon the kind things they have thought and expressed of my *Cæsar*, as more fame than a twenty nights' run at the playhouses. And so, wishing Mr. Mallet and Mr. Thomson the success which they are sure to deserve, I bid a hearty farewel to the stage, and only wish to be known, as, Dear Sir,

Your most obliged servant,

A. HILL.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO MR. HILL.

DEAR SIR, *London, Feb.* 12, 1738-9.

I HAVE felt an uneasiness of mind, occasioned by a conscious sense, how unequally I have expressed my anger and contempt at the treatment of your *Cæsar* by the man of the stage, ever since I last wrote to you; and a hundred interruptions from day to day (for I have lived in the world, and a busy and idle world both, it is) have ever since hindered me from enjoying one hour of collected thought. Yet I am the less concerned, since, by my delay, I can now tell you I have last night seen Mr. Mallet's play, the fifth act of which I had not before read, through those interruptions I have mentioned. It succeeded (hitherto at least, for yesterday was the first day) as well as I could expect; but so vilely acted in the women's parts

and the men's (except two) that I wonder it could succeed. Mr. Thomson, after many shameful tricks from the manager, is determined to act his play at the other theatre, where the advantage lies as to the women, and the success of *his* will depend upon them. I heartily wish you would follow his example, that we might not be deprived of *Cæsar*. I have yet seen but three acts of Mr. Thomson's, but I am told, and believe by what I have seen, that it excels in the pathetic. The dignity of sentiment, and grandeur of character, will still be *Cæsar*'s, as in his history, so in your poetry, superior to any.

The person to whom you intended so great a compliment as to address that piece to his name, is very sensible of your delicate manner of thinking. He bids me assure you, his own knowledge of your intention is sufficient pleasure to him, and desires you would not think of doing him either favour or justice, till the world knows better how to do itself the former, in doing you the latter. He is still detained here by the perverseness of his affairs;* and wishes, as I most heartily do also, that fortune did not treat you so much alike. The stage is as ungrateful to you, as his country to him: you are both sure of posterity, and may say in the mean time with Scipio, *Ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem habeas!* Believe me most truly, sir, Your, &c.

* Bolingbroke meditated, at this time, a return to France. Pope estimated the opinion of posterity equally falsely in regard to Bolingbroke's politics and Hill's poetry. *Bowles.*

LETTER XL.

FROM MR. HILL.

DEAR SIR, *Feb.* 21, 1738-9.

I AM obliged, both by your letter, and the good news it brought, of Mr. Mallet's success on the theatre. It is what I was sure he deserved; and, if I had, now and then, a moment's fear he might miss it, it was when I reflected how warmly I wished it him.

If Mr. Thomson's new tragedy is to depend on his women performers, he has certainly judged well in his choice of the Covent Garden Theatre. There, or any where may his best expectations be answered! I shall, myself, have the less to complain of, when such justice is done, where I reverence it.

As for *Cæsar*, it was his fate to be ill understood; and it was his custom to forgive his detractors: only once when he fell into such freebooters' hands as have thought fit to restrain him at present, he broke a rule for the sake of mankind, and got them hanged for the good of the public. I am glad I have none of his power; since I am afraid I should use it profusely. It is a ridiculous world that we live in; yet in spite of contempt one grows serious, when a fool that expects to be flattered is in a situation to insult his despisers. I will not disguise my own weakness: I am nettled at the treatment I have met with

concerning this tragedy; but at the same time I confess that I ought not to be so: for *you* have been so good, as to declare yourself touched in my cause; and in *that* I have more than a recompense.

I did not recollect, until you told it me, that the Gazetteers were printed by Mr. R——: I am acquainted with none of their authors; not so much as with any one of their names: and, as to Mr. R—— himself, (among whose virtues I place it, that he knows and considers you rightly) there should be nothing imputed to the printer, which is imposed *for*, not *by* him, on his papers, but was never impressed on his mind. I am very much mistaken in his character, or he is a plain-hearted, sensible, and good-natured, honest man. I believe, when there is any thing put into his presses, with a view to such infamous slander as that which you so justly despise, he himself is the only man wounded; for I think there is an openness in his spirit, that would even repel the profits of his business, when they were to be the consequence of making war upon excellence.

In the mean time, give me leave to be glad you are slandered a little. Crimes deserve to be heartily pardoned, when they are the cause of producing great virtues; and, I am sure, one such generous example of charity, as that which you shew in your letter, will, by the contagious effect of its beauty, carry influence enough to deface all the triumphs of a thousand heavy patterns of malice.

Methinks I gather from a hint, you but drop in your letter, that my silence would be the most acceptable compliment to a person I will not here mention. Be it so; where we wish but to please, we are pleased even with the prohibition of our measures of pleasing. His worth cannot want such a witness as I am; and the respect I would pay it is too due to depend on his thoughts of,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

A. HILL.*

* Hill takes a hint not to dedicate his Tragedy to Lord Bolingbroke. This seems also to have terminated the correspondence between him and Pope, without having left, on the mind of either of them, any very favourable impression towards the other. As far, at least, as respects Hill, this sufficiently appears from the following note, which concludes the correspondence between Pope and Hill, as given in the last edition by Mr. Bowles.

"Notwithstanding the propriety, and even excellence of many of A. Hill's remarks in these letters, what we find in the late publication of "Richardson's Letters," decidedly proves that he was as insincere and gross in his flatteries, as any of the sentimental canting letter-writers of his own or any age. In a letter to Mr. Richardson immediately after Pope's death, he asserts that Pope's popularity 'arose, originally, from meditated, little, personal assiduities, and a certain bladdery swell of management. He did not blush to have the cunning to blow himself up by help of dull, unconscious instruments whenever he would seem to sail as if his own wind moved him.'—'But rest his memory in peace! It will very rarely be disturbed by that time he himself is in ashes.' More of the same kind may be seen in that farrago of affectation, that monument erected to the dotage of Samuel Richardson; who appears to have agreed with Hill in his opinion of Pope, and with equal judgment consigned to oblivion the works of Fielding."

LETTERS

TO

WILLIAM FORTESCUE, ESQ.

William Fortescue, Esq., an eminent barrister, afterwards a Judge, and, finally, Master of the Rolls, was one of the early and intimate friends of Pope, whose attachment to him remained uninterrupted through life. To him Pope has addressed his first Satire of the second book of Horace, in which he applies to Mr. Fortescue as his legal adviser; a character not wholly imaginary, as Pope was accustomed to consult him on all difficult occasions, as well on behalf of his friends, as himself:

> "You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free
> Advice; and (as you use) without a fee."

The Letters to Mr. Fortescue, now published, have been derived through two separate channels. The first portion of them was originally published by Mr. Polwhele in his History of Devonshire, by whose permission Mr. Bowles inserted them in his edition of the works of Pope. "These Letters," says Mr. Bowles, "are valuable in one point of view, as they prove, clearer than a thousand arguments, that the letters, which Pope published, were polished and laboured for the press. It may be amusing to compare these unvarnished and unaffected effusions of friendship, with his elegant and more elaborate epistolary compositions." The second series is derived from a collection of original letters, which had been reserved for several years amongst the papers of "the venerable, great, and good Richard Reynolds, Esq." of Bristol, on whose death they came into the hands of his only daughter; by whose permission they were published by Miss Rebecca Warner, in her excellent Collection of Original Letters: 8vo. Lond. 1817. They are now, with the consent of the owner, for the first time inserted in the works of Pope.

As a great part of these letters have been deprived of their dates, it is impossible to arrange them in any certain order. Some attempt has, however, been made for that purpose, so far at least as to avoid incongruities; in other respects the date is in many of them of little importance. Those which retain their dates are now given in their chronological series.

LETTERS

TO

WILLIAM FORTESCUE, ESQ.

LETTER I.

Sept. 17.*

THE gaiety of your letter proves you not so studious of wealth as many of your profession are, since you can derive matter of mirth from want of business. You are none of those lawyers who deserve the motto of the devil, "*Circuit quærens quem devoret.*" But your *circuit* will at least procure you one of the greatest of temporal blessings, *health*. What an advantageous circumstance is it, for one that loves rambling so well, to be a grave and reputable rambler; while (like your fellow-circuiteer, the sun) you travel the round of the earth, and behold all the iniquities under the heavens? You are much a superior genius to me in rambling; you, like a pigeon, (to which I would sooner compare a lawyer than to a hawk) can fly some hundred leagues at a pitch; I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a

* This is an early letter, probably written when Pope was at Bath, in 1714.

cage of three foot; my little excursions are but like those of a shop-keeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business. Your letter of the cause lately before you, I could not but communicate to some ladies of your acquaintance. I am of opinion, if you continued a correspondence of the same sort during a whole circuit, it could not fail to please the sex, better than half the novels they read. There would be in them what they love above all things, a most happy union of truth and scandal. I assure you the Bath affords nothing equal to it. It is, on the contrary, full of *grave and sad* men; Mr. Baron S., Lord Chief Justice A., Judge P., and Counsellor B., who has a large pimple on the tip of his nose, but thinks it inconsistent with his gravity to wear a patch, notwithstanding the precedent of an eminent judge. I am, Dear Sir, your, &c.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR, *June* 24, 1720.

I HAVE a great many obligations to you, and I may say, the lampreys are of the fresh water, since they are very fresh and good. I am really piqued at the stocks, which put a stop at present to all trade and all friendship, and, I fear, all honour too. I am sure, however, they do you as little prejudice, and your morals, as any man's; your

memory of your friends is proved by the good offices you continue to do them; and I assure you I heartily wish some occasion may offer itself of my proving to you my sense of this which I say. Pray, if it is possible to remember a mere word of course in such a place as Exchange-alley, remember me there to Gay; for any where else (I deem) you will not see him as yet. I depend upon seeing you here now the books are closed. Dear Sir, adieu!

LETTER III.

DEAR SIR, *Sept.* 10, 1724.

I HEARTILY thank you for yours; and the rather, because you are so kind as to employ me, though but in little matters; I take it as an earnest you would do so in greater.

As to the house of preparation for the small-pox, why should it not be my own? It is entirely at your service, and I fancy two beds, or three upon necessity, (besides, your servants may be disposed of in the next house to me,) will amply furnish your family.

It is true, the small-pox has been in Twitnam, but is pretty well gone off. I cannot find any village more free from it so near London, except that of Petersham, where I hear it has not been; but I will further inform myself, upon your next notice.

As to the receipt of Sir Stephen Fox's eye-

water, which I have found benefit from, it is very simple, and only this: take a pint of camphorated spirit of wine, and infuse therein two scruples of elder flowers. Let them remain in it, and wash your temples, and the nape of your neck, but do not put it into your eyes, for it will smart abominably.

When you have taken breath for a week or two, and had the full possession of that blessed indolence which you so justly value, after your long labours and peregrinations, I hope to see you here again; first exercising the paternal care, and exemplary in the tender offices of a *pater familias*, and then conspicuous in the active scenes of business, eloquent at the bar, and wise in the chamber of council, the future honour of your native Devon; and to fill as great a part in the history of that county for your sagacity and gravity in the laws, as Esquire Bickford is likely to do for his many experiments in natural philosophy.

I am forced to despatch this by the post, which is going, or else I could not have forborne to expatiate upon what I last mentioned. I must now only give Mr. Bickford my services, and join them to those I shall ever offer to your own family.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Your faithfullest, affectionate servant.

Gay was well five days ago at Chiswick.

LETTER IV.

DEAR SIR, *Thursday Morn.*

You may reasonably wonder to have not heard of me so long; but for four or five days I intended to see you in town, and have been prevented by a terrible cold, which yet confines me to my chamber. The first day I can get to you I will; in the mean time I write to tell you I cannot forget you and yours. I hope you and they are well. I just now hear Mr. Gay is come to town. I hope to meet all together about Sunday at farthest, for I have three or four days' business, which is very inconveniently put off by my present indisposition. Mrs. Blount sends you her services, and will be in town on Saturday. Believe no man more affectionately yours. I am your faithful friend and servant.

LETTER V.

DEAR SIR, *Twitnam, Sept.* 17, 1724.

Your friendly and kind letter I received with real joy and gladness, to hear, after a long silence, of the welfare of a whole family which I shall ever unfeignedly wish well to in all regards. I knew not in what part of the land to level a letter at you, or else you had heard first from me. My mother, indeed, is very ill; but as it seems only the effect of a cold, which always handles her

severely, I hope not in any danger. I am in the old way,—this day well, however, and the past and future are not in my power, so not much in my care. Gay is at the Bath with Dr. Arbuthnot. Mrs. Howard returns your services, and Marble-hill waits only for its roof,—the rest finished. The little Prince William wants Miss Fortescue, or, to say truth, any body else that will play with him. You say nothing at what time we may expect you here; I wish it soon, and thought you talked of Michaelmas. I am grieved to tell you that there is one Devonshire man not honest; for my man Robert proves a vile fellow, and I have discarded him: *auri sacra fames* is his crime; a crime common to the greatest and meanest if any way in power, or too much in trust! I am going upon a short ramble to my Lord Oxford's, and Lord Cobham's, for a fortnight, this Michaelmas; and the hurry I am at present in, with preparing to be idle, (a common case,) makes it difficult for me to continue this letter, though I truly desire to say many things to you. Homer is advanced to the eighth book; I mean printed so far. My gardens improve more than my writings; my head is still more upon Mrs. Hd. and her works, than upon my own. Adieu! God bless you; an ancient and Christian, therefore an unmodish and unusual salutation. I am ever, sincerely and affectionately, yours.

LETTER VI.

DEAR SIR,

If this reaches you, I beg we may meet at the doctor's about six to night. I must run again out of town, for my mother is very ill of a jaundice, and I come to speak to the doctor chiefly. I am afraid she will be too ill to let me have the pleasure of seeing you on Sunday, but the first day I can, I will send to beg it of you; being, with great truth and esteem, dear Sir,

Ever yours.

Two o'clock. I have been everywhere about to find you; about your lodgings, chambers, Dutton's, Merin's, Tom's, Lintot's. Pray try if you can find Gay.

LETTER VII.

DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 1735.

This is only to tell you, I love you not the less for not seeing you more. Ever since we dined in the Park, I have been planting at home, have catched two colds on the neck of one another, but still plant on, being resolved to finish this fine season. My alterations are what you would not conceive. Besides, my shell temple is fallen down; and yet I live! Whether I shall see you before the end of the week in town, I know not. I dare not cross the water to lie abroad, with this cold upon me. I hope you are well; I heartily love you, and wish you so. Adieu.

LETTER VIII.

DEAR SIR, *Thursday.*

I WAS one day in town, but could not find you in the evening. I have been ill, but nothing would make me better than the sight of a friend. Several of mine are ill also: I hope you will hold up to comfort me. I must beg you to inform me carefully, and to bid your clerk also mind it, whenever Mr. Roberts comes to town (the person whose annuity Mrs. Blount purchased), that she may have his life insured, which, it seems, cannot be done but when he is present. This is a very material point to her, and she entreats you to give me the first notice. Mr. White told Mr. Bethel he would be in town soon. I must also desire you to let me have a copy from Mr. C——s, of Abbot's account, what monies he paid to Mr. Essington, &c. Next Sunday I am engaged; any other day I am at your service wholly, as I am entirely, dear Sir, and affectionately, your friend.

LETTER IX.

(FROM GAY AND POPE.)

DEAR SIR, *Sept.* 23, 1725.

I AM again returned to Twickenham, upon the news of the person's death you wrote to me about. I cannot say I have any great prospect of success; but the affair remains yet undetermined,

and I cannot tell who will be his successor. I know I have sincerely your good wishes upon all occasions. One would think that my friends use me to disappointments, to try how many I could bear; if they do so, they are mistaken; for as I do not expect much, I can never be much disappointed. I am in hopes of seeing you in town the beginning of October, by what you writ to Mr. Pope; and sure your father will think it reasonable that Miss Fortescue should not forget her French and dancing. Dr. Arbuthnot has been at the point of death by a severe fit of illness, an imposthumation in the bowels; it hath broke, and he is now pretty well recovered. I have not seen him since my return from Wiltshire, but intend to go to town the latter end of the week.

I have made your compliments to Mrs. Howard this morning: she indeed put me in mind of it, by inquiring after you. Pray make my compliments to your sisters and Mrs. Fortescue; Mr. Pope desires the same.

Yours, most affectionately, J. G.

"Blessed is the man who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed," was the ninth beatitude which a man of wit (who, like a man of wit, was a long time in gaol) added to the eighth; I have long ago preached this to our friend; I have *preached* it, but the world and his other friends *held it forth*, and exemplified it. They say,

Mr. Walpole has friendship, and keeps his word; I wish he were our friend's friend, or had ever promised him any thing.

You seem inquisitive of what passed when Lord Peterborough spirited him hither, without any suspicion of mine. Nothing extraordinary, for the most extraordinary men are nothing before their masters; and nothing, but that Mr. Walpole swore by G—D, Mrs. Howard should have the grounds she wanted from V—n. Nothing would be more extraordinary, except a statesman made good his promise or oath, as very probably he will. If I have any other very extraordinary thing to tell you, it is this, that I have never since returned Sir R. W.'s visit. The truth is, I have nothing to ask of him; and I believe he knows that nobody follows him *for nothing*. Besides, I have been very sick, and sickness (let me tell you) makes one above a minister, who cannot cure a fit of a fever or ague. Let me also tell you, that no man who is lame, and cannot stir, will wait upon the greatest man upon earth; and lame I was, and still am, by an accident which it will be time enough to tell you when we meet, for I hope it will be suddenly. Adieu, dear Sir, and believe me a true well-wisher to all yours, and ever your faithful, affectionate servant, A. POPE.

LETTER X.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been twice or thrice at your door, but found it locked, and was told since you were gone into the country, which (till I met your man this morning) I took to be Devonshire. I rejoice at your being still among us, as at a friend's being alive, whom one had thought departed. I very earnestly desire you to spend a day or two at Twitnam; I shall be there to-night, for some days. Pray do not deny that favour to

Your faithful, obliged, affectionate servant.

Saturday. Gay is, and will be at Chiswick.

LETTER XI.

DEAR SIR, *Friday Morning.*

I WAS the other day in town, but could not find you at any hour of it, except at night, when I could not be disengaged. I have got Gay with me here, to pass two or three days; we are quite alone and uninterrupted. If you can come to us on Saturday, and stay Sunday, it will be highly delightful to us both, and Gay will return with you. I am so much better in health here than in town, that I think to pass my time almost entirely at home, for the remainder of the winter. I shall be much pleased if I find myself so much remem-

bered by two or three (which is the most I either hope or wish) of my friends, as to be visited by them now and then; and, as I have experimentally known you to be one of those, I beg you to continue thus mindful of him, who will always be so of you. Your true friend and affectionate servant.

I received your inclosed some days since. If his information be right, I think him honest in his profession, industrious, and able; besides which, he will work cheap.

LETTER XII.

DEAR SIR, *Twitnam, Sept. 6.*

I CANNOT express the joy your letter gives me. I was in great fears after I had written, learning no further of your state, when I sent three days to Mr. Thory. Your giving me these lines under your hand is a kindness I shall long remember. I hope in God your recovery increases as fast as I really wish it; one of my great apprehensions was, you might not have a skilful physician in a distant country place, of which you have eased me; I hope you keep him near, or with you. I desire earnestly to hear of you soon again, though I hope the danger of a relapse is over; but surely you must not hazard cold, by too quick a removal. Without pretences I am and have been so long and so sincerely your friend, that this alarm was a

a lively and deep-felt one to me. God forbid it should ever be renewed! I may now have spirits enough to quote Homer to you, who says, "a friend is better than a kinsman." Your sister, I hope, is well; and as she ought to receive no harm from so virtuous an enterprize, so I trust she will have her reward complete in seeing you perfectly restored. I am ever, dear Sir,

Your truly affectionate and faithful friend.

Is there any thing at this distance that I can procure for you, or any corroborative advice that I can get for you from any of our physicians, or any business I could ease you the care of, or any thing you would have said or done?

LETTER XIII.

DEAR SIR,

I AM renewing my old labour of employing you one way or other to your trouble, the moment you are got to town. I sent yesterday all about after you, in hopes to fix an hour for us to meet and chat, not upon business, but joy and society. To-day, I believe, I must go to Twitnam, to get rid of a violent cold: in the mean time I beg you to draw up a draught of an article on the enclosed head, between Mr. L. and me, and to speak to him to give you his former agreement for the Iliad, which will help the wording of some part better

than this scroll. The purport, however, of this is clear. I am ever, dear Sir,

Your most faithful, affectionate servant.

LETTER XIV.

DEAR SIR,

MRS. Howard will be glad to see you either Thursday or Friday, which suits your conveniency; but it must be at the hour of eleven (as I fancied before), and not sooner. I should be glad to have you in your whole self, (*i. e.* your family and posterity), dine here that day, and will not meet you, therefore, at Richmond, where you would be alone with her, but attend the ladies here at any hour you will direct. I thank you for your last kind visit, and am sincerely, dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and obliged servant.

LETTER XV.

DEAR SIR,

I AM so ill to-day with the head-ache and wind, that I am utterly incapable of company or supping, or even conversing with any comfort. I must lie in an arm-chair till bed-time, and the motion of a chair makes me quite sick. I am sorry to be now twice disappointed of you. I will come to-morrow afternoon or night, and take my chance. I am ever truly Yours.

LETTER XVI.

DEAR SIR, *Twitnam, Feb.* 22.

I AM very much pleased that poor Barclay's scruples are removed, and will be gratefully and honestly your paymaster for what you expend on his account. You know the Scripture says, "he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." I heartily thank you for remembering me as to the escalops, which are in perfection, and will be responsible to you for them when we meet next, which I beg may be as soon as possible. I have seen our friend Dr. Arbuthnot spend some hours in writing directions for us against the plague, which, when finished, I will take care to communicate to you. I am, most faithfully and affectionately, dear Sir, Yours.

Your purse is left with the Doctor's man, for you. My mother is better, and your servant.

LETTER XVII.

DEAR SIR, *Down-Hall, in Essex, Jan.* 5.

I HAD writ the post after my receipt of yours, but it followed me thirty miles beyond London, where I have spent part of the Christmas. I yet hope this will find you; and I wish that the very next day you may begin your journey, because sincerely I cannot see you too soon.

I am rejoiced that your gout left you the day after I did: may it never return! though it bring many compliments along with it: for, let my friends wish me as long a life as they please, I I should not wish it to myself with the allay of great or much pain. My old Lord Dorset said very well in that case, the tenure is not worth the fine. I hope the joys of a marriage, both to those who possess, and to you who procure, (modestly speaking), will obliterate all those melancholy thoughts. I wish the new couple all felicity. And pray make haste to town with the remainder of your family, and put them into the like happy condition with all speed. I had lately an opportunity of telling my Lord Harcourt what we had missed of, when at Sir W.'s, and of making him the compliment of his cider merchants. His reply was, that he desired to treat with you further, both in that capacity and in your other of a lawyer. To which purpose I have promised to bring you to dine with him as soon as you return to town, which I earnestly expect, and doubt not you will improve the acquaintance with each other. After thanking you for your kind letter, and returning you my mother's services, (who is pretty well), I have only to add, that I will not fail, upon my return to town, to make all your compliments to Mrs. Howard, and to assure you I am, with truth, dear Sir,

Your ever affectionate friend and servant.

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR SIR, *Twitenham, Feb.* 17, 1726.

I WAS sorry I missed of you the other day when you called; I was gone to Mrs. Howard's, as I told you. I send you part of what wholly belongs to you, and, as the world's justice goes, that is a fair composition; I mean some of the Devonshire pease. If the ring be done, pray give it the bearer. I intend to wear it for life, as a melancholy memorandum of a most honest, worthy man. I told you I dined the other day at Sir Robert Walpole's. A thing has happened since which gives me uneasiness, from the indiscretion of one who dined there at the same time; one of the most innocent words that ever I dropped in my life, has been reported out of that conversation, which might reasonably *seem* odd, if ever it comes to Sir R.'s ears. I will tell it you the next time we meet; as I would him, if I had seen him since; and it was not (otherwise) of weight enough to trouble him about. We live in unlucky times, when half one's friends are enemies to the other, and consequently care not that any equal moderate man should have more friends than they themselves have. Believe me, dear Sir,

Most affectionately yours.

LETTER XIX.

DEAR SIR, *Twitnam, April* 2, (1726).

I BEGAN a letter to you about a fortnight past, which Gay was to finish, and accordingly put it in his pocket, I believe; for I never since could find it here. If you received it, it would look oddly enough; for intending to fill a page, I had left a large blank, and probably he sent it you just as it was. I have ever since been engaged in country-houses and gardens, with one friend or other, and know nothing of the town, but that Bowry gave my mother sometimes an account of the state of the family, and of their drink. Dr. Swift is come into England, who is now with me, and with whom I am to ramble again to Lord Oxford's and Lord Bathurst's, and other places. Dr. Arbuthnot has led him a course through the town, with Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Pulteney, &c. Lord Peterborough and Lord Harcourt propose to carry him to Sir R. Walpole, and I to Mrs. Howard, &c. I wish you were here to know him. I have just now a very ill-timed misfortune, a lame thigh, which keeps me from these parties; but I hope, since so many of my friends' prayers are on this occasion joined to my own, that I may be blessed with a speedy recovery, and make one amongst them. Many good wishes of mine attend you! May no similar accident, such as a fall from your horse by day, or a sprain in your back by night,

retard your return to us! Pray acquaint me, more largely than you did in your last concise letter, and in a style more suitable to the length and duration of a pleader and writer in law, of all your fortunes since we parted. In each and all of which, be assured, no man takes a truer part, and more wishes your welfare and prosperity, than, dear Sir,

Your faithful, ever affectionate servant.

LETTER XX.

DEAR SIR,

FROM an information given me by Mr. Gay, correspondent with what I formerly heard from you, that estates were yet to be had in Devonshire, at twenty and twenty-five years' purchase, I beg it of you as a particular kindness to interest yourself so much in my affairs, as to get (if possible) about the yearly value of two hundred pounds, entirely, or in parcels, as it falls out, and as to your judgment shall seem meet. If Mr. Gay and I, by this means, become effectually your countrymen, we hope (in conjunction with you) to come in time to represent Devonshire itself. To which happy county, fertile in its productions, abounding in its wits, delicious in its ciders, be all honour, praise, glory, &c.—I am ever, sincerely, dear Sir, Yours.

LETTER XXI.

DEAR SIR, *Twitnam, May* 16, (1726).

I SHOULD, without compliment, come to town any day you desired, on any account, as well as on so agreeable an one as you propose; but (which I wonder my communicative waterman never told your people) my mother has been and is extremely ill, and dangerously so, of an intermittent fever, which requires my constant attendance. There is nobody with me but the Dean of St. Patrick's, who would hardly be here if he were not the best-natured and indulgent man I know; it is so melancholy a way of passing his time. I could be glad to see you, if you have a day of leisure, and indeed there are few friends to whom I could make this request. I wish you and yours well and happy in every circumstance of life, and am truly, dear Sir, Yours.

LETTER XXII.

DEAR SIR,

I QUITE forgot, in the place of business where I last saw you, to mention a commission of Lady Walpole's, that you will not forget her laver. I shall readily speak to Cheselden what you desire, and to St. Andre, if you will; the others I have not the least knowledge of: I will put Mrs. Howard also in mind of it: that lady is now better; she has been in some danger of a fever, and

in extreme pain, since you saw her on Sunday; she has hitherto kept her bed since that day. I will see her as soon as I can. If Dr. Arbuthnot knows Mr. Boucher, I will speak to him on his return to town; or in any thing, any way in my power, do my utmost that you can suggest: being, with lasting truth, and all good wishes for you and yours, Ever your affectionate friend.

Pray leave me a memorandum where Mr. C——s is to be found, and give him all directions needful. I heartily wish you health, and a good journey. *Sit tibi cura mei; sit tibi cura tui.*

LETTER XXIII.

DEAR SIR,

You see by the inclosed my sister is in an alarm, I suppose, occasioned by a mere mistake of Mr. C——'s clerk; or by her own too much haste in running to administer before him. I beg you will cause that mistake forthwith to be removed, that she may, without loss of time, proceed with full powers. I must entreat your vigilance as to her great affair, that it may be done with all convenient speed. It seems C——s says there is some difference in the account, as kept by Mr. Racket, and by the other party in the chancery suit. If you please to have a meeting with Mr. Essington, and examine this account of what has been paid into his hands, it will be the

readiest way, and is very necessary. I am glad you had not the mortification of seeing the country this sad and gloomy day. I heartily wish myself with you. Adieu! dear Sir. I hope better luck next Sunday; till then, *vive memor nostri;* dear Sir, your true friend, and obliged faithful servant.

My mother sends you her hearty services.

LETTER XXIV.

DEAR SIR, *August* 24, 1730.

I HAD no sooner received your kind letter, with the ill news of your being seized with the gout, at Buckland, but your clerk acquainted me that you were extremely ill, which gives me unexpressible concern. My fears of your being distant from your family, and what help by physicians may be to be procured in a lone country, do sincerely much trouble me. I beg to know by the first opportunity, by a line either from yourself, or any other hand, how you are; and that you are not in so much danger as I apprehended. I will add no more words, since none can tell you how much I am in pain about you, and since they can only be troublesome to yourself, if you are very ill. But God and my own heart know with what warm affection, and wishes for your recovery, and for your every happiness and comfort, I am ever, dear Sir, Yours.

LETTER XXV.

DEAR SIR,

It is in the utmost hurry I send this, not to omit a post: my mother has had a most unfortunate accident of a fall, which has much bruised her, and almost had burned her, but for a great escape. Mr. Cheselden had no sooner writ me the inclosed (for I sent a letter to his house but just before, as soon as I read yours), but he came hither to assist her. What he further tells me is, that he has the power of putting in four in a year: for the next two he stands indispensably engaged, but will make Mr. Wise the third, which will be in about half a year: he will then certainly serve him. The terms, it seems, are 29*l.* for the course of the hospitals and the anatomy; he assures me he will forward and assist him all he can. Pardon my haste, I am really in great trouble, and she in great pain; God knows the event of such a shock at her years. God prosper you all. Pray write how you continue recovering. Adieu! Yours.

LETTER XXVI.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Gay and I am here, reading (but not writing) all day long. He is the reverse of you, and hates exercise; nay, I cannot so much as get him into the garden. I employ myself yet a little there, and a little in casting my eye upon the great

heap of fragments and hints before me, for my large and almost boundless work, to remove as much of which as is in any method, out of the rest, is so much clearing the way: therefore it is that I trouble you with so much transcribing. I send the third of the first part, relating to society and government, which I believe Mr. Doves may pick out. And if he has transcribed what last I left with you, pray send it by the bearer. I have no thought of going to town these five days. All health attend you and yours.

Ever your affectionate friend and servant.

Pray send some of your styptic.

LETTER XXVII.

DEAR SIR, *Sunday, Six o'Clock.*

I HAVE often wished, but twice only been, to see you. After an engagement of four or five days to a particular friend (for whom I was confined entirely), I now beg the first days I have had to myself, that you will pass what time you can with us at Twitnam. I received a promise from Gay to be with us. I go home to-morrow evening, to stay all the week. Gay and I have been all about the Temple after you in vain. I wish you would sacrifice a few days to me, who am as sincerely (I faithfully assure you) as any man living, dear Sir, Yours, most affectionately.

LETTER XXVIII.

DEAR SIR, *March* 18, 1732.

I AM sorry you partook of the trouble of the Excise Bill; and as sorry I did not know of your coming, though but for two days, for I would have come up just to see you. It had been very kind, if you could have lain here in your way; but this is past, and may all the future be prosperous with you as I wish it! As to that poem, which I do not, and must not, own, I beg your absolute and inviolable silence.* You will see more of it in another week, and that too I shall keep private. It is so far from a mortification to do *any good thing*, (if this be so, and indeed I mean it so), and enjoy only one's own consciousness of it, that I think it the highest gratification. On the contrary, the *worst things* I do, are such as I would constantly own, and stand the censure of. It is an honest proceeding, and worthy a guiltless man. You may be certain I shall never reply to such a libel as Lady Mary's. It is a pleasure and comfort at once to find, that with so much mind as so much malice must have to accuse or blacken my character, it can fix upon no one ill or immoral thing in my life, and must content itself to say, my poetry is dull, and my person ugly. I wish you would take an opportunity to represent to the person† who spoke to you about that lady, that

* The first part of the *Essay on Man*.

† Probably Sir Robert Walpole.

her conduct no ways deserves *encouragement* from him, or any other great persons; and that the good name of a private subject ought to be as sacred, even to the highest, as his behaviour towards them is irreproachable, legal, and respectful. What you writ of his intimation on that head, shall never pass my lips.

Mrs. Bl— is your faithful servant, and much obliged to your care. My mother, I thank God, is free and easy. I never had better health than of late, and hope I shall have long life, because I am much threatened. Adieu! and know me ever for, dear Sir,

Your most sincerely affectionate servant.

LETTER XXIX.

DEAR SIR,

I FIRST thank you for your kind visit, and hope you are not the worse for the cold day. I find by the inclosed that there must be more money somewhere to be found of my sister's affair; for the principal sum was 1,700*l.* beside interest: and, as I understand no part of the principal ever was paid, I therefore beg you to cause inquiry to be speedily made of Mr. Thurston, the master in chancery. Pray, ought you not to require a sight of Essington's books themselves, where the account was kept, if his extract prove not satisfactory? The question my sister asks about one Abbot I cannot answer, unless you find it in the

writings and papers she sent you. I have troubled you with the parcel for New England. For all your kindnesses I thank you cordially, and am, with sincere esteem,

Your faithful friend and servant.

My mother is rather worse than better.

LETTER XXX.

DEAR SIR, *Thursday.*

I AM heartily glad to hear of your safe arrival in town, and doubt not you will be pleased that I am as safe at Twitnam. I came from Bath two days since hither, and find my mother tolerably well, as I hope you left all yours. I should be glad to see you in town, but having been so long absent, have some necessary matters here for a few days, which I would pursue, if you could find it suitable to your convenience to lie here on Saturday, and pass the Sunday together, otherwise I will wait on you. In the mean time, pray convey this letter to Mr. Howard: it is a case that requires despatch, as you will see: and I beg, if you can, to favour it with any of the Board of Admiralty that you know, for I am convinced that he is ill used. Adieu! dear Sir, till we meet. Pray give me a line by Bowry. I have a thousand things to say to you.

Your ever affectionate servant.

LETTER XXXI.

DEAR SIR, *Wednesday.*

THE very melancholy situation I have been in, from the very day you begun the journey to Devonshire, made me not willing to break the enjoyment and peace of your domestic satisfactions in your family there; and poor Mr. Gay's great danger added to my concern. My mother still keeps her bed, and, I fear, is very unlikely to rise again: the distemper, which probably will finish all her decays, holds upon her, and does not yield to any remedies; the most is an interval from pain into weakness and slumbers. God knows when I shall see you or any body; in the mean time I thank you for many offices of your friendship, and beg you will continue to assist my sister's affairs: I presume Essington is now in town, and would send you his account, if demanded. Mrs. Blount has charged me with many speeches to be made you upon your care in her annuity. But I am unable to say, or almost do any thing, my own spirits are so sunk. I wish you sincerely joy of what I am told is given you, and shall always make it my wish to heaven for you. *Det vitam, det opes, æquam animam tibi ipse parabis.*

Your very faithful servant.

Pray make my compliments to Mr. Horace Walpole, whom I would have waited on with my thanks, but for this confinement on account of my mother.

LETTER XXXII.

DEAR SIR, *Sunday, Feb.* 1732-3.

I HAD written to you before, as well as sent; had I not hoped this day or last night, to have seen you here. I am sorry for your complaints of ill health, and particularly of your eyes; pray be very careful not to increase your cold. I will infallibly, if I cannot see you sooner, be with you in the middle of the week. I am at all times desirous to meet you, and have this winter been often dissatisfied to do it so seldom. I wish you a judge, that you may sleep and be quiet; *ut in otia tuta recedas,* but *otium cum dignitate.* Have you seen my imitation of Horace? I fancy it will make you smile; but though, when first I began it, I thought of you, before I came to end it, I considered it might be too ludicrous, to a man of your situation and grave acquaintance, to make you Trebatius, who was yet one of the most considerable lawyers of his time, and a particular friend of a poet. In both which circumstances I rejoice that you resemble him, but am chiefly pleased that you do it in the latter.

Dear Sir, adieu! and love me as I do you,

Your faithful and affectionate servant.

LETTER XXXIII.

DEAR SIR, *Monday, April.*

I was two nights in town, and aimed at seeing you on both; but the cursed attendance on the excise bill deprived me of it, and I grumble with the rest, upon that score, at it. Your present life is labour; I hope your future will be in more repose, and that you may sleep either on the bench or off, just as you please. Twickenham will be as much at the service of my Lord Judge, as it was of my learned Counsel; and I flatter myself in the imagination that your hours and days in general will be more mine when they are more yours. Adieu! and keep my secret as long as it will keep. I think myself so happy in being approved by you, and some few others, that I care not for the public a jot.

LETTER XXXIV.

DEAR SIR, *March* 8, 1732-3.

Your most kind letter was a sensible pleasure to me: and the friendship and concern shewn in it, to suggest what you thought might be agreeable to a person whom you know I would not disoblige, I take particularly kind. But the affair in question of any alteration is now at an end, by that lady's having taken her own satisfaction in an avowed libel, so fulfilling the veracity of my

prophecy. There has been another thing, wherein Pigot is abused as my learned counsel, written by some Irish attorney; and Curll has printed a parody on my words, which he is proud of as his own production, saying he will pay no more of his authors, but can write better himself. The town, since you went, has entered much into the fashion of applauding the *Essay on Man*; and in many places it is set up as a piece far excelling any thing of mine, and commended, I think, more in opposition to me, than in their real judgment it deserves. I congratulate with you for being got out of the noise and debate about the excises, getting money and health at once, and doing justice too. I think yours is much the better part. I must beg you to remind Mr. C——s of Mr. Bethel's affair, not to let slip this Lady-day, in making the demand on the premises in Wales; it is certainly now high time he should write to the attorney there. Having done with all law matters, the rest of this paper should be filled with all expressions of esteem and friendship, if such expressions could be of any use or grace after the experience and habit (the two strongest of things) of many years. Believe me, you have the essentials; and the ceremonials, therefore, are laid aside. Such a practice, continued where it is needless, is like keeping up the scaffolding after the building is finished: what helped to raise it at first will but disgrace it at last. Adieu! and write at your leisure. *Sit tibi cura mei; sit tibi cura tui.* Yours ever.

LETTER XXXV.

DEAR SIR, *June* 7, 1733.*

It is indeed a grief to me, which I cannot express, and which I should hate my own heart, if I did not feel, and yet wish no friend I have ever should feel. All our passions are inconsistencies, and our very reason is no better. But we are what we were made to be. Adieu! it will be a comfort to me to see you on Saturday night.

Believe me, dear Sir, yours.

LETTER XXXVI.

DEAR SIR,

The only day I had I came hither, and was unlucky in missing you. I go away this moment; if you come on Saturday, Lady Suffolk dines with me, and you will find her even after dinner, if you cannot come sooner. On Sunday I shall be at home: why cannot you lie at Twitnam Saturday night? I want to ask and tell you many things; some of business. I hope Mr. C——s has got the remainder of Mrs. Blount's debt from her brother, the whole 75*l.* which she has occasion enough for. Adieu! and know me for

Yours ever faithfully.

* The day on which Mr. Pope's mother died.

LETTER XXXVII.

DEAR SIR, *Twitnam, Nov.* 13, 1733.

I HAD fully hoped to have seen you ere now; but though I was in town two days and half, I could find no evening; and am now unwilling to be there till all the bustle of the wedding is over. In the mean time I hope you will secure Mrs. Blount, by insuring Robert's life the moment he comes to town; if it were but for two or three months, or less, if the money be not actually paid sooner. I have sent the last assurance, in case it can be any direction to the next. I employ these few days in putting the last hand to my Essay, and I will then immediately print it. I meditate a fine edition of the whole, which I will soon have the pleasure to see in your library, with an inscription of the love the author bears you. Sincerely, dear Sir, I am always yours.

I am told that Miss Fortescue is perfectly well. (I hope truly.)

LETTER XXXVIII.

DEAR SIR, *Friday,* 1733.

I HAVE been hindered by an accident of ceremony, which could not be waved, from lying at your house last night or this. I must just look at my own home to-morrow, and, as it is Satur-

day, wish for your company. I am to be conveyed by a party of your friends. Miss Patty Blount, never having seen you of late, desires you will be of it. We go to pass some hours at Chiswick Gardens, and set out by water from Whitehall at eight to-morrow morn: thence I would attend you home. I should be glad you had leisure to do this, which would be a true pleasure to

Your ever obliged friend and faithful servant.

A word in answer will find me at Lord Bathurst's.

LETTER XXXIX.

DEAR SIR, *September* 13.

I TAKE your letter the more kindly, as I had not written to you myself; at least it must have been so, for all you could know; for though, indeed, I did write once, yet I know it never reached you. I am sorry for poor White, who died just then. I could wish, if you are not fixed on a successor, you had a relation of mine in your eye; but this, I fear, is a hundred to one against my hopes. I am truly glad you have safely performed your revolution, and are now turning round your own axle in Devonshire; from whence may we soon behold you roll towards our world again! I can give you no account of Gay, since he was raffled for, and won back by his Duchess, but

that he has been in her vortex ever since, immoveable to appearance, yet I believe with his head turning round upon some work or other. But I think I should not in friendship conceal from you a fear or a kind-hearted jealousy, he seems to have entertained, from your never having called upon him in town, or corresponded with him since. This he communicated to me in a late letter, not without the appearance of extreme concern on his part, and all the tenderness imaginable on yours. This whole summer I have passed at home; my mother eternally relapsing, yet not quite down; her memory so greatly decayed, that I am forced to attend to every thing, even the least cares of the family, which you will guess, to me is an inexpressible trouble, added to the melancholy of observing her condition.

I have seen Sir R. W. but once since you left. I made him then my confidant in a complaint against a lady, of his, and once of my acquaintance, who is libelling me, as she certainly one day will him, if she has not already. You will easily guess I am speaking of Lady Mary. I should be sorry if she had any credit or influence with him, for she would infallibly use it to belie me; though my only fault towards her was, leaving off her conversation when I found it dangerous. I think you too vastly ceremonious to Mrs. Patty, but I shewed her what you wrote. I beg your family's acceptance of my heartiest services, and their belief that

no man wishes them and you more warmly all prosperity, than, dear Sir,

Your ever affectionate friend and servant.

I have only seen Mrs. Howard twice since I saw you, but hear she is very well, since she took to water-drinking. If you have any correspondence at Lincoln or Peterborough, a friend of mine desires to procure a copy of Mr. ——'s last will.

LETTER XL.

DEAR SIR, *Monday, Jan.* 1734-5.

Mrs. Blount's party with Mrs. Knight, to pay your family a visit, is desired to be to-morrow, if it suit with your conveniency; and if so, they chuse to dine with you. The evenings they are engaged for all this week. I, who know your spirit of hospitality, conclude, you will like the dinner best. Adieu, and let them have your answer to-night, or *per* bearer. Believe me ever with true affection, dear Sir, Yours.

LETTER XLI.

DEAR SIR, *Thursday, One o'clock, Jan.* 1734-5.

I HAVE been not only in and out of town so often, but so ridiculously employed (as I tell you at large), that I could not get one hour to see you. Pray tell me when I shall be sure of you at home. This day, at any hour? Mrs. Blount has now disposed very well of her money, which a friend of ours will pay at 4 *per cent.* for, from this day. Therefore, if you will order it me, I will take it for her forthwith, and bring you any proper receipt you shall send me. I write this from her house. Adieu! All happiness attend you; dear Sir, Yours.

LETTER XLII.

DEAR SIR, *London, March* 22, 1734-5.

I DEFERRED this two or three posts to send you an answer from Dr. Mead, of the truth of what you heard. But he knows no example that can quite be depended on, of the pulvis A. curing, after any one began to rave, or otherwise than if taken very soon after the wound. I gave Mr. Bl. the account, which will be paid as soon as you please, if your clerk have the receipts from the attorneys; or if not, when you return. Mr. Bethel has been with Mr. C——s about it, who

told him to defer it till you come. I have seen your family twice, once at Mr. Jervas's, and last night at home; they are all well, except a little cold which Miss Fortescue has, but was very merry. I hope you have this week seen Buckland with pleasure, and in a state of improvement; and that you will see Fallapit with the same. Twitnam is very cold these easterly winds; but I presume they do not blow in the happy regions of Devonshire. My garden, however, is in good condition, and promises fruits not too early. I am building a stone obelisk, making two new ovens and stoves, and a hot-house for ananas, of which I hope you will taste this year. The public news and votes tell you all the business of the season: it is generally thought the Parliament will be up in the middle of April. Adieu! May success, health, and money attend you in all your circulations! I am faithfully and affectionately, dear Sir,

Yours.

LETTER XLIII.

DEAR SIR, *Oct.* 5, 1734.

I SHOULD have told you, that if you have any occasion to direct to Mr. Bethel, it must be at Bestwick, near Beverley, Yorkshire: this I had told you last Saturday, when I intended to have passed the evening with you; but one of my fits of illness sent me to bed at eight o'clock, after a

tiresome day. I came to Twitnam, where I am in my garden, amused and easy: this is a scene where one finds no disappointment; the leaves of this year that are fallen, are sure to come on again the next: it is far otherwise in the great world (I mean the little world) of a court, &c. Get to be a judge, the sooner the better, and go to rest. Adieu! Believe me truly yours. I think to see you at the end of the week. In the mean time, if you have any thing satisfactory from Eadnell or Roberts, tell me; for my friends' concerns are more than my own; or if you have not, at least tell me you are well, and when I may be securest to find you at home. I am, most affectionately, Yours.

LETTER XLIV.

DEAR SIR, *Friday morning, Nov.* 1734.

YOUR letter (by the negligence of our post, which often delivers them not here till ten o'clock) came too late for me to get any conveyance to town to-day. But certainly you have just as much authority as I, as a friend of Mrs. Blount, to determine in this affair, as to the quarter's rent; or if you scruple it, apply to her: you and I. I am sure, shall be of the same opinion of it. As to the bill of charges, I think that is out of the question of their rent and principal, and may be decided separately, but doubtless to be insisted on. I want

to see you very much: shall you come this way on Saturday? For though I intended to be in town, I find I must take physic, being in a very ill way this week; though if I had found a coach to-day, I had come; as I often have for my friends, when really I have been little able. Adieu! I am truly, dear Sir, Yours.

Have you lately seen Lady Suffolk? She was ill when I left the town.

LETTER XLV.

DEAR SIR, *Friday, Dec.* 1734.

I FULLY intended to have dined with you yesterday, and the day before; but the first of them I was taken in at Court, and yesterday and to-day am so ill of a most troublesome cold, which has brought down the uvula of my mouth, that I cannot dine at all. Would you go to-morrow to Twitnam, and could you spare the coach, I would go gladly with you; if not, I must stay, perforce, till Sunday morning. I hope all your fireside are well, and growing merrier and merrier as Christmas approaches. I shall have no rest nor joy till I get to my mum again. Adieu! dear Sir, Yours.

LETTER XLVI.

DEAR SIR, *Twitnam, May* 10.

I THANK you for your constant memory of me, which upon every occasion you shew; when (God knows) my daily infirmities make me hardly capable of shewing, though very much so of feeling, the concerns of a friend. I am glad your family are well arrived; and your taking care first to tell me so, before I inquired, is a proof you know how glad I am of yours and their welfare. I intended to tell you first how kind Sir R. Walpole has been to me; for you must know, he did the thing with more despatch than I could use in acknowledging or telling the news of it.* Pray thank him for obliging *you* (that is, *me*) so readily, and do it in strong terms, for I was awkward in it, when I just mentioned it to him. He may think me a worse man than I am, though he thinks me a better poet perhaps; and he may not know I am much more his servant, than those who would flatter him in their verses. I have more esteem for him, and will stay till he is out of power, (according to my custom,) before I say what I think of him. It puts me in mind of what was said to him once before by a poet: "In power, your servant; out of power, your friend:" which a critic

* This probably refers to Sir Robert's having interfered at the request of Pope, to obtain an abbacy in France for Mr. Southcote, to whom Pope considered himself as under obligations which have been alluded to in his Life, chap. i.

(who knew that poet's mind) said, should be altered thus: "In power, your friend; but out of power, your servant; such most poets are!" But if Sir R. ever finds me the first low character, let him expect me to become the second. In the mean time I hope he will believe me his, in the same sincere disinterested manner that I am,

Dear Sir, yours.

Next Sunday I expect some company here, but that need not hinder you from a night's lodging in the country, if you like it.

LETTER XLVII.

DEAR SIR, *August* 2, 1735.

I HAD sooner written to you, but that I wished to send you some account of my own and of your affairs in my letter. This day determines both; for we cannot find out who is the pirater of my works, therefore cannot move for an injunction, though they are sold over all the town. That injury I must sit down with, though the impression cost me above 200*l.* as the case yet stands, there being above half the impression unsold. Curll is certainly in it, but we can get no proof. He has done me another injury, in propagating lies in Fog's Journal of Saturday last, which I desire you to see, and consider if not matter for an information. One Mr. Gandy, an attorney, writes me word, Mr. Cruwys is too busy to attend

ny little affairs, and that you approve of his being employed for him. Now, as to your business, I write this from your house; the windows will be done, and a stone chimney-piece up, by the end of next week. I will see all effected, and order the painting after. I have paid the fisherman.

I have exercised hospitality plentifully these twenty days, having entertained many of mine, and some of Lady S.'s friends. There is a greater court now at Marble-hill than at Kensington, and God knows when it will end. Mrs. Blount is your hearty humble servant, and Lady S. returns you all compliments. Make mine to your whole family, when you write. I dine to-day with some of your friends, and shall give your services in the evening to Lord Hay. The town has nothing worth your hearing or care; it is a wretched place to me, for there is not a friend in it. The news is supposed to be very authentic, that the Persians have killed sixty thousand Turks. I am sorry that the sixty thousand Turks are killed, and should be just as sorry if the sixty thousand Persians had been killed; almost as sorry as if they had been so many Christians.

Dear Sir, adieu! As soon as you get home, pray contrive (if you can) to send what letters you have been so partial to me as to keep, especially of an early date, before the year 1720. I may derive great service from seeing them in the chronological order; and I find my collection, such as it is, must be hastened, or will not be so effectual.

May all health and happiness follow you in your circuit, and, at the end of it, with repose to join them; and then I think you will have all that is worth living for in this world; for as for fame, it is neither worth living for, or dying for. I am truly, dear Sir,

Your faithful friend, and affectionate servant.

Pray, when you write to Mr. Curwys, inquire if he has not forgot Mrs. Blount's arrear from her brother of 25*l.* due last Lady-day.

LETTER XLVIII.

DEAR SIR, *Aug.* 23, 1735.

I AM summoned unexpectedly to Southampton, to take leave (I fear my last) of Lord Peterborough; from whence I return in a week, he going for France at the month's end. But I first took care of your house; the window is done, and the other bricked up; as to the back window, I think it will do as it is; the painters have done, and next week the upholsterer sets up the beds. I have not had one quiet day to possess my soul there in peace. I shall die of hospitality, which is a fate becoming none but a patriarch, or a parliament man in the country. Those who think I live in a study, and make poetry my business, are more mistaken than if they took me for a Prince of Topinambou. I love my particular friends as much as if I knew no others, and I receive almost

every body that comes near me as a friend: this is too much; it dissipates me when I should be collected; for though I may be of some (not much) value to a few, yet, divided among so many, I must be good for nothing. Life becomes a mere pastime. When shall you and I sit by a fire-side without a brief or a poem in our hands, and yet not idle, not thoughtless, but as serious, and more so, than any business ought to make us, except the great business, that of enjoying a reasonable being, and regarding its end? The sooner this is the case the better. God deliver you from law, me from rhyme, and give us leisure to attend to what is more important. Believe me, dear Sir, with all affection, but in great hurry, for my foot is in the coach the moment my hand is off this paper: [May all happiness wait on Buckland and Fallapit:] Entirely yours.

LETTER XLIX.

DEAR SIR, *Sunday Night.*

SINCE I left you, I am informed Curll has served a process upon Cooper (the publisher of the letters which I told you I connived at, who entered them in the Hall book), for what I know not, only I am told he put an advertisement into a newspaper against Curll. I bid him send you the process, that you may judge what is to be done in it. If any thing be necessary, pray ac-

quaint me. I send Mrs. Blount's receipt, as you ordered. God prosper you, protect you, bless you, as I love you, and shall ever do. Dear Sir, write me a line of your health.

LETTER L.

DEAR SIR, *Friday Night, Nov.* 1735.

I HOPE this finds you well arrived. I was put into more solicitude than I expected, for your health, by Dr. Hollings, who the other day told me you had been out of order, of which I knew nothing. I hope in God it is quite over. Give me a line when I may see you most at leisure. I think to be in town on Monday or Tuesday. The man whom Curll served with a process, just before you went out of town, I suppose should have the assistance of an attorney, to appear for him the first day of term, to know what it is for. I am always impatient to see you, dear Sir, and always faithfully Yours.

LETTER LI.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just received a note from Mrs. Blount, that she and Lady Gerard will dine here to-day, which puts off my intention on Lord Hay. I wish you would dine with them, and we may

go to Lord Hay's in the evening. But this, you see, hinders my being wholly at your service till to-morrow, when I will certainly be so at any place or time. Yours affectionately ever.

LETTER LII.

DEAR SIR,

LADY GERARD was to see Chiswick gardens (as I imagined), and therefore forced to go from hence by five: it was a mortification to Mrs. Blount to go, when there was a hope of seeing you and Mrs. Fortescue. I cannot get back to-night for want of a vehicle, but will be at home by eleven or twelve by water, ready to go with you to Jervas, unless you all care to come and see Chiswick in the morning by ten, which, if you do not, I will set out on my voyage. Adieu! dear Sir.

LETTER LIII.

DEAR SIR, *Friday Night.*

YOU may think I have forgot you, and I may think you have forgot me; but I believe neither of us will think so wrong. The truth is, I have been neither at home nor at London a day together; for my Lord Peterborough came very ill from Hantshire to Kensington a fortnight since, and has ever since kept his chamber, where I have been to help him pass his time almost daily. It

was but yesterday that I left him well enough to stay at Twitnam for a few days. If this reach you in time, and at leisure, I hope it will bring you hither for a night. As soon as I return to town, you shall be troubled with me. Adieu! and may all health attend you, as I wish. Yours always.

LETTER LIV.

DEAR SIR, *March* 26, 1736.

YOUR very kind letter was not more kind than entertaining, in the agreeable description of Monmouth and its situation. And what you tell me of your own temper of mind, in the present discharge of your office, I feel very livelily with and for you. It is a dreadful duty, yet a noble one; and the hero you thought so much of at Monmouth, had, or ought to have had, his glory overcast and saddened, with the same reflection: how many of his own species he sentenced to death in every battle he gave. I am not so clear in his character as in that of Edward the Third. There seems a little too much of a turn to vanity, and knight (king errantry I would say) in his motives of quarrel with the Dauphin of France. And it appears by some of the monkish historians that he was much a bigot, and persecuted hotly for religion. After all, your office of a judge is more conscientious, and tends much more directly to public welfare. You may certainly, with a better title

than any conqueror, sleep heartily, provided it be not upon the bench. You guessed rightly, (I should now say rather, you judged rightly,) when you supposed this weather was too fine to be sacrificed in London, where the sun shines on little else than vanity; but I have paid for taking my pleasure in it too exorbitantly. The sun at this season, and in this climate, is not to be too much depended on. *Miseri quibus intentata nites!* may be applied to the favours and smiles of the English planet, as properly as to those of an Italian lady.

The matter of my complaint is, that it has given me a rheumatism in one arm to a violent degree, which lies useless and painful on one side of this paper, while the other is endeavouring to converse with you at this distance. God knows, if your family be across the water just now, I shall not be able once to see them there. But it is not five days ago that they were in London, at that filthy old place, Bell-yard, which you know I want them and you to quit. I was to see them one of the only two days I have been in town this fortnight. Your too partial mention of the book of Letters, with all its faults and follies, which Curll printed and spared not, (nor yet will spare, for he has published a fourth sham volume yesterday,*) makes one think it may not be amiss to send you, what I know you will be much more pleased with than I

* The third and fourth volume of *Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence*, as surreptitiously published by Curll.

can be, a proposal for a correct edition of them; which at last I find must be offered, since people have misunderstood an advertisement I printed some time ago, merely to put some stop to that rascal's books, as a promise that I would publish such a book. It is therefore offered in this manner; but I shall be just as well satisfied, (if the public will) without performing the offer. I have nothing to add, but that Mrs. Blount, whose health you shew a kind regard to, is better, and Lady S. well. May health attend you, and quiet; and a good conscience will give you every other joy of life, how many rogues soever you sentence to death. It is a hard task! but a harder to mankind were they unpunished, and left in society. I pity you, and wish it may happen as seldom as possible.

Yours, sincerely.

LETTER LV.

DEAR SIR, *Twitnam, Tuesday, April,* 1736.

I NEED not tell you I am heartily glad of your return: my rheumatism having left me is not a greater joy. But I cannot leave this place at this important time, when every hour of my being here gives it a new improvement, as you will see when you come (I hope on Saturday). I inquired, but did not find the ladies were so early at Richmond as you writ me word: indeed, the easterly wind was enough to discourage them. I

send you the paper, which I see, by what you said, you like better than I do. I hope the subscription will fail, so far at least as to excuse me from the thing I never liked, and have been overpersuaded to do. I am truly, and always,

Yours.

If you take any subscribers in, you must give them a receipt in this form: Received of —— one guinea, being the whole payment for a volume of Mr. Pope's works, in prose, which, if the impression does not go on, I promise to return, on demand, after Midsummer next. W. F.

LETTER LVI.

DEAR SIR, *Sunday, May*, 1736.

I AM gone (before this can reach you) to Southampton, where my stay will be a fortnight. I was sorry to have no opportunity of passing a day with you and yours; but I propose it often after my return. In the mean time the purpose of this letter is to desire you and them to make what use you will of my house and gardens, which are large enough to lodge you all, and to try if they can bear a country life any where but in Devonshire. Dear Sir, believe me ever, sincerely,

Your most affectionate, faithful friend,

and servant.

LETTER LVII.

DEAR SIR, *Twicknam, Tuesday Night, May,* 1736.

It is very long that I have not heard any thing of you. The illness you left me under at Chiswick continued violently five whole days, two of which I was in London, and returned as ill hither. Upon the whole, I have had head-aches most of the time I have passed since. I inquired, and find you have been but one night at Richmond. Where are you? and how are you? I fancy you have been in Essex, or on some excursion. I think to be in London for two days at the end of this week, and then at home all the next. Pray let me know at which place I may see you most to your conveniency; who, while I live, shall be always truly, dear Sir, Yours.

LETTER LVIII.

DEAR SIR, *Wednesday, May,* 1736.

My days are become so uncertain, that I find I shall not have *to-morrow* in my power. This moral sentence is too true in my regard; for I see my proposal of Mr. Crank's dining here will not be. I therefore beg to lay hold of the present day, and that you will all come and dine here directly; for after this day I must be held down to two successive parties for morning, noon, and night. The prince's marriage influencing others, has this effect on me, to reverse what was before promised.

Pray, if you cannot dine here to-day, come in the afternoon and sup, or come on Friday evening. Adieu! I am ever, sincerely,

Your most faithful servant.

I have put pickled pork and pease in readiness for dinner.

LETTER LIX.

DEAR SIR, *Two o'clock, June*, 1736.

I HAVE been detained by two or three accidents from dining with you; one of which is, the rebuilding of the temple, which I hope will in glory equal the first. I wish the ladies and you would come this afternoon, and give their assistance. If you go to Marble-hill, you will easily come on and sup with me on Westphalia ham, &c. or drink tea at least. I will, if you please, go with you to-morrow to Lord Hay's, and afterwards dine with you, if it suit your other engagements. Adieu! but I hope not for many hours. Yours entirely.

LETTER LX.

DEAR SIR, *September* 3, 1737.

IT is long that I have not writ to you; but want of materials is a good reason for not writing at any time; and that which I never want, friendship and affection, have not much to say, though they feel much. The knowledge you will

not fail, from long experience, to have of mine for you, though it has had few means to prove itself; and the opinion which, I flatter myself, you have of my being no ungrateful man to those who have proved theirs to me; will sufficiently convince you I am always thinking of, and wishing well to you. I have this summer contrived to make a circuit, almost as long as yours, though less useful; from which I am not yet returned. I have been now a full month on the ramble, first to Southampton and Portsmouth, but the stormy weather prevented my design on the Isle of Wight; thence to Oxford, and Cirencester, and Bath. It will be near Michaelmas before I shall see Richmond, or Mrs. Blount, who went thither (as I hear by the last post) but two days ago, to enjoy the palace you left her, being much rejoiced to be at repose after a ramble she has also made. I hope Mrs. Spooner is now in perfect health, though she had been ailing when I last saw her before her journey. I hope you are all together by this time, or will about the time this letter reaches you; which comes to congratulate you on the sabbath of your labours, and to exhort you to concert this Michaelmas some improvements of your wood, &c. at Buckland, *factura nepotibus umbras.* But cut out some walks for yourself, while you yet have legs, and make some plain and smooth under your trees, to admit a chaise or chariot when you have none. I find myself already almost in the condition, though not the circumstances, of an aged judge,

and am forced to be carried in that manner over Lord Bathurst's plantations. Do not be discouraged from giving me, once more at least, an account of yourself. If directed to Twitenham, it will find its way to me. Be assured, I am, with old sincerity, and ever shall be, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and obliged
friend and servant.

LETTER LXI.

DEAR SIR,

I AM forced to write to you upon this red-lined paper, for I have not a sheet in the house beside. I sent Bowry to ask you when I might hope to see you. I really want it, for I am very near sunk in melancholy, having been full six weeks here, attending a very melancholy care. I would otherwise have tried to fix a day to meet you at Sir R. W.'s (with his permission, and your coadjutorship). I have a particular reason to desire to know a thing, which I believe he will tell me if you ask it,—Who was author of a book called *An Essay on the Taste and Writings of this Age*, dedicated to him, as a libel upon me. I formerly sent it to Sir R. by you (as I think). Pray ask him, and assure him of my respectful services. I am ever, dear Sir, Yours.

Pray send me some paper; it is all I can get by you men in place.

LETTER LXII.

DEAR SIR, *July* 31, 1738.

It was my intention sooner to have told you, of what, I know, is the news a friend chiefly desires, my own state of health. But I waited these three weeks almost, to give you a better account than I can yet do; for I have suffered a good deal from many little ailments, that do not altogether amount to a great disease, and yet render life itself a sort of one.

I have never been in London but one day since I parted from you, when I saw Mr. Spooner and the rest of yours; and this day I took it into my head they might be at the Vineyard. I went thither, but Mrs. Shepherd told me, in a voice truly lugubrious, that nobody had seen her walls since you were last there. I comforted her over a dish of tea, and recommended her to read Milton on all such occasions of worldly disappointments.

I went home, and drank Sir Robert's health with T. Gordon; for that day I was left alone, my Lord Bolingbroke being sent for to London, who has stayed with me otherwise constantly since his arrival in England, and proposes (to my great satisfaction) to do so, while he remains on this side the water. It is great pleasure to me that I never saw him better, and that quiet and hunting, together, have repaired his health so well. Your friend Sir Robert has but one of these helps; but I remember when I saw him last, which was the last

time he sent to desire me, he told me he owed his strength to it. You see I have made him a second compliment in print in my second Dialogue, and he ought to take it for no small one, since in it I couple him with Lord Bol—. As he shews a right sense of this, I may make him a third, in my third Dialogue.

I should be glad to hear of any place, or thing, that pleases you in your progress. Lord Burlington was very active in issuing orders to his gardener to attend you with pine-apples: he goes into Yorkshire next week.

Pray remember me to Mr. Murray. You need not tell him I admire and esteem him, but pray assure him that I love him.

I am, sincerely, dear Sir, yours.

LETTER LXIII.

DEAR SIR, *Rousham, July 26, 1739.*

I WRITE this much out of humour to find it impossible for me to get to London in time before your journey. I had written to my servant to send my chaise and horses to it about the middle of this week; and wrote to Mrs. Blount that I hoped to see both you and her here, the moment after I received your most kind letter. I find by one from her, that you have met at last, and that you have complimented her with the shepherd's

tabernacle, of which I doubt not she is very glad, and for which I thank you too. The day before I was to set out, my Lord Cornbury came hither to General Dormers, and insists so urgently that he did so purely to get me to Cornbury for some days, (where I formerly made, and am to make some alterations,) that I cannot refuse it; or must take another journey expressly, which, indeed, I am not able to do, my weak frame being almost shook to pieces with this. I am within a mile of your brother Page, who threatens to come hither; and it is very probable I may see him at dinner to-morrow. If we were well enough acquainted, I might be tempted to go the circuit with you as far as Southampton. I fancy no coaches are so easy as the judges', and no journeys more gradual: then I might be sure of reposing some days between whiles, and keeping sober and sad company. To be serious, I wish yours may contribute to your health, more than I fear it will to your entertainment. Let me hear now and then how you continue; and be assured, all the effects of an old and an experienced friendship dwell about me, and will ever wait upon you; whatever be the events of a world I am daily weaning myself from, as I think it less and less lovely, and less worthy either remembrance or concern. Adieu! dear Sir, and think (as you truly may) he is a disinterested man who makes you this profession, and who will ever be Your most affectionate, faithful,

humble servant.

I beg you to send the inclosed letter to Mrs. Blount. I never received that which you mention to have written to me to Twitnam.

LETTER LXIV.

DEAR SIR, *August* 17, 1739.

I WAS truly concerned, at my return from my rambles, (which was a whole week longer than I intended, or could prevent,) to hear from Mrs. Blount, how ill you had been; worse than really you had told me in your kind letter. I called at your house a day or two, but missed the ladies; but the servants told me they had heard twice from you, and that you was much better. I hope it proved so; and that as your journey advanced, your strength did the same. I wished to hear more of you; and now desire it, that I may no longer want the knowledge how you find yourself. I dined yesterday with Jervas upon a venison pasty, where we drank your health warmly, but as temperately, as to the liquor, as you could yourself: for neither he nor I are well enough to drink wine; he for his asthmatic, and I for another complaint that persecutes me much of late.

Mrs. Blount is not yet at Richmond, which she is sorry for, as well as I; but I think she goes to-morrow: and she told me she would give you some account of herself the moment she was under your roof. She expected I could have informed her of

your state of health, and almost quarrelled with me that I had not writ sooner. Indeed I forget no old friend a day together; and I bear you, in particular, all the goodwill and good wishes I can harbour for any one; though, as to writing, I grow more and more remiss. The whole purpose of it is only to tell, now and then one is alive, and to encourage one's friends to tell us the same, in the consciousness of loving and being loved by each other. All news, if important, spreads of itself; and, if unimportant, wastes time and paper; few things can be related as certain truths, and to hunt for pretty things belongs to fops and Frenchmen. Party stories are the business of such as serve their own interests by them, or their own passions. Neither of all these is my case, so that I confine myself to mere howd'yes, and repeated assurances that I am concerned to know what I ask of my friends. Let me, then, sometimes be certified of your ways and welfare; mine are pretty uniform, neither much mended nor worse. But such as I ever was, I am; and I ever was, and shall be, dear Sir, Faithfully yours.

LETTER LXV.

DEAR SIR, *Monday, Seven o'clock, March*, 1743.

It is indeed very long since we have met; but I do not forget you, nor do I think you forget me, since you were so kind as to call yesterday. I

did not expect you while Lord Bolingbroke was with me (though I saw any friend alone). Since he left me I have been in Kent for some time, and had Mr. West's family here a fortnight; have never been two days in town, nor one Sunday at home, without being confined to company. This is the truth; and I had written as much to you, but for the hope every week of seeing you the next. If this find you, dear Sir, at Richmond, I will take boat instantly. I truly am, and ever shall be, as I ever have been,

Your most obliged and faithful humble servant.

LETTER LXVI.

DEAR SIR, *Twitnam, Wednesday, April,* 1743.

I THANK you for your kind invitation to dine with you, but I have not dined this long while, so as to be fit for any man's table or food. I am not yet free from a fever, and yet must be carried in a coach to-morrow to London, to be the nearer the doctor. If you could as well take the air this way, I would get you a chicken, and enjoy here what I wish I could there, an hour or two of your company. The waterman gives me but an imperfect account of the state of your health, which I answer no man desires with more sincerity, than, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and
ever faithful servant.

LETTER LXVII.

DEAR SIR, *Saturday Night, June,* 1743.

I HAVE twice had the ill fortune to miss you when I went to the Rolls; the last time Mr. Solicitor and I were together; and now that he and I are at Twitenham (for one day only), my Lord Bolingbroke happens to be so, which hinders us from seeing you. I shall be in town again in two or three days, and hope then to dine and sup with you. I am really troubled to meet you so rarely, as I preserve the memory of so many hours and days formerly passed together; and am, with that sort of truth which was to be found in old-fashioned friendships, dear Sir,

Your faithful and ever most affectionate servant.

LETTER LXVIII.

DEAR SIR, *Twickenham, Friday.*

I AM in the condition of an old fellow of threescore, with a complication of diseases upon me, a constant head-ache, ruined tone of the stomach, &c. Some of these succeed the moment I get quit of others; and upon the whole, indeed, I am in a very uncomfortable way. I could have wished to see you, but cannot. I wish you all health, wherever you are. Pray, if you can, do not forget to try to procure the annuity for life for

1000*l.*, which I recommended to you in behalf of a lady of our acquaintance. Make my sincere services to all yours as acceptable as they are sincere.

I am, dear Sir, yours affectionately.

If you have an opportunity, pray give my services to Sir R. W. whom I will wait upon the first Sunday I am able.

LETTERS

TO

MRS. NEWSHAM, MR. AND MRS. KNIGHT,

AND

MRS. NUGENT.

THE Lady to whom the following Letters are addressed under the successive names of Mrs. Newsham, Mrs. Knight, and Mrs. Nugent, was the sister of Mr. Secretary Craggs, the intimate friend of Pope, and was first the wife of —— Newsham, Esq., of Chadshunt, in Warwickshire, afterwards of John Knight, Esq., successively representative in parliament for St. Germains and Sudbury, and lastly of Robert Nugent, Esq., who was advanced to the peerage of Ireland by the title of Baron Nugent and Viscount Clare, and was afterwards created Earl Nugent.

LETTERS

TO

MRS. NEWSHAM, &c.

LETTER I.

TO MRS. NEWSHAM.

MADAM, *Twitenham, Dec.* 21.

HAVING been long and closely confined at home in attending a most dangerous illness of my mother, (whose life was wholly despaired of, and, through several relapses since, very precarious,) I never heard till last week what I sincerely condole with you upon. I cannot help breaking through the ceremony of the world, and writing as if I had the title of a relation to you. I thank God I am of that frame, that I can and do feel very sensibly for my friends in such circumstances. I cannot express how much; nor will words lessen whatever you feel. I will leave this subject. When you care to hear more from me, I shall wish to write to you; and am, indeed, with all the good wishes of a friend, sincerely.

LETTER II.

TO MRS. NEWSHAM.

MADAM,

I HOPE you are so good a relation as to think it a reasonable impediment to my writing to you, (which I purposed as soon as you got into Warwickshire,) that my mother was very ill. She is now so much better, that I begin to look with more cheerfulness on the coming part of my life. Contrary to most sons, I think, of all friends, a friend of one's family is the best; they are generally the surest, for merit seldom gets the better of blood. The world of late has been so bad, that it has seemed unwilling to attribute much merit to those who love us naturally, as kindred (and above all, parents) do: the true reason of which I fear is, that we are too ready to depreciate the kindnesses we receive, to excuse our own careless, if not ungrateful, returns to them. But though our relations *be obliged* to be kind to us, are we therefore *not obliged* to be grateful to them? For my part I am so unfashionable as to think my mother the best friend I have, for she is certainly the most partial one. Therefore as she thinks the best of me, she must be the kindest to me. And I am morally certain she does that without any difficulty or art, which it would cost the devil and all of pains for any body else to do.

In this domestic way of thinking, you will not

take me too much for a complimental person, if I, seriously and heartily, wish to know from you that Mr. Newsham is in a better state of health. I am truly sorry that you cannot pass the winter here, especially when it is occasioned by such an obstacle: but I know from myself (who am like on the same account to see very little of the town this winter), that there is more true satisfaction in doing right, and in acting tenderly, than in all the vain, empty things, which the lovers of the town, (the Cornishes of the world) can call pleasures. They hate the very thoughts of Paradise, because it is described as a garden: and have no opinion of heaven, but as they fancy it like an opera.

I would not say this before Mr. Elliot,* who has bought (at my instigation) the marble for the statue,† upon which the Italian is now at work. I will not forget those cautions about the forehead, hair, &c. which we observed when we met on that occasion. You know that I have enough of yours

* Edward Elliot, of Port Elliot, Esq. who married Harriet, sister of Mr. Secretary Craggs. C.

† Mrs. Newsham was also sister to Mr. Secretary Craggs, and it is his monument which is the subject of this and some of the following letters. It was executed by Guelfi, whom Lord Burlington invited into the kingdom, and for whom he performed many works in London and at Chiswick. He was also some time employed in repairing the antiques at Lord Pomfret's at Easton-Neston, now at Oxford. Lord Orford thinks his tomb of Mr. Craggs in Westminster Abbey is graceful and simple, but that it shows Guelfi was a very indifferent sculptor. We are sorry to add that it has suffered, in common with some of the finest specimens of art in the Abbey, by the wantonness of certain visitors. C.

in my hands, to answer the statuary's demands for the future. I have made the Latin inscription as full, and yet as short, as I possibly could. It vexes me to reflect how little I must say, and how far short all I can say is, of what I believe and feel on that subject; like true lovers' expressions, that vex the heart from whence they come, to find how cold and faint they must seem to others, in comparison of what inspires them inwardly in themselves. The heart glows, while the tongue faulters.

I shall try my interest with Mr. Nicols, in behalf of the young gentleman, who is so much a part of you. I had once an interest with him: and (because he is a good man) I will believe I have it still, for the same cause that I have some with you: one whom he loved and respected, happened to love me, though now removed from us for ever. That will be a reason with grateful and reflecting minds, to devolve benevolences, and continue good wishes, from generation to generation. I am, &c.

LETTER III.

TO MRS. NEWSHAM.

MADAM, *Twitenham, July 9.*

You would have had a very free companion and correspondent of me, and have inherited that open and unreserved behaviour, which I

both learned from your brother, and practised to him. But the day that you passed at Twitnam, you did a thing that took away all my liberty, and made me a much less easy acquaintance than I hoped to have been to you. Methinks this period looks like a love-letter, to tell a lady she has taken away my liberty: but you will understand it in a more serious sense: and I assure you, I am, instead of your friend, so much your enemy for this, that I will live to be revenged of you. And in the mean time (like one that is very much intent upon revenge), I will say not a word more about it, but seem entirely to forget it.

The Italian sculptor has not yet finished his clay model. Indeed, it is a vast disadvantage as to the likeness, not to be able to see the life. What would not you and I give that that were possible? But at last, by comparing the two other pictures and the print, (together with my own memory of the features of that friend who had often looked so kindly upon me,) he has brought it to a greater degree of resemblance than I could have thought. If you happened to come to town, I could wish you saw the model yet, before the marble be begun: for if you were not satisfied, I would have another sculptor make a model in clay after the pictures, for a further chance of likeness. If the artist were a worse carver than this man, yet it might be a help to improve his statue in this respect; since all the rest he cannot fail to perform excellently. I am really in pain to have you

pleased, in a point that I am sure is a tender one, since it is all you can do for the best of brothers, and I for the best of friends!

What can I write to you about? Of him, we think alike, and (I dare say) we shall think always. His very memory more engages my mind, than the present enjoyment of almost all that remains in the world to strike my senses. These things appear but as a dream, and that as a reality. A friend gone, is like youth gone, never to be recalled, and leaves all that follows insipid and spiritless.

I will add no more upon this subject, though I know we shall never meet, or perhaps never write, without repetition of this kind. I heartily wish well to all that he would have wished well to, had he been yet among us. The wound is eternal, but it is some ease to us to give it air, by shewing it to one another, and pitying one another. I hope to hear from you at your leisure, and be assured, as the only reasonable motive you can have for your favour to me, that you cannot correspond with one more his admirer, his lover, and deplorer, than Madam, &c.

My humble services to Mr. Newsham.* My mother begs your acceptance of hers.

* As these letters have no dates, it is uncertain whether this was the husband, or the son of Pope's correspondent. C.

LETTER IV.

TO MRS. NEWSHAM.

MADAM, *Twitenham, Aug.* 8.

I SHOULD not tell you I have been so disagreeably employed as in taking care of my own health, which too much sickness makes me value more than otherwise I would, if I did not really believe you intend to have some concern about me, and that therefore I owe you some apology for writing no sooner, to one who wishes me so well. I have no answer to make to one part of yours, but that your manner of doing things does not (nor did in the instance I mentioned) displease me, it is so like your own brother's manners, and nothing like him can ever displease me. But you will yet more oblige me, if you will let me use you as I did him, and transfer a part of the favours you designed me, to the benefit of some objects I may recommend to you, whom one sort of favours may make happier; though the other, of friendliness and good will, I covet from you, and would not give a grain of as much as you allow me from myself. I have met with an object of extreme charity, to whom I will venture to give some of the money you have left in my hands, whose story I will take another time to tell you, and only now say, that if your brother had lived, she would not have wanted relief. I have paid but as far yet as 60*l.* to the statuary: the model I begin to be satis-

fied with, and he is to proceed upon the statue forthwith. You are very just to me in your thoughts of that affection that will prompt me in every thing relating to him. But I must also think you are very kind in them: in this age, justice is kindness. Yet I doubt not your mind is of a better sort, as his was, and forward to judge favourably of such, as on any account deserve regard or belief. I shall use no ceremonial with you, on no occasion, but take you for what you are pleased to profess yourself toward me; and only assure you I shall think, (if ever I found myself tempted to be too complaisant, or in the least degree insincere to you,) that I am offending the remains of the sincerest man I ever knew in the world, and growing ungrateful to him after his death.

Believe me therefore, Madam, sensible of the obligation of being thought well of, and yet more sensible of that which occasioned your good opinion, your tenderness for him, and your acquiescence in his judgment, which was so favourable (indeed so partial) to me. In a word, I esteem you more for loving him, than for liking me; nay, I not only esteem, but love you the more for that very reason: and I will be always, dear Madam,

Yours, &c.

Pray desire Mr. Newsham to accept my services. I hope the young gentleman is well.

LETTER V.

TO JOHN KNIGHT, ESQ.*

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE this day received your second letter with the note of 55*l.*, at Twitnam, and will next week go to town, where, as soon as the figure is set up, I will pay the statuary. Your excess of punctuality has cost you and me this alarm and trouble; for I might as well else have done it myself, and stayed till you came to town for the money.

I must now express to you, with great truth, my concern for Mrs. Knight's danger; which I first heard of the day after I had sent you my first letter. I hope in God her recovery is more and more confirmed: and I must tax you with a second piece of forgetfulness, in not saying one word of it when you writ last those three lines, with the note. Let me trouble you for one letter more, at your next leisure, about her. If I get more health than indeed I yet have, and if she recovers fast enough to bear one additional infirmity, that of a philoso-

* Of Bellowes or Belhouse, or Gosfield-hall, was born at Weymouth, educated at Wadham College, Oxford, and Gray's Inn; elected M. P. for St. Germains, in Cornwall, in 1710, 1713, and 1714, and for Sudbury in 1727. He was Justice of the Peace, and Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Essex. He married, as his second wife, Mrs. Newsham, to whom the preceding letters are addressed. His only son, John Knight, Esq., dying in June, 1727, he bequeathed by will all his estates to his wife, who became possessed of them upon his decease, Oct. 2, 1733. Her third marriage will be noticed hereafter. C.

phical companion, half sour and half sick, I intend, in less than a fortnight, to make you and her a short visit. In which case I will first go to Lees (the Duchess of Buckingham's), and send you an information when I am there, that you either may take notice of, or not, as it shall be most convenient to you at that time.

I went to Burlington House two days ago, where the statue is boxed up, ready for carriage, by Guelfi: he had sent me two letters in one day about Bird* again; that he would not make the box for it, &c. Whereupon I bid him, if Mr. B. did not come for it soon, to take the care upon himself of erecting it. But I since understand Guelfi is fallen sick: so Mr. Bird's care will be the more necessary. I wish to God it were once well set up: it will make the finest figure, I think, in the place; and it is the least part of honour due to the memory of a man who made the best in his station; and would, questionless, have made yet a better, had God allowed, what all mortals who rightly knew his virtues, earnestly desired,—his longer stay among us.

I have nothing to add, but my sincerest wishes for the welfare of two of the nearest parts of him, his friend and his sister. I am truly, dear Sir,

Your affectionate, faithful servant.

Twitnam, Oct. 30, 1727.

My mother is Mrs. Knight's humble servant: so is Mrs. Patty Blount.

* Francis Bird, a statuary, whose principal work is the monument of Busby. C.

LETTER VI.

TO JOHN KNIGHT, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 8, 1729.

I HAVE several times had cursory informations, at your door in Dover-street, of your health, and your several motions. I hoped you had intended to have moved this way before the year was so far advanced; but I find you are yet in Warwickshire, I am desirous (in the epidemical distemper that now afflicts us all, and, I am told, all over the nation) to know how Mrs. Knight and yourself have escaped it, or have you escaped it? I have lain-in these three weeks, and narrowly missed a fever. Mrs. Blount hitherto has been free from it, but is going next week to London, with open arms to receive that and all other town blessings. She very often commemorates Gosfield, and you and Mrs. Knight. Her love for the place she banished herself from in so few days, resembles Eve's passion for Paradise, in Milton, when she had got herself turned out of it. However, like Eve, who raves upon tying up the rose-trees, and cultivating the arbours in the midst of her grief, this lady too talks much of seeing the lawn enlarged, and the flocks feeding in sight of the parterre, and of administering grass to the lambs, and crowning them with flowers, &c. In order whereto, she had got two beauties in their kind ready to send thither at your first order. The season, I have several times admonished her,

would be too cold for such tender creatures to travel, unless she made her friend give them her forthwith. So, in short, whenever you will direct your servant in town, or her (who will be your servant in town in a few days), they shall be delivered, and sent in what manner you appoint.

My mother still remembers Mrs. Knight, though it is not to be told how much she is decayed since you saw her. I thank God she lives, and lives not in pain, though languid, and void of pleasure. I wish for you both, and all my friends, a life extended no longer than the enjoyment of it, and the possession of that understanding which will make us contented to part with the one, when we cannot preserve the other.

I am, with sincerity, and all good wishes to each of you, dear Sir and dear Madam, Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

TO JOHN KNIGHT, ESQ.

SIR, *July* 30, 1730.

I HAVE long intended to tell you and Mrs. Knight, that I live, and live very faithfully, a servant to you both. Accidents prevented my seeing you before you left London; and I had (after many inquiries, which would have seemed impertinent, had I not thought Mrs. Knight in extreme danger) the satisfaction of hearing she was recovered enough to go a journey, almost the same

day that she went: for the very next I got to town, and found you had left it. Since that, your servant there told me she continued well: I hope it, but should be better satisfied to be ascertained by yourself. I hope you both enjoy whatever is to be enjoyed in the country, and where two, well-gathered together, make a thousand: for Mrs. Knight's sake, indeed, I wish a little quadrille in the midst of you. I am stuck at Twitnam, as fast as my own plants, scarce removeable at this season. So is Mrs. Patty Blount; but not stuck with me, but removable to all other gardens hereabouts. Women seldom are planted in the soil that would best agree with them: you see carnations fading and dirty in Cheapside, which would blush and shine in the country. Mrs. Cornish is just now going to some such soft retreat, at Hampstead, or Richmond, or Islington, having read the following epigram:

> When other fair-ones to the shades go down,
> Still Chloe, Flavia, Delia, stay in town:
> Those ghosts of beauty wandering here reside,
> And haunt the places where their honour died.

Mrs. Blount bids me assure you she is faithfully your servant; and I have only to add, that my mother is much better this summer than she ought to be, not having seen Mrs. Knight; and that I am sick every other day as usual, and this day for one; but truly and always, dear Sir, your most affectionate and most humble servant.

LETTER VIII.

TO JOHN KNIGHT, ESQ.

SIR, *Stowe, Aug.* 23, 1731.

THE place from which I write to you will be a proof alone, how incapable I am of forgetting you and your Gosfield: for if any thing under Paradise could set me beyond all earthly cogitations, Stowe might do it. It is much more beautiful this year than when I saw it before, and much enlarged, and with variety: yet I shall not stay in it, by a fortnight, so long as I did (with pleasure) with you. You must tell Mrs. Knight she had been spoken of, and her health toasted here; and that Lord Cobham sends his services, with a memorandum to perform her promise of seeing this place. If she keeps it, I do not despair to live (partly by my own exemplary temperance, and partly by the assistance of mother Vincent) to meet you both here another season. I shall yet think it a diminution to my happiness, to miss of half our companions and compotators of syllabub, not to have Mr. Newsham* and his dogs, and his preceptors, and his dearly-beloved cousin, and his mathematics, and his Greek, and his horses. Without a compliment to all, or any of them, I never passed an easier and more agreeable month, in spite of some ill health, and some melancholy, than that of July last. I hope you will long enjoy that tran-

* Mrs. Knight's son, by her first husband. C.

quillity and that satisfaction, which you spread over all that is about you. I often wish Mr. Mallet* joy, in my own heart, of his having exchanged such a whining, valetudinary, cloudy, journalier companion, as myself, for the good-humour, and serenity, and indulgence of your family. I am pretty sure he will deserve it all. Mrs. Patty languishes in town, and diets there on fools, in defect of friends. I am sorry to forsake her at such a time; and she is more sorry you live at such a distance. Her sister affirms, nobody of sense can live six miles out of London; and indeed I know nothing that can set her right, but the free use of the cane you bestowed upon me, and which I could wish to bestow upon her. I cannot say my rambles contribute much to my health; yet I take no corporeal medicaments, but wholly apply to remedies of the mind: if human philosophy will not do, I must desire Mrs. Elliot to pray for me. My next journey is to Southampton, to my Lord Peterborough; where also I have a Catholic friend, who will take care of my soul; and shall dine with a Jesuit, thrice a week, worth all the priests in Essex, if you except Mr. Tripsack.

I desire you all to accept of my faithful services, and to know no man is more mindful of you, than, dear Sir, Your, &c.

* He appears to have been tutor to young Newsham. C.

LETTER IX.

TO JOHN KNIGHT, ESQ.

SIR,

I HAD very long ago found a day liable to no accident of preventing me from seeing yourself and Mrs. Knight, but for a very tedious series of wretched ill health, that almost renders every day of my life wearisome and vexatious. My mother too has relapsed twice or thrice; and it is so melancholy to her to be quite alone, that I have in a manner kept home entirely. Twice I endeavoured to find you, as I think, since we last met. I wish it now; and, if I am not downright ill, will wait on you both next week. Guelfi sent me a letter this post, to whom I owed an arrear, thinking some things were wanting to be done, particularly to conceal better the joining of the urn. Pray send to him about it, and tell him (it will save me writing, and my head aches extremely), that, as soon as that is done, or if it be already done, I will pay him.

Be assured, dear Sir, of our hearty services to yourself and your lady. I am, &c.

I hope you have read the book of the Bathos, and the last volume of our Miscellanies.

LETTER X.

TO JOHN KNIGHT, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, *Twitenham, Nov.* 24.

I HAD some view of seeing you in the country; but the weather proved so cold, that the Duchess of Bucks came back to town before I was ready to go to Lees. I am forced now to content myself with such informations of Mrs. Knight's state of health, as your people gave me in Dover-street. If these be true, she is pretty well; and I hope the cheerfulness you two can give one another, will make all that bad seasons, ill air, and uncomfortable prospects can do, ineffectual to molest or cloud you. Here the most unhappy gay people are reduced to mere children's play, and childish sights, to divert them. They go every day to stare at a mock coronation* on the stage, which is to be succeeded by a more ridiculous one of the Harlequins (almost as ridiculous a farce as the real state one of a coronation itself). After that, they hope for it again in a puppet-show, which is to recommend itself by another qualification, of having the exact portraits of the most conspicuous faces of our nobility in wax-work, so as to be known at sight, without Punch's help, or the master's pointing to each with his wand as they pass. So much for news! It is what passes most material in this

* The Coronation of George II. which nearly ascertains the date of this letter. C.

metropolis, till you, Sir, with your fellow-members, come to find us greater business after Christmas.

At last I have seen the statue up, and the statuary down at the same time. The poor man has not been out of bed since. I sent part of the money to him, and offered him more, which he refused, till he has been at the Abbey, to do some little matter more to the hair (as I understand) and feet. The inscription on the urn is not done yet, though they *(promised)* it two months ago, and had the draught: but yesterday they sent to me again for it, which I cannot conceive the meaning of, for I saw it scored on in the Abbey. I have sent it over again to Mr. Bird this day, however.

I shall think it a favour to hear of you both, when your leisure permits. Believe me a sincere well-wisher to you both, and (if you will allow me a higher title) dear Sir,

A faithful friend and affectionate servant.

My mother is well, and very much yours and Mrs. Knight's.

LETTER XI.

TO JOHN KNIGHT, ESQ.

Tuesday, 7 in the Morning.

THERE has arisen such a tempest to-night, and the morning is so blustering, that I think it unreasonable to tax Mrs. Knight's goodnature at

such a rate, as to expect her here to-day. If she were one of those fine ladies who *goes* no where but for her own sake, and for her own dear amusements, and visits those whom she would hang in her passion, or beggar in her play; why then I should not be sorry to see her soused and mortified one wet day in the country for it. But as she intends to please me, and as I gratefully wish her to be pleased, I will not expect her if the weather does not perfectly change, so as you may be here before one o'clock: and pray name any day whatever else (after to-morrow, on which I am indispensably engaged). Nevertheless, as for you, Sir, if you fear neither wind, nor thunder, nor storm, according to your wonted alacrity, come on horseback forthwith, and appoint your other day yourself in person. I am very truly Mrs. Knight's, and, dear Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

TO MRS. KNIGHT.

MADAM,

I WAS unlucky not to be able to find you the only day I have been in town: and the season now keeps me to the country, where all the business I have in the world is to be. I was, if I could have seen you, to have informed you of some curiosities (as I know you to like things of that nature) in shells, corals, and mineral ores, and con-

gelations, which, I am told, are very beautiful, and to be had at a very reasonable rate. I heard of them by chance: they belong to one Mrs. Dering, who brought them from the Indies, and lives at Mrs. Le Grand's. If you care to see them, Mrs. Patty Blount will wait upon you thither, and be glad of the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with you. I said something from you to her, which I have forgot, and was to say something from her to you since, which I have also forgot; but you may take my word it was very civil, very reasonable, and very well intended. I hope you will meet some way or other upon better terms than silly civilities (as you desired, I know, to do): if you do not meet at your own houses, let it be at mine. Pray acquaint me how soon you can do me the favour you promised of a day. Assure Mr. Knight of my hearty services, and believe me sincerely, Madam, Your, &c.

LETTER XIII.

TO MRS. KNIGHT.*

MADAM, *Southampton, Aug.* 5, 1734.

If I did not know you must take it for granted that I am always mindful of you, I should have been earlier in telling you such a piece of news. But the truth is, that all I ever think letters good for, is to convey to those who love one

* Mrs. Knight was now a second time a widow. C.

another the news of their welfare, and the knowledge that they continue in each other's memory. The first of these I heard by inquiries in London, which have been transmitted to me; and the last, I think so well both of you and myself, as to think unnecessary. It was very certain Mrs. Elliot's company would be an equivalent to you for all you could leave in town, and yours would be so to her. Indeed, I had a wish to make you a short visit by surprize, and see this with my own eyes; but the account given me at Stowe (where I had but one week to stay, and given me after I had been half-jumbled to death, and just before I was to be jumbled again in the abominable stony roads thereabouts) gave me a terror I could not overcome; especially when, chancing to see a clergyman who lives by you, and whose name I have forgot, he told me the way was farther and worse than ever my fears had imagined. I have been but in a poor state of health, ever since I set out from home; and can scarce say I have found rest till (where you would least expect it) under my Lord Peterborough. This place is beautiful beyond imagination, and as easy as it is beautiful. I wish you and Mrs. Elliot saw it. Here is a very good Catholic lady in the house, and she and I might pray together for you. One motive, which perhaps may one time or other draw you, is, that the Duchess of Montague is within ten miles of us, at Bewley, which, I am told, is a fine situation on the sea, and I shall see it to-morrow: Lord Peterbo-

rough carries me thither. I had the satisfaction to hear this week from Mrs. Patty Blount, that you were well. She is got into Surrey to another Papist lady, and stays some time with her. I design to steer towards London before the end of this month. We expect here Mr. and Mrs. Poyntz. What can I say to you? I wish you very happy. I wish Mr. Newsham all that you wish him to have, and to be. Where is he, and Mr. Mallet? When shall you return to town? I desire you to be very kind to me, and very just to me; that is, to let me know you continue well, now, when I can no other way be sure of it, than by a line hither; and to believe me sincerely ever, with all esteem, Madam, Your, &c.

I think I need not send Mrs. E. my services, for they will do her no good; but desire her prayers, which may do me some.

LETTER XIV.

TO MRS. KNIGHT.

DEAR MADAM, *Sept.* 1, 1734.

IDLE as I am, no opportunity can offer that puts me in mind of you, but I comply with that mind, which is always yours. It therefore must tell you, by this gentleman, how much I think of you; and that, if the body belonging to this mind were worth one farthing, it would follow it, and go to see you. But those wretched infirmities,

which set it forward toward the blessings of another life, keep it back from doing what it likes in this. I am next week going from Southampton to London, where I shall impatiently expect you. I fancy you will be as impatient to be in London, especially if Mrs. Elliot be not with you. I had the most entertaining letter imaginable from Mr Mallet, from Wales. I sent it to our friend Patty; and she (if she is not stupid) will keep it, to shew to you when we all meet. God send it, and the sooner the better. Believe me, without more words, yours. First, the post told you so, when I had no other messenger, then Harte* had a line to tell you so, and now Mr. Newsham.

LETTER XV.

TO MRS. KNIGHT.

MADAM, *Southampton, Aug.* 20, 1735.

I MUST keep my old custom of giving my friends now and then, once or twice a year, my testimony in writing that I love and esteem them, and that they have a place in my memory when I have been longest absent from them. I have never any thing else to say, and it is all that friendship and good-will can, or ought to say: the rest is only matter of curiosity, which a newspaper can better gratify. I desire no more, Madam, from you, than to tell me just the thing that most concerns me,

* Rev. Walter Harte. He had the living of Gosfield. C.

and therefore is not impertinent to ask, that you are well, and in a peaceful or happy state of mind or body. I hope Mrs. Elliot is with you, to contribute to yours, and increase her own happiness. It will not displease you to hear, that you are remembered at this distance, and in a place where you are not much acquainted: but when you know that I am here, and that Mr. Poyntz is here, you will easily expect it should be so; and not wonder that your health and Mr. Newsham's are drank at Lord Peterborough's table. I am taking my leave (a melancholy office) of a friend I have long had a true regard for, and one of the most obliging turn, and the finest talents to make others easy and pleased, of any that I ever knew. There will not be many finer gentlemen left in the world, unless Mr. Newsham, and some other of the second generation, be very much bent upon it to rival him.

Pray let Mr. Harte know I am always his sincere well-wisher. I wish I were a day or two with you, to see how happy he is, beside making myself so; but fate keeps me far from you. At Stowe will be my next stage, where, if I can be soon enough, I would meet my Lady Suffolk, who is to stay there but a few days. Mrs. Blount is yet with her, and not less your *sincere* servant (I can tell you, though perhaps she may not), than the finest lady in Christendom; nay, I take her to be as sincere as Lady S. herself, though she is now no courtier. I desire you to think of me as you used to do, which I am sensible is as well as I deserved,

and I deserve just the same now, for I am just the same, that is, faithfully, Madam, your most obliged (why not affectionate?) humble servant.

Mrs. Elliot will believe me sincerely her servant, when I assure her so in all Christian truth, not in worldly compliment.

LETTER XVI.

TO MRS. KNIGHT.

MADAM, *Twitenham, Nov.* 25, 1735.

You will not think my silence any evidence of my forgetting you, after what I have declared to you long ago. It is a pain to me to be writing things I cannot express, to friends I cannot see; for both my zeal for them, and my concern not to be nearer them, puts me into an uneasiness not to be told. I was much disappointed in not finding Mrs. Elliot: I was at her door the day before I left London, and the first day that I returned to it, which was the morning after she went. If a desire to be with you some days would transport me beyond such necessary business as my relations and friends find for me, I assure you my own business would not hinder my complying with it.

I have not, for I cannot forget what you mention in relation to Mr. Harte: one of the livings I can have no possible view of, knowing nothing towards the Duke of Rutland. The other, of Lord

Essex, I will speak to Lord Cornbury upon, who is but just returned from abroad. I have hopes of seeing him soon: but God knows, these are remote views.

To prove to you how little essential to friendship I hold letter-writing, after the experience of thirty years (for so long Mr. Curll tells you I kept a regular correspondence), I have not yet written to Mr. Mallet, whom I love and esteem greatly, nay whom I know to have as tender a heart, and that feels a friendly remembrance as long as any man. Pray send him the inclosed: it is all I can say, for (as I told you before) it makes me quite sick to be put upon the pikes, to be saying such things as can only be felt, not said. When do you come to town? The rascally *builders*, as you call them, do not deserve that name; they pull down more than they build up, and will keep you out of your house for ever, if you do not come and drive them out. Mrs. Patty loves you, and hopes no woman of quality can love you better; for then she would wish to be a woman of quality. I love you (modestly speaking), and I love Mrs. Elliot (Christianly speaking); so pray love and forgive him who is truly and morally hers, and, dear Madam, Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

TO MRS. NUGENT.*

MADAM, *Sept.* 6, 1736.

I TAKE your rebuke in Mrs. Blount's letter kindly; but indeed I know nothing so fruitless as letter-writing. It can amount only to this, to be certified that our friends live, and that we live mindful of them; the first of which one may generally know otherwise, and the latter no friend can or ought to doubt. I have often heard of you; and, without hearing particulars, am satisfied, that while you are alive, you are doing some good, and remembering those of whom you have the same opinion. Indeed, I know but one circumstance in which it is very pleasing (if not very reasonable) on both sides, to demand, and to tell, all particulars of, and to one another: it is, when two people are in love. Now you see, Madam, that whenever I write to you often, it will amount to a direct declaration, which I fear would immediately make you yourself put a stop to it. Therefore, not to be impertinent at my age, I will be content with

* On the 23d March, 1736, Mrs. Knight was married to Robert Nugent, Esq. who, after filling several offices of state, was, in 1767, advanced to the peerage of Ireland, by the titles of Baron Nugent of Carlanstown, and Viscount Clare, and afterwards was created Earl Nugent, with remainder, in default of issue male, to George Grenville-Nugent-Temple, now Marquis of Buckingham, who married his daughter Mary, now Marchioness of Buckingham. Earl Nugent died Oct. 13, 1788. C.

putting you in mind (though I think myself happy enough not to believe it necessary) that I wish to be your servant in any thing. But it would be downright impudence to imagine your regard for me extended to a desire of knowing a thousand things about a person so little significant to your real service or welfare.

I like better the Christian language, of saying *I pray* for yours here and hereafter; which is true, and which is, in reality, all we can do for one another, for the most part: and I think Mrs. Elliot will be on my side.

If we both join in these prayers, I hope more good may accrue to your soul, than I dare name, or than the Rev. Mr. Harte may allow of.

In the mean time, I will only pray that you may be delivered from all evil, and particularly, in the first place, from all evil workers, or workmen, who are as dirty and as noisy as devils, in your house. But you may wish me joy of workmen in my garden; which I think as delightful, as the others are dreadful. You may as much expect to see a new garden, when you come to Twitnam, as I to see a new house when I go to Gosfield. I hope they will drive you out to London, since I shall be kept hereabouts all the autumn. I guess Mr. Harte is in his element, among builders and bookcases: I wish him happy sincerely in every thing.

I foresee Mr. Newsham's return is approaching. I doubt not he will bring you back the completion of your happiness; and if he does, I must say you

will owe something to Mr. Mallet, in not only restoring you a son as good as he carried him out (which few tutors do), but in a great degree making and building up, as well as strengthening and improving, what is the greatest work man or woman ought to be proud of, a worthy mind and sound body. May the just occasion of so much pride and pleasure to you, ever continue! Nothing on earth better than this can be wished you by, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

TO MRS. NUGENT.

DEAR MADAM, *Saturday, Oct.* 30, 1736.

After hoping to be able to dine with you this day, my very uneasy indisposition of cholic and head-ache rendered it impracticable: and it has continued in such a manner all this day too, that I find I must never attempt to dine so late as a fashionable hour. I really dread the consequences of doing it at Marble-Hill;* when you set out thence after twelve, it will be three before you can be there, and four before they will dine. I can, therefore, upon serious consideration, no more propose any enjoyment in waiting on you on Monday; but rather will meet you at Lady Suffolk's that day or the next, and go home in the mean time as I can, dreading a fresh cold. You see what an unable man you have to do with! Well may he call himself a humble, very humble servant.

* The seat of Lady Suffolk. C.

LETTER XIX.

MARTHA BLOUNT AND MR. POPE TO MRS. NUGENT.

December 10, 1736.

I RESOLVE to write to you once before you come to town, though you make ever so much haste, as I think both by inclination and necessity you will; and though I have nothing to say to you but to Mrs. Elliot, and nothing to say to her but about horses. Mr. Noell hears she no longer hires horses of the man she employed last year, therefore begs me to desire he may have her custom again. I hope this petition will operate soon, as I hope her devotion this Christmas will bring her hither, and that you will not be able to stay behind her. Lady Suffolk and Mr. Berkley are well, and in town; the King is expected on Sunday. Though there is so little in this letter, you will take it not the less kindly, since it contains so great a truth as the assurance of being to you both a faithful and ever mindful servant,

M. BLOUNT.

I HAVE hindered Mrs. B. from making her letter longer, and now find I have as little to say myself. But about Christmas time there is great plenty of good wishes sent about the kingdom, and I should be ashamed if Gosfield had not mine. It is a place I have been very happy in, and abounds with plenty, peace, and cheerful countenances. I doubt not

at this season all people *round it* are happy; God forbid any one *in it* should not! when it is considered that nothing has been done but by his ordination.

I am naturally led, from a Christian sentence, to think of Mrs. Elliot, for whose welfare of body and mind I sincerely wish, not to say pray. I hope, as Mrs. B. does, that the motive she mentions cannot fail to bring her to town, and then you cannot stay long, if at all, behind. Believe, among all those who desire this, none does it more than Your, &c.

A LETTER

TO

A NOBLE LORD.

THIS Letter, which was first printed in the year 1733, bears the same place in our author's prose that the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot does in his poetry. They are both apologetical, repelling the libellous slanders on his reputation: with this difference, that the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, his friend, was chiefly directed against Grub-street writers, and this Letter to the Noble Lord, his enemy, against Court scribblers. For the rest, they are both masterpieces in their kinds; that in verse, more grave, moral, and sublime; this in prose, more lively, critical, and pointed; but equally conducive to what he had most at heart, the vindication of his moral character: the only thing he thought worth his care in literary altercations, and the first thing he would expect from the good offices of a surviving friend. *Warburton.*

Of the motives of this Letter, and the provocation on which it was founded, a particular account has already been given in the Life of Pope prefixed to the present edition, chap. viii.

A LETTER

TO

A NOBLE LORD.

ON OCCASION OF SOME LIBELS WRITTEN AND PROPAGATED AT COURT, IN THE YEAR 1732-3.

MY LORD, *Nov.* 30, 1733.

YOUR Lordship's Epistle* has been published some days, but I had not the pleasure and pain of seeing it till yesterday: pain, to think your Lordship should attack me at all; pleasure, to find that you can attack me so weakly. As I want not the humility, to think myself in every way but *one* your inferior, it seems but reasonable that I should take the only method either of self-defence or retaliation, that is left me against a person of your quality and power. And as by your choice of this weapon, your pen, you generously (and modestly too, no doubt) meant to put yourself upon a level with me, I will as soon believe that your Lordship would give a wound to a man unarmed, as that

* Intitled, "An Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court;" Aug. 28, 1733, and printed the November following for J. Roberts, fol. *Warburton.*

The Doctor of Divinity was Dr. Sherwin.

you would deny me the use of it in my own defence.

I presume you will allow me to take the same liberty in my answer to so *candid, polite,* and *ingenious* a nobleman, which your Lordship took in yours, to so *grave, religious,* and *respectable* a clergyman.* As you answered his *Latin* in *English,* permit me to answer your *verse* in *prose.* And though your Lordship's reasons for not writing in *Latin,* might be stronger than mine for not writing in verse, yet I may plead *two good* ones, for this conduct:—the one, that I want the talent of spinning *a thousand lines in a* day,† (which, I think is as much *time* as this subject deserves,) and the other, that I take your Lordship's *verse* to be as much *prose* as this letter. But no doubt it was your choice, in writing to a friend, to renounce all the pomp of poetry, and give us this excellent model of the familiar.

When I consider the *great difference* betwixt the rank your Lordship holds in the *world,* and the rank which your *writings* are like to hold in the *learned world,* I presume that distinction of style is but necessary, which you will see observed through this letter. When I speak of *you,* my Lord, it will be with all the deference due to the inequality which Fortune has made between you

* Dr. Sherwin.

† And *Pope,* with justice, of such lines may say,
His Lordship spins a thousand in a day. Epist. p. 6.

and myself: but when I speak of your *writings*, my Lord, I must, I can, do nothing but trifle.

I should be obliged indeed to lessen this *respect*, if all the nobility (and especially the elder brothers) are but so many hereditary fools,* if the privilege of lords be to want brains,† if noblemen can hardly write or read,‡ if all their business is but to dress and vote,§ and all their employment in court, to tell lies, flatter in public, slander in private, be false to each other, and follow nothing but self-interest.|| Bless me, my Lord, what an account is this you give of them? and what would have been said of me, had I immolated, in this manner, the whole body of the nobility, at the stall of a well-fed prebendary?

Were it the mere *excess* of your Lordship's *wit*, that carried you thus triumphantly over all the bounds of decency, I might consider your Lordship on your *Pegasus*, as a sprightly hunter on a mettled horse; and while you were trampling down all our works, patiently suffer the injury, in pure ad-

* That to good blood by old prescriptive rules,
Gives right hereditary to be fools.

† Nor wonder that my brain no more affords,
But recollect the privilege of Lords.

‡ And when you see me fairly write my name;
For England's sake wish all could do the same.

§ Whilst all our business is, to dress and vote. Epist. p. 6.

|| Courts are only larger families,
The growth of each, few truths, and many lies:
——— in private satirize, in public flatter.
Few to each other, all to one point true;
Which one I shan't, nor need explain. Adieu. P. ult.

miration of the *noble sport.* But should the case be quite otherwise, should your Lordship be only like a *boy* that is *run away with;* and run away with by a *very foal;* really common charity, as well as respect for a noble family, would oblige me to stop your career, and to *help you down* from *this Pegasus.*

Surely the little praise of a *writer* should be a thing below your ambition: you, who were no sooner born, but in the lap of the Graces; no sooner at school, but in the arms of the Muses; no sooner in the world, but you practised all the skill of it; no sooner in the court, but you possessed all the art of it! Unrivalled as you are, in making a figure, and in making a speech, methinks, my Lord, you may well give up the poor talent of turning a distich. And why this fondness for poetry? Prose admits of the two excellences you most admire, diction and fiction: it admits of the talents you chiefly possess, a most fertile invention, and most florid expression; it is with prose, nay the plainest prose, that you best could teach our nobility to vote, which you justly observe, is half at least of their business:* and give me leave to prophesy, it is to your talent in prose, and not in verse, to your speaking, not your writing, to your art at court, not your art of poetry, that your Lordship must owe your future figure in the world.

My Lord, whatever you imagine, this is the advice of a friend, and one who remembers he for-

* All their business is, to dress and vote.

merly had the honour of some profession of friendship from you: whatever was his *real share* in it, whether small or great, yet as your Lordship could never have had the least *loss* by continuing it, or the least *interest* by withdrawing it, the misfortune of losing it, I fear, must have been owing to his own *deficiency* or *neglect*. But as to any *actual fault* which deserved to forfeit it in such a degree, he protests he is to this day guiltless and ignorant. It could at most be but a fault of *omission*; but indeed by omission, men of your Lordship's uncommon merit may sometimes think themselves so injured, as to be capable of an inclination to injure another; who, though very much below their quality, may be above the injury.

I never heard of the least displeasure you had conceived against me, till I was told that an imitation I had made of *Horace** had offended some persons, and among them your Lordship. I could not have apprehended that a few *general strokes* about a *Lord scribbling carelessly*, a *pimp*, or a *spy* at court, a *sharper* in a gilded chariot, &c.—that these, I say, should be ever applied as they have been, by *any malice* but that which is the greatest in the world, *the malice of ill people to themselves.*

Your Lordship so well knows, (and the whole court and town through your means so well know,) how far the resentment was carried upon that imagination, not only in the *nature* of the *libel*† you

* The first Satire of the second Book, printed in 1732.

† *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, afterwards printed by J. Roberts, 1732. fol.

propagated against me, but in the extraordinary *manner, place,* and *presence,* in which it was propagated,* that I shall only say, it seemed to me to exceed the bounds of justice, common sense, and decency.

I wonder yet more, how a *lady,* of great wit, beauty, and fame for her poetry, (between whom and your Lordship there is a *natural,* a *just,* and a *well-grounded esteem,*) could be prevailed upon to take a part in that proceeding. Your resentments against me indeed might be equal, as my offence to you both was the same; for neither had I the least misunderstanding with that lady, till after I was the *author* of my own misfortune in discontinuing her acquaintance. I may venture to own a truth, which cannot be unpleasing to either of you; I assure you my reason for so doing, was merely that you had both *too much wit* for me;† and that I could not do with *mine,* many things which you could with *yours.* The injury done you in withdrawing myself could be but small, if the value you had for me was no greater than you have been pleased since to profess. But surely, my Lord, one may say, neither the revenge, nor the language you held, bore any *proportion* to the pretended offence: the appellations of *foe*‡ to *human kind,* an *enemy* like the *devil* to all that have *being;*

* It was for this reason that this Letter, as soon as it was printed, was communicated to the Queen. *Warton.*

† Once and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
And liked that dangerous thing—a female wit.

‡ See the aforesaid *Verses to the Imitator of Horace.*

ungrateful, unjust, deserving to be *whipped, blanketed, kicked,* nay *killed:* a *monster,* an *assassin,* whose conversation every man ought to *shun,* and against whom *all doors* should be shut; I beseech you, my Lord, had you the least right to give, or to encourage or justify any other in giving such language as this to me? Could I be treated in terms more strong or more atrocious, if during my acquaintance with you I had been a *betrayer,* a *backbiter,* a *whisperer,* an *eaves-dropper,* or an *informer?* Did I in all that time ever throw *a false die,* or palm *a foul card* upon you? Did I ever *borrow, steal,* or accept either *money, wit,* or *advice* from you? Had I ever the honour to join with either of you in one *ballad, satire, pamphlet,* or *epigram,* on any person *living* or *dead?* Did I ever do you so great an *injury* as to put off *my own verses* for *yours,* especially on *those persons* whom they might *most offend?* I am confident you cannot answer in the affirmative; and I can truly affirm, that ever since I lost the happiness of your conversation, I have not published or written one syllable of or to either of you; never hitched your *names* in a *verse,* or trifled with your *good names in company.* Can I be honestly charged with any other crime but an *omission* (for the word *neglect,* which I used before, slipped from my pen unguardedly) to continue my admiration of you all my life, and still to contemplate, face to face, your many excellences and perfections? I am persuaded you can reproach me truly with no great

faults, except my *natural ones*, which I am as ready to own, as to do all justice to the contrary *beauties* in you. It is true, my Lord, I am short, not well shaped, generally ill-dressed, if not sometimes dirty. Your Lordship and Ladyship are still in bloom; your figures such, as rival the *Apollo* of *Belvidere*, and the *Venus* of *Medicis*; and your faces so finished, that neither sickness nor passion can deprive them of *colour*. I will allow your own in particular to be the finest that ever *man* was blest with. Preserve it, my Lord, and reflect, that to be a critic would cost it too many *frowns*, and to be a statesman too many *wrinkles!* I further confess, I am now somewhat old; but so your Lordship and this excellent Lady, with all your beauty, will, I hope, one day be. I know your genius and hers so perfectly *tally*, that you cannot but join in admiring each other, and by consequence in the contempt of all such as myself. You have both, in my regard, been like—(your Lordship, I know, loves a *simile*, and it will be one suitable to your *quality*)—you have been like *two princes*, and I like a *poor animal* sacrificed between them to cement a lasting league; I hope I have not bled in vain; but that such an amity may endure for ever! For though it be what common *understandings* would hardly conceive, two *wits* however may be persuaded that it is in friendship as in enmity, the more *danger* the more *honour*.

Give me the liberty, my Lord, to tell you, why I never replied to those *verses on the imitator of Horace*. They regarded nothing but my *figure*, which

I set no value upon; and my *morals*, which, I knew, needed no defence. Any honest man has the pleasure to be conscious, that it is out of the power of the *wittiest*, nay the *greatest person* in the kingdom, to lessen him *that way*, but at the expense of his own *truth*, *honour*, or *justice*.

But though I declined to explain myself just at the time when I was sillily threatened, I shall now give your Lordship a frank account of the offence you imagined to be meant to you. *Fanny* (my Lord) is the plain English of *Fannius*, a real person, who was a foolish critic, and an enemy of *Horace*, perhaps a noble one; so (if your Latin be gone in earnest*) I must acquaint you, the word *Beatus* may be construed;

Beatus Fannius! ultro
Delatis capsis et imagine.

This *Fannius* was, it seems, extremely fond both of his *poetry* and his *person*, which appears by the pictures and *statues* he caused to be made of himself, and by his great diligence to propagate *bad verses* at *court*, and get them admitted into the library of *Augustus*. He was moreover of a delicate or *effeminate complexion*, and constant at the assemblies and operas of those days, where he took it into his head to *slander poor Horace:*

Ineptus
Fannius, *Hermogenis* lædat *conviva Tigelli;*

* All I learn'd from Dr. Freind at school,
Has quite deserted this poor John-Trot head,
And left plain native English in its stead. Epist. p. 2.

till it provoked him at last just to *name* him, give him a *lash*, and send him whimpering to the *ladies*.

Discipularum *inter jubeo plorare cathedras.*

So much for *Fanny*, my Lord. The word *spins*, (as Dr. Freind, or even Dr. Sherwin could assure you) was the literal translation of *deduci;* a metaphor taken from a *silk-worm*, my Lord, to signify any *slight, silken*, or (as your Lordship and the ladies call it) *flimsy** piece of work. I presume your Lordship has enough of this, to convince you there was nothing *personal* but to *that Fannius*, who with all his fine accomplishments had never been heard of, but for *that Horace* he injured.

In regard to the right honourable Lady, your Lordship's friend, I was far from designing a person of her condition by a name so derogatory to her as that of *Sappho;* a name prostituted to every infamous creature that ever wrote verse or novels. I protest I never *applied* that name to her in any verse of mine, *public* or *private;* and, I firmly believe, not in any *letter* or *conversation*. Whoever could invent a falsehood to support an accusation, I pity; and whoever can believe such a character to be theirs, I pity still more. God forbid the court or town should have the complaisance to *join* in that opinion! Certainly I meant it only of such modern *Sapphos*, as imitate much more the *lewdness* than the *genius* of the ancient one; and upon whom their wretched brethren frequently bestow

* Weak texture of his flimsy brain.

both the *name* and the *qualification* there mentioned.*

There was another reason why I was silent as to that paper—I took it for a *lady*'s (on the printer's word in the title-page,) and thought it too presuming, as well as indecent, to contend with one of that *sex* in *altercation*. For I never was so mean a creature as to commit my anger against a *lady* to *paper*, though but in a *private letter*. But soon after, her denial of it was brought to me by a noble person of *real honour* and *truth*. Your Lordship indeed said you had it from a lady, and the lady said it was your Lordship's; some thought the beautiful bye-blow had *two fathers*, or (if one of them will hardly be allowed a man) *two mothers*; indeed I think *both sexes* had a share in it, but which was *uppermost*, I know not. I pretend not to determine the exact method of this *witty fornication*; and if I call it *yours*, my Lord, it is only because, whoever *got* it, you *brought it forth*.

Here, my Lord, allow me to observe, the different proceeding of the *ignoble poet*, and his *noble enemies*. What he has written of *Fanny*,† *Adonis*, *Sappho*,

* From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
Pox'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
1 Sat. B. ii. Hor.

† All the topics of contempt, ridicule, and satire, that are used in this letter against Lord Hervey, had been used before, 1731, by the author of a Reply to a late Scurrilous Libel; particularly the topics of the delicacy of his manners, and the foppery of his dress, and the effeminacy of his person. He is there said "to be such a composition of the two sexes, that it is difficult to distin-

or who you will, he owned, he published, he set his name to. What they have *published* of him, they have denied to have *written*; and what they have *written* of him, they have denied to have *published*. One of these was the case in the past libel, and the other in the present. For though the parent has owned it to a few choice friends, it is such as he has been obliged to deny in the most particular terms, to the great person whose opinion *concerned him most*. Yet, my Lord, this epistle was a piece not written in *haste*, or in a *passion*, but many months after all pretended provocations, when you

guish which is most predominant. My friend Horace hath described him much better than I can:

Quem si puellarum insereres choro,
Mire sagaces falleret hospites
Discrimen obscurum, solutis
Crinibus, ambiguoque vultû."

And it is added, "Though it would be barbarous to handle such a delicate hermaphrodite, such a pretty little master-miss, too roughly, yet you must give me leave, my dear, to give you a little gentle correction for your good." Page 6.

Lord Hervey left behind him Memoirs of his own Times, said to be full of curious matter, and which, it is to be hoped, will one day be published; Mr. Hans Stanley told me he had read them.

In the second volume of the Letters of Voltaire, page 305, is a very long and curious letter to Lord Hervey, full of high encomiums on this peer, and still higher of Louis XIV. and his reign. From whence it appears that Lord Hervey had made some objections to this work of Voltaire; and particularly for his intitling it, The Age of Louis XIV.

In a celebrated pamphlet, intitled The Court Secret, written on occasion of the death of Lord Scarborough, Lord Hervey was very severely satirized under the name of Ibrahim. 8vo. 1791.

Warton.

was at *full leisure* at Hampton Court, and I the object *singled*, like a *deer out of season*, for so ill-timed and ill-placed a diversion. It was a *deliberate* work, directed to a *reverend person*,* of the most *serious and sacred* character, with whom you are known to cultivate a *strict correspondence*, and to whom it will not be doubted but you open your *secret sentiments*, and deliver your *real judgment* of men and things. This, I say, my Lord, with submission, could not but awaken all my *reflection* and *attention*. Your Lordship's opinion of me as a *poet*, I cannot help; it is yours, my Lord, and that were enough to mortify a poor man; but it is not yours *alone*. You must be content to share it with the *gentlemen* of the *Dunciad*, and (it may be) with many *more innocent* and *ingenious men*. If your Lordship destroys my *poetical* character, *they* will claim their part in the glory: but, give me leave to say, if my *moral* character be ruined, it must be *wholly* the work of *your Lordship:* and will be hard even for you to do, unless I *myself co-operate*.

How can you talk (my most worthy Lord) of all Pope's Works as so many *libels*, affirm that *he has no invention* but in *defamation*,† and charge him with *selling another man's labours printed with his own name?*‡ Fye, my Lord, you forget yourself.

* Dr. Sherwin.

† ——— To his eternal shame
Prov'd he can ne'er invent but to defame.

‡ And sold Broom's labours printed with Pope's name. P. 7.

He printed not his name before a line of the person's you mention; that person himself has told you and all the world in the book itself, what part he had in it, as may be seen in the conclusion of his notes to the Odyssey. I can only suppose your Lordship (not having at that time *forgot your Greek*) despised to look upon the *translation;* and ever since entertained too mean an opinion of the translator to cast an eye upon it. Besides, my Lord, when you said he *sold* another man's works, you ought in justice to have added that he *bought* them, which very much *alters the case.* What he gave him was five hundred pounds: his receipt can be produced to your Lordship. I dare not affirm that he was as *well paid* as *some writers* (much his inferiors) have been since; but your Lordship will reflect that I am no man of quality, either to *buy* or *sell* scribbling so high, and that I have neither *place, pension,* nor power to reward for *secret services.* It cannot be, that one of your rank can have the least *envy* to such an author as I: but were that *possible,* it were much better gratified by employing *not your own,* but some of *those low and ignoble pens* to do you this *mean office.* I dare engage you will have them for less than I gave Mr. Broom, if your friends have not raised the market. Let them drive the bargain for you, my Lord; and you may depend on seeing, every day in the week, as many (and now and then as pretty) verses, as these of your Lordship.

And would it not be full as well, that my poor

person should be abused by them, as by one of your rank and quality? Cannot Curll do the same? nay, has he not done it before your Lordship, in the same *kind of language*, and almost the *same words?* I cannot but think the worthy and *discreet clergyman* himself will agree, it is *improper*, nay *unchristian*, to expose the *personal* defects of our brother; that both such perfect forms as yours, and such unfortunate ones as mine, proceed from the hand of the same *Maker*, who *fashioneth his vessels* as he pleaseth, and that it is not from their *shape* we can tell whether they are made for *honour* or *dishonour*. In a word, he would teach you charity to your greatest enemies; of which number, my Lord, I cannot be reckoned, since, though a poet, I was never your flatterer.

Next, my Lord, as to the *obscurity of my birth*,* (a reflection copied also from Mr. Curll and his brethren,) I am sorry to be obliged to such a presumption as to name my *family* in the same leaf with your Lordship's: but my father had the honour in one instance to resemble you, for he was a *younger brother*. He did not indeed think it a happiness to bury his *elder brother*, though he had one who wanted some of those good qualities which *yours* possessed. How sincerely glad could I be, to pay to that young nobleman's memory the debt I owed to his friendship, whose early death deprived your family of as much *wit* and *honour* as he left behind him in any branch of it. But as

* Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure.

to my father, I could assure you, my Lord, that he was no mechanic, neither a hatter, nor, which might please your Lordship yet better, a cobbler, but, in truth, of a very tolerable family; and my mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that *Lady*,* whom your Lordship made choice of to be the *mother of your own children*; whose merit, beauty, and vivacity (if transmitted to your posterity) will be a *better present* than even the noble blood they derive *only* from *you*; a mother, on whom I was never obliged so far to reflect, as to say she *spoiled me*;† and a father, who never found himself obliged to say of me that he *disapproved my conduct*. In a word, my Lord, I think it enough that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a *blush*; and that their son, such as he is, never cost them a *tear*.

I have purposely omitted to consider your Lordship's criticisms on my *poetry*. As they are exactly the same with those of the *forementioned authors*, I apprehend they would justly charge me with partiality, if I gave to *you* what belongs to *them*; or paid more distinction to the *same things* when they are in your mouth, than when they were in theirs. It will be shewing both them and you (my Lord) a *more particular respect*, to observe how

* Lady Hervey, formerly Mary Lepel, one of the Maids of Honour to the Princess Caroline, married to Lord Hervey in 1720.

† A noble father's heir spoiled by his mother.
His Lordship's account of himself, p. 7.

much they are honoured by *your imitation of them*, which indeed is carried through your whole epistle. I have read somewhere at *school*, (though I make it no *vanity* to have forgot where,) that *Tully* naturalized a few phrases at the instance of some of his friends. Your Lordship has done more in honour of these gentlemen; you have authorized not only their *assertions*, but their *style*. For example, *a* flow *that* wants skill *to restrain its* ardour,—*a* dictionary *that gives us nothing at* its own expense. —*As luxuriant branches* bear *but little fruit, so wit unpruned* is *but raw fruit*—*While you* rehearse ignorance, *you still* know enough *to do it in verse* —*wits* are *but glittering* ignorance.—The *account of* how *we pass our time*—and *the weight on Sir R. W*—'s brain—*you can* ever *receive from* no *head more than such a head* (as no head) *has to give:* your Lordship would have said, *never* receive instead of *ever*, and *any head* instead of *no head:* but all this is perfectly new, and has greatly enriched our language.

You are merry, my Lord, when you say, *Latin* and *Greek*

> Have quite deserted your poor *John-Trot head*,
> And left plain native English in their stead;

for (to do you justice) this is nothing less than *plain English*. And as for your *John-Trot head*, I cannot conceive why you should give it that name; for by some* papers I have seen signed

* See some treatises printed in the appendix to the Craftsman, about that time. *Warton.*

with that name, it is certainly a head *very different* from your Lordship's.

Your Lordship seems determined to fall out with every thing you have learned at school: you complain next of a *dull dictionary,*

> That gives us nothing at its own expense,
> But a few modern words for ancient sense.

Your Lordship is the first man that ever carried the love of wit so far, as to expect a *witty dictionary.* A dictionary that gives us *any thing but words,* must not only be an *expensive* but a very *extravagant dictionary.** But what does your Lordship mean by its giving us but *a few modern words* for *ancient sense?* If by *sense* (as I suspect) you mean *words,* (*a mistake not unusual,*) I must do the dictionary the justice to say, that it gives us *just as many modern words as ancient ones.* Indeed, my Lord, you have more need to complain of a bad grammar than of a dull dictionary.

Doctor *Freind,* I dare answer for him, never taught you to talk

> of Sapphic, Lyric, and Iambic Odes.

Your Lordship might as well bid your present tutor, your tailor, make you a *coat, suit of cloaths,* and *breeches:* for you must have forgot your logic, as well as grammar, not to know, that sapphic and

* Yet we have seen many of these *extravagant* dictionaries, and are likely to see many more, in an age so abounding in science, that the ordinary vehicles of it being insufficient to distribute it abroad, recourse is had to this extraordinary method of conveyance. *Warburton.*

iambic are both included in lyric; that being the *genus*, and those the *species*.

> For all cannot *invent* who can *translate*,
> No more than those who *clothe* us, can *create*.

Here your Lordship seems in labour for a meaning. Is it that you would have translations, *originals?* for it is the common opinion, that the *business* of a translator is to *translate*, and not to *invent;* and of a tailor to *clothe*, and not to *create*. But why should you, my Lord, of all mankind, abuse a tailor? not to say, *blaspheme* him; if he can (as some think) at least go halves with God Almighty in the formation of a *beau*. Might not Dr. *Sherwin* rebuke you for this, and bid you *remember your* Creator *in the days of your youth?*

From a *tailor*, your Lordship proceeds (by a beautiful gradation) to a *silkman:*

> Thus *P—pe* we find
> The gaudy *Hinchcliff* of a beauteous mind.

Here too is some ambiguity. Does your Lordship use *Hinchcliff* as a *proper name?* or as the ladies say a *hinchcliff* or a *colmar*, for a *silk* or a *fan?* I will venture to affirm, no critic can have a perfect taste of your Lordship's works, who does not understand both your *male phrase* and your *female phrase*.

Your Lordship, to finish your climax, advances up to a *hatter;* a mechanic, whose employment, you inform us, is not (as was generally imagined) to *cover people's heads*, but to *dress their brains*.*

> * For this mechanic's like the hatter's pains,
> Are but for dressing other people's brains.

A most useful mechanic indeed! I cannot help wishing to have been one, for some people's sake. But this too may be only another *lady-phrase:* your Lordship and the ladies may take a *head-dress* for a *head,* and understand, that to *adorn the head* is the same thing as to *dress the brains.*

Upon the whole, I may thank your Lordship for this high panegyric; for if I have but *dressed* up *Homer,* as your *tailor, silkman,* and *hatter, have equipped your Lordship,* I must be owned to have dressed him *marvellously indeed,* and no wonder if he is *admired by the ladies.**

After all, my Lord, I really wish you would learn your *grammar.* What if you put yourself awhile under the tuition of your friend *W——m?* May not I with all respect say to you, what was said to *another Noble Poet* by Mr. Cowley, *Pray, Mr.* Howard,† *if you did read your* grammar, *what harm would it do you?* You yourself wish all lords would *learn to write;*‡ though I do not see of what use it could be, if their whole business is to *give their votes:*§ it could only be serviceable in *signing their protests.* Yet surely this small portion of learning might be indulged to your Lordship, without any breach of that *privilege*|| you so generously assert to all those of your rank, or too

* ——— by girls admir'd. P. 6.

† The Honourable Mr. Edward Howard, celebrated for his poetry.

‡ And when you see me fairly write my name,
For England's sake wish all lords did the same.

§ —All our bus'ness is to dress and vote. P. 4.

|| The want of brains. Ibid.

great an infringement of that *right** which you claim as *hereditary*, and for which, no doubt, your noble father will thank you. Surely, my Lord, no man was ever so bent upon depreciating himself!

All your readers have observed the following lines:

> How oft we hear some witling pert and dull,
> By fashion coxcomb, and by nature fool,
> With hackney maxims, in dogmatic strain,
> Scoffing religion and the marriage chain;
> Then from his common-place-book he repeats,
> The lawyers all are rogues, and parsons cheats,
> That vice and virtue's but a jest,
> And all morality deceit well-drest;
> That life itself is like a wrangling game, &c.

The whole town and court (my good Lord) have heard *this witling*; who is so much every body's acquaintance but his own, that I will engage *they all name the same person*. But to hear *you* say, that this is only——*of whipt cream a frothy store*, is a sufficient proof, that never mortal was endued with so humble an opinion both of himself and his own wit, as your Lordship: for, I do assure you, these are by much the best verses in your whole poem.

How unhappy is it for me, that a person of your Lordship's *modesty* and *virtue*, who manifests so tender a regard to *religion*, *matrimony*, and *morality*; who, though an ornament to the court, cultivate an exemplary correspondence with the *clergy*; nay, who disdain not charitably to converse with, and even assist, some of the very worst of writers

* To be fools. Ibid.

(so far as to cast a few *conceits*, or drop a few *antitheses*, even among the *dear joys* of the *Courant*); that you, I say, should look upon Me alone as reprobate and unamendable! Reflect what *I was*, and what *I am*. I am even *annihilated* by your anger: for in these verses you have robbed me of *all power to think*,* and, in your others, of the very *name* of a *man!* Nay, to show that this is wholly your own doing, you have told us that before I wrote my *last Epistles*, (that is, before I unluckily mentioned *Fanny* and *Adonis*, whom, I protest, I knew not to be your Lordship's relations,) *I might have lived and died in glory.*†

What would I not do to be well with your Lordship? Though, you observe, I am a mere *imitator* of *Homer, Horace, Boileau, Garth*, &c. (which I have the less cause to be ashamed of, since they were *imitators of one another*), yet what if I should solemnly engage never to imitate *your* Lordship? May it not be one step towards an accommodation, that while you remark my *ignorance in Greek*, you are so good as to say, you have *forgot your own?* What if I should confess I translated from *Dacier?* That surely could not but oblige your Lordship, who are known to prefer *French* to all the learned languages. But allowing that in the space of *twelve years'* acquaintance with *Homer*, I might unhappily contract as much *Greek* as your Lordship did in

* P—e, who ne'er could think. P. 7.

† In glory then he might have liv'd and died. Ibid.

two at the university, why may not I forget it again as happily?

Till such a reconciliation take effect, I have but one thing to entreat of your Lordship. It is, that you will not decide of my *principles* on the same grounds as you have done of my *learning*: nor give the same account of my *want of grace*, after you have lost all acquaintance with my *person*, as you do of my *want of Greek*, after you have confessedly lost all acquaintance with the *language*. You are too generous, my Lord, to follow the *gentlemen* of the *Dunciad* quite so far, as to seek my *utter perdition*; as *Nero* once did *Lucan*'s, merely for presuming to be a *poet*, while one of so much greater quality was a *writer*. I therefore make this humble request to your Lordship, that the next time you please *to write to me, speak of me*, or even *whisper of me*,* you will recollect it is full *eight years* since I had the honour of *any conversation* or *correspondence* with your Lordship, except *just half an hour* in a lady's lodgings at court, and then I had the happiness of her being present all the time. It would therefore be difficult even for your Lordship's penetration to tell, to what, or from what *principles*, *parties*, or *sentiments*, moral, political, or theological, I may have been converted, or perverted in all that time. I beseech your Lordship to consider the injury a man of your *high rank*

* "The *whisper*, that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear."
Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

and *credit* may do to a *private person*, under *penal laws* and many other disadvantages, not for want of *honesty* or *conscience*, but merely perhaps for having too *weak a head*, or too *tender a heart*.* It is by *these alone* I have hitherto lived excluded from all *posts* of *profit* or *trust*: as I can interfere with the *views* of *no man*, do not deny me, my Lord, *all that is left*, a little *praise*, or the common encouragement due, if not to my *genius*, at least to my *industry*.

Above all, your Lordship will be careful not to wrong my *moral character* with THOSE† under whose *protection* I live, and through whose *lenity* alone I can live with comfort. Your Lordship, I am confident, upon consideration will think, you inadvertently went a little *too far* when you recommended to THEIR perusal, and strengthened by the weight of your approbation, a *libel*, mean in its reflections upon my poor *figure*, and scandalous in those on my *honour* and *integrity*: wherein I was represented as "*an enemy* to the human race, a *murderer* of reputations, and a *monster* marked by God like *Cain*, deserving to wander accursed through the world."

A strange picture of a man, who had the good fortune to enjoy many friends, who will be always remembered as the first ornaments of their age

* See Letters to Bishop Atterbury, Lett. iv.

† The K. and Q.

and country; and no enemies that ever contrived to be heard of, except Mr. John Dennis, and your Lordship: a man, who never wrote a line in which the *religion* or *government* of his country, the *royal family*, or their *ministry*, were disrespectfully mentioned; the animosity of any one party gratified at the expense of another; or any censure passed, but upon *known vice, acknowledged folly*, or *aggressing impertinence*. It is with infinite pleasure he finds, that *some men*, who seem *ashamed* and *afraid of nothing else*, are so very sensible of *his ridicule:* and it is for that very reason he resolves (by the grace of God, and your Lordship's good leave)

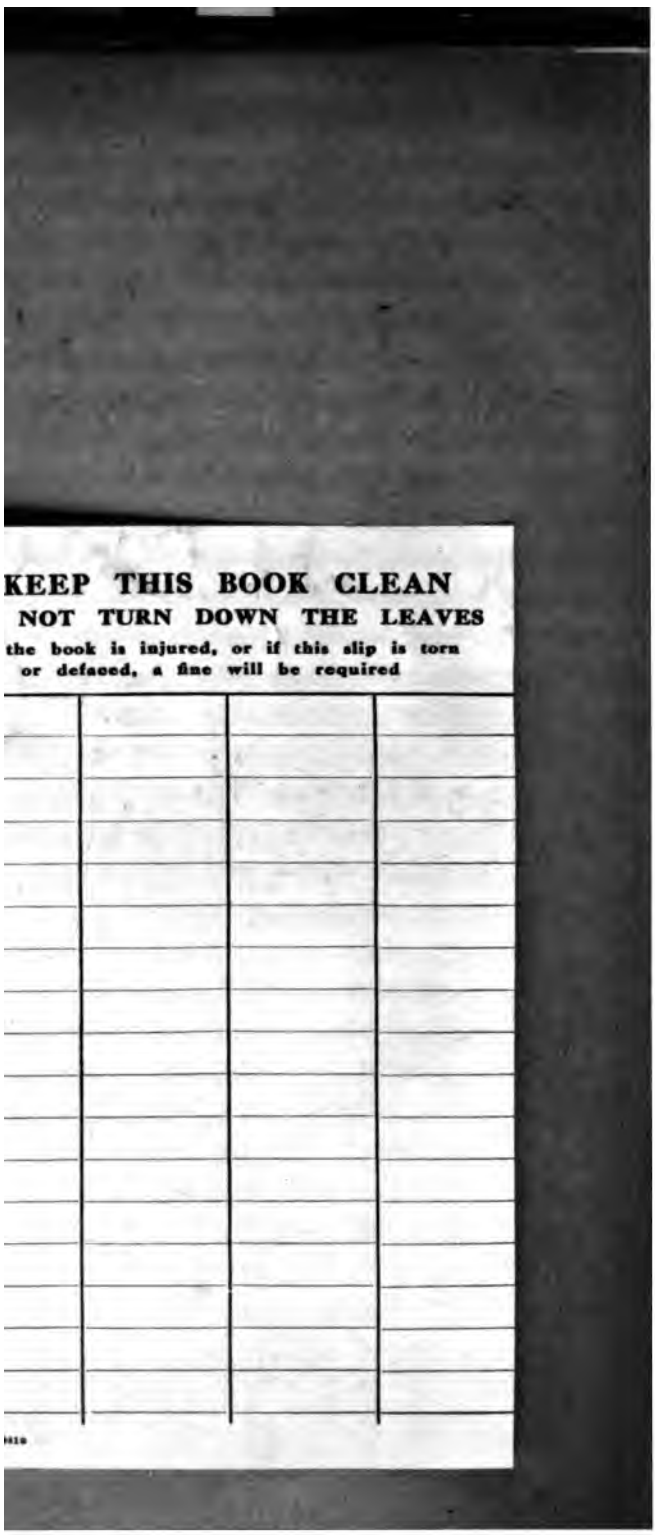
> "That, while he breathes, no rich or noble knave
> Shall walk the world in credit to his grave."

This, he thinks, is rendering the best service he can to the public, and even to the good government of his country; and for this at least, he may deserve some countenance, even from the GREATEST PERSONS in it. Your Lordship knows of WHOM I speak. Their NAMES I shall be as sorry, and as much ashamed to place near *yours*, on such an occasion, as I should be to see *you*, my Lord, placed so near *their* PERSONS, if you could ever make so ill an use of their ear* as to asperse or misrepresent any innocent man.

This is all I shall ever ask of your Lordship, ex-

* "Close at the ear of Eve." *Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

END OF VOL. IX.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